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COVER: First peek at the upbeat new colors for warm-weather spots now, summer later—tomato-red lineny Chinese jacket, green tank top, and lineny white trousers—the best! Here, with touches of silk cord, carved jade. . . . Anne Klein & Co. Jacket, about $114, and pants, about $80, of viscose; Nyesta tank top, about $26, of Antron nylon (Roselon Industries fabric). Mid-January, Saks Fifth Avenue; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Hudson's; L.S. Ayres; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin; Nordstrom. Earrings, Carol Hasselriis for Celebrated Pork Pie Establishment: Henri Bendel. Pendant, Hartman Rare Art, N.Y., Dallas, Palm Beach. . . . Makeup—colors that are an instant lift for skin, and nifty with red!—Romantic Red lipstick, Misty Red Tender Blusher, Deep Smoke Eye Color Stick. All, from Estée Lauder. Makeup, by Sandra of Xavier Coiffures; hair, by François of Suga.

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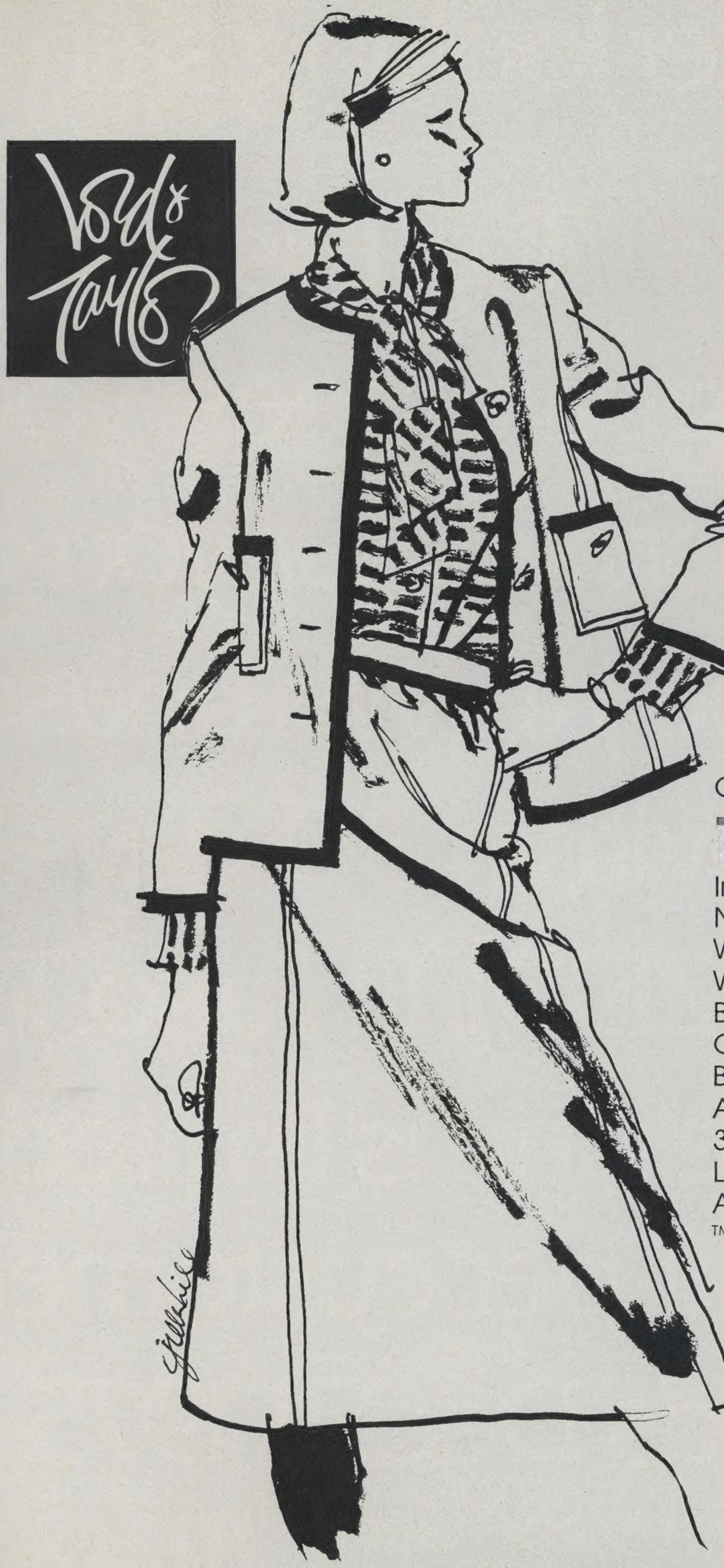
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This page, off on a shopping spree in fabulous Monte Carlo, dress wrapped at the top, skirt floating in the sunny breeze, head tied in a square that can also scarf the neckline. In the same mostly-red print shown opposite, all Trevira®, 6 to 14 sizes, $140. Facing page, overlooking the Yellow Bikini swimming pool on the roof of Loews Monte-Carlo, jumpsuit in Trevira® with East Indian overtones, a long skirt to wrap it, square scarf, 4 to 12 sizes, $180. Both by Kasper for Joan Leslie, Kasper Boutique.

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Here's how we see you after dark. Facing page, a joyous lavender, sleeveless, slender, wrapped and tied gently to the back, 4 to 14 sizes, $92. Shown on the banquettes of L'Argentin, the Loews Monte-Carlo restaurant where original South American artifacts and gaucho-inspired decor provide an exotic backdrop for delicious food, the finest beef and seafood. This page, ready for cocktails or tea in the Lobby Lounge, then on to dinner and an evening of gaming, or dancing in Marlowe's, the combo bar. Trevira® black jersey cut high in back, scooped low in front, a three-cornered shawl to shelter the shoulders, trapunto stitching for definition, 4 to 12 sizes, $144. Both by Kasper for Joan Leslie, Kasper Boutique.

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New holiday meals: high feasting with low calories

Menus and recipes for Christmas and New Year's, from French chef Michel Guérard (you'll find his "cuisine diététique" at his inn, Les Prés et les Sources d'Eugénie, Eugénie-les-Bains, Landes, France, 40320; telephone 581901). More about Guérard's figure-saving food, pictures of the Christmas dishes are on pages 190-193.

Consommé Clairet aux Griottes

(Clear Consommé with Cherries)
eight servings

- 2 lemons
- 2 oranges
- 2 leeks (or 6 scallions), white part only, washed
- 2 medium-sized onions, peeled
- 4 carrots, peeled
- 2 teaspoons dried tarragon (or 4 teaspoons finely chopped fresh tarragon)
- 8 egg whites
- 1 teaspoon each salt and freshly ground pepper
- 1 pound leanest possible ground round steak
- 8-10 cups chicken broth, all fat removed (jellied chicken consommé at room temperature is best canned broth, has least fat)
- 1 medium-size can water-packed cherries, drained

With vegetable peeler (or special lemon peeler), peel oranges and lemons, being sure to avoid the bitter white part of the skin. Boil peels for 5 minutes, drain, cut in fine strips (julienne). Reserve julienne rind plus the juice from 2 lemons. Finely chop the vegetables. Mix together vegetables, tarragon, egg whites, salt, pepper, and chopped meat. Put it all in a pot with the broth or canned consommé and add lemon juice; simmer, covered, on an asbestos pad over lowest heat for 2 hours. Into another pot, strain finished consommé through a sieve lined with cheesecloth. (Save the meat-vegetable mixture for another use, such as Michel Guérard's Gigot de Poulette, recipe on page 74.) Add cherries to the broth, bring just to the boil; serve in cups or bowls, sprinkled with orange and lemon rinds.

G. and F.'s Tips: If you are in a hurry, almost identical results can be obtained by cooking the meat-vegetable mixture in the broth over medium low heat for 20 minutes instead of simmering it.

If you have someone to feed who is not worried about *la ligne*, the meat-vegetable mixture, heated with 2-4 tablespoons tomato puree, seasoned with basil or oregano, is delicious as a sauce for spaghetti.

Homard en Navarin

(Lobster Stew with Vegetables)
eight servings

- 4 3-pound lobsters (have the live lobsters cut into the following separate pieces: claws, tail in one piece, body cut in two lengthwise)
- 4 medium carrots, peeled
- 4 small white turnips, peeled
- 2 cucumbers, peeled
- 16 medium-sized mushrooms, wiped clean
- 1 pound string beans
- 4 cups clam juice
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 2 large onions, finely chopped
- 4 cloves garlic, finely chopped or put through a press
- 4 tablespoons olive oil
- 8 tablespoons Cognac
- 4 cups dry white wine
- 8 tablespoons tomato puree
- 1 cup finely chopped parsley

Remove and discard the green tomalley from the lobsters. Pass the red coral through a sieve and reserve. Cut carrots, turnips, and cucumbers into 1-inch chunks. Trim ends of string beans. Place 2 cups of the clam juice in each of 2 heavy pots with tight-fitting covers; bring to a simmer. Place a steamer in each pot; divide vegetables between pots, salt and pepper, and steam over clam juice, covered, until just tender. The mushrooms should be added when the other vegetables are almost ready. When vegetables are cooked, drain, reserving the clam juice, arrange on an ovenproof platter, moisten with a bit of clam juice, and keep warm in low oven. Boil onions and garlic in salted water for 10 minutes, drain and reserve.

(Continued on page 74)

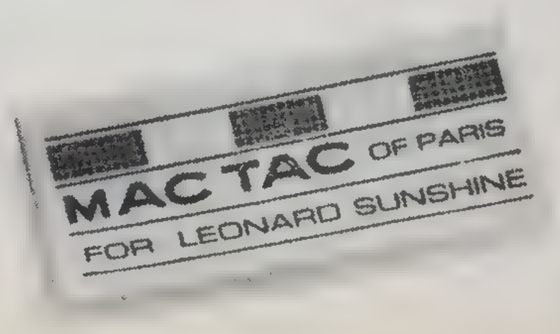
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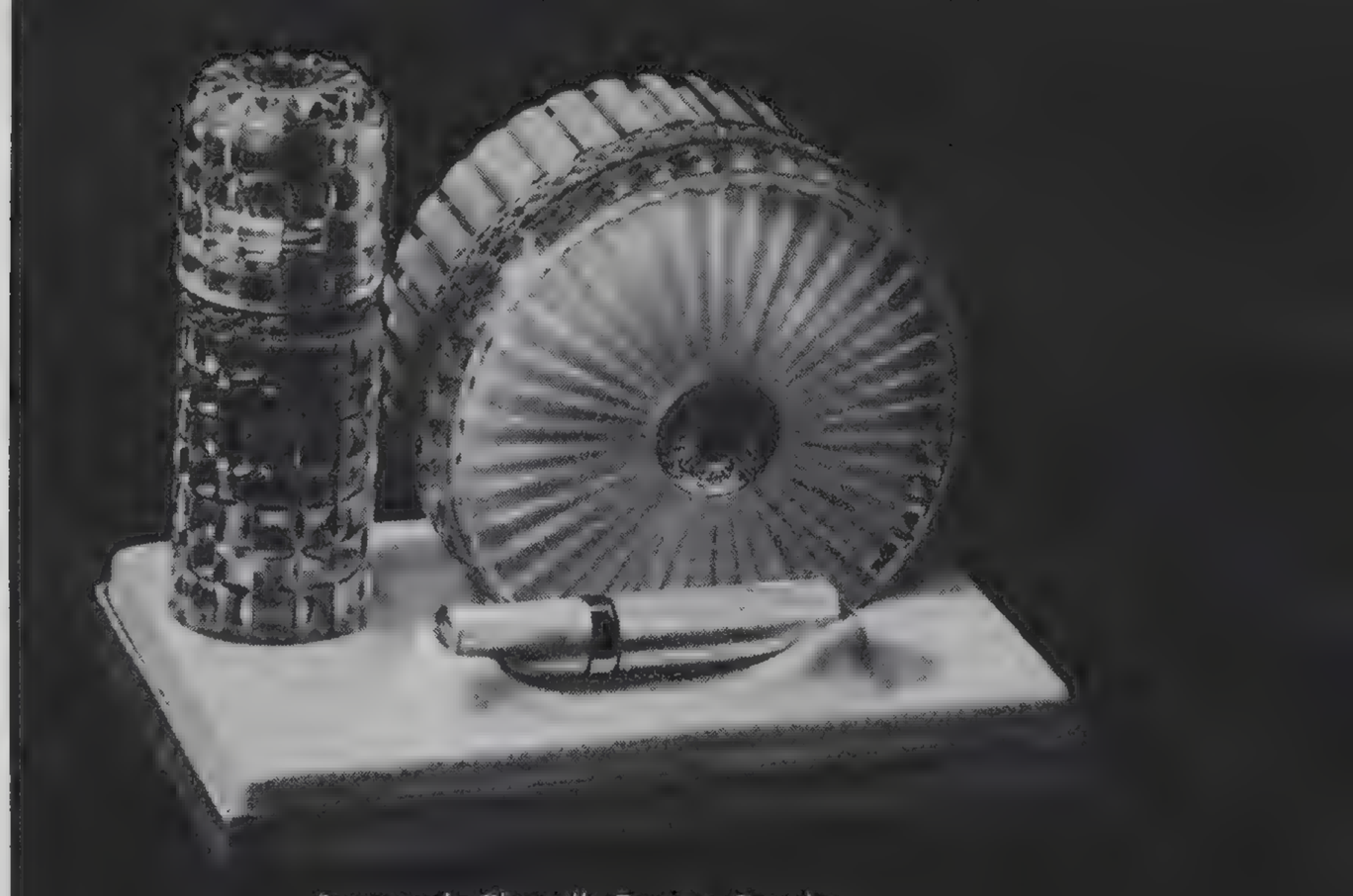
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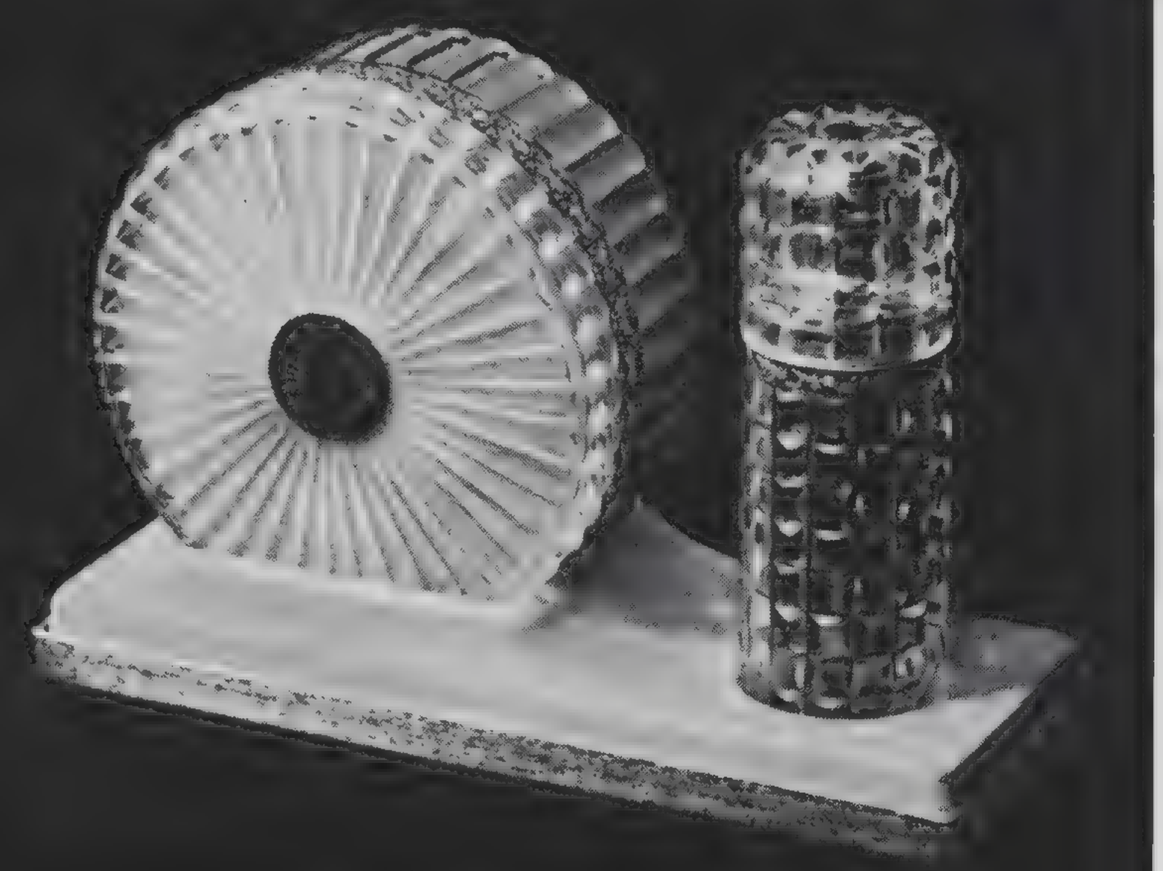
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Vogue Beauty Checkout

Winter weather and your skin—how to protect your face and body

You spent all summer veiled like a Bedouin against the sun and, now that winter's come, you think you can be less virtuous about protecting your skin? Think again . . . about the sun's reflected glare off the snow, about biting, chapping winds, about the refreshing nip in the air that makes your skin feel tingly, but dries it out. Reasons to make you read our news on skin care this winter as carefully as you do in the spring.

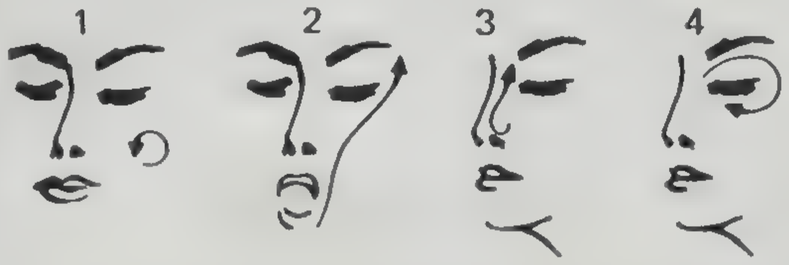
Privileged skin

. . . is skin that's well tended regardless of season. While good skin-care products shouldn't do you out of your life savings, there are expensive ones that give you value beyond the price tag. The B21 Creme and Lotion Colloidale from Orlane aren't cheap, but they don't skimp on performance . . . and now that they're offered at a special discount in the Orlane Tote Chic (which includes, in addition, one quarter ounce of their perfume MW), this may be the time to try their beneficial extravagance. The cost of the Tote Chic: $85 (a savings of $67.50 on original cost).

Skin savers

You have to think defensively if you and your skin are going to get by in any kind of style. Weather screens are every bit as important as sunscreens. One good one that's been improved over the last year is Bonne Bell's Weatherproofer, a giant swivel stick of a moisturizer that's now big enough to smooth all over your face and lips (and earlobes) before you venture out. Another precaution you can take for the benefit of your whole body is to bathe in the richest bath oil you can find and use a body moisturizer after every cleansing. The Franad 105 Bath Oil is a good one to try in conjunction with its Body Lotion . . . a complete body system that's a great defense in the great outdoors.

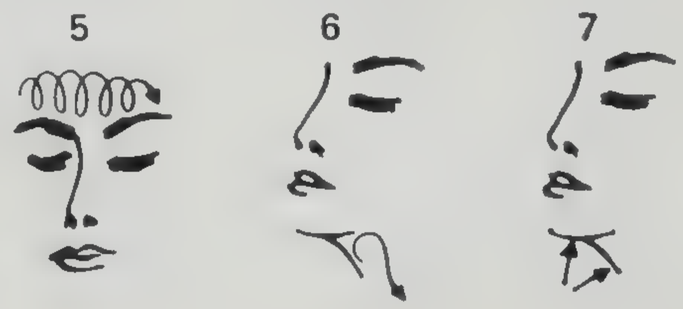
FACE MOVERS



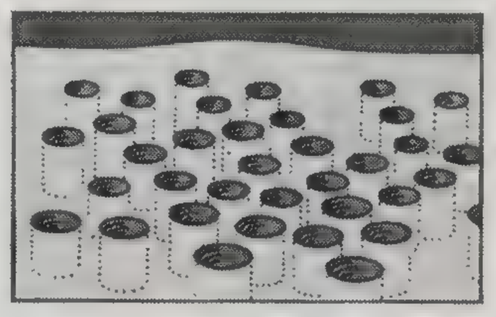
It's a simple case of self help, according to Mr. Thomas, facial force behind the Profile Symmetry Salon, 11 East 44th St., New York, who gave us these massage movements and exercises. You can do them at home using a lubricating cream.

Massage slowly in the direction indicated by the sketches (above and below). Use tips of fingers lightly: **1.** in circles on both cheeks; **2.** in a curve along each side of face from chin to temple; **3.** from outside nostril up the side of nose to inner eye corner; **4.** from inner eye corner around the eye in a circle; **5.** in a spiral across the forehead; **6.** curving down chin and throat; **7.** back and forth directly under chin.

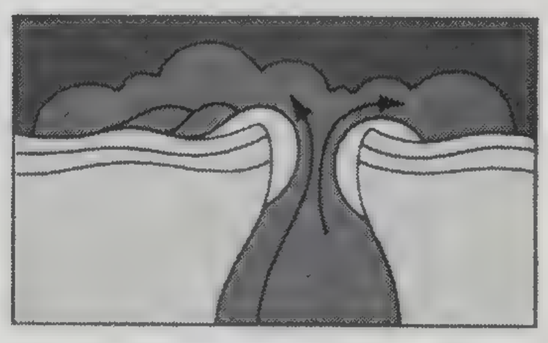
The facial exercises: **1.** Making the sounds "oo" and "ick," contract jaws violently 10 times. **2.** Press 2 fingers on each temple to hold skin, then open and close eyes 10 times (this helps to strengthen the muscles in the eyelids). **3.** With backs of hands, push chin slowly backward while resisting by contracting neck muscles. **4.** Tip head backward, hands on nape of neck. Do 10 times energetically . . . but not violently.



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Be prepared

Whenever you wish them the least, it seems that blemishes come . . . and spoil everything. One company that's stood by our faces through oily and dry has come out with a semper paratus product called Neutrogena Acne-Drying Gel. The container can slip into your pocketbook, and the Gel itself can go on over or under makeup. With its special combination of witch hazel and alcohol, it makes quick work of those ugly interlopers.



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Organize—your dressing table, your pocketbook, your bath—neatly

Organization on the go

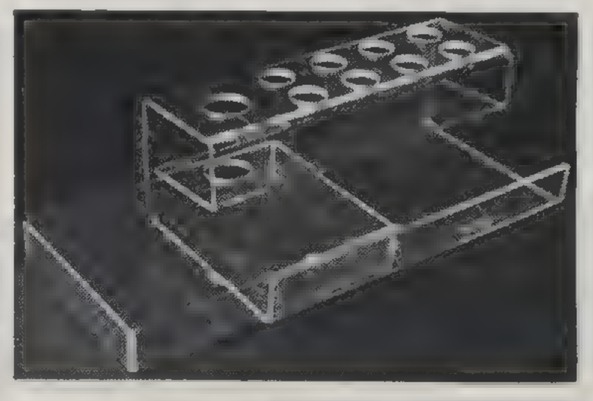
Gift-giving offers a good opportunity to correct your favorite flinger's packing patterns . . . particularly since manufacturers of cosmetics and grooming aids are so tuned in to highly mobile lifestyles.

Examples of their (and your) power to organize:

- **Arden for Men has a leather duffel that can pack all overnight things he needs plus a supply of cologne, antiperspirant spray, after shave lotion, and talc with the Arden label. . . .**
- Aramis goes the traditional man's kit one better, making it in pigskin suède and outfitting it with shampoo, shaving, and cologne supplies. . . .
- **For women for whom one lone eyeshadow compact per weekend is too few (and no fun), Aziza has packaged a complete color range of 12 shadows called Shadow Boutique. About the size of a pencil box, it fits neatly into any travel tote.**

Exploring space

You need to take an inventory of your medicine chest, but the thought of opening it and being clubbed by countless jars of cream drives you away. Listen. Many cosmetic preparations have a shelf life of a year (much like canned food) and if you're not using them now, you probably don't need them (and they won't do you any good anyway); throw them away. Arrange all the essentials you use daily *this year* so you can lay your hands on them fast. How? See *below*.

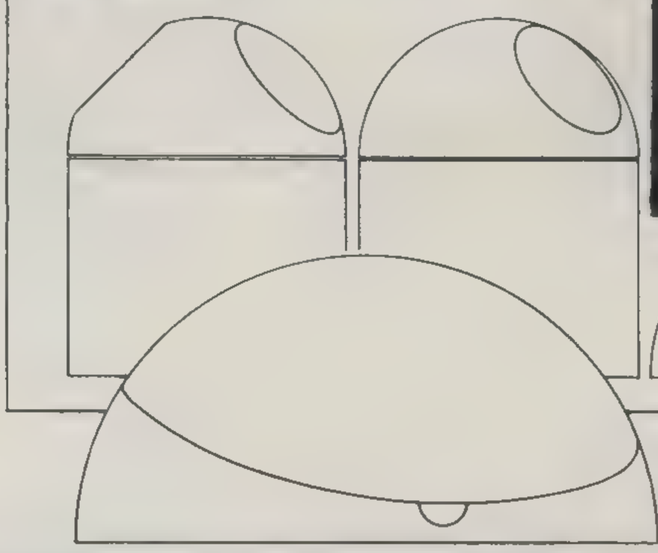


Holding pattern

Nifty Lucite Cosmetic Caddy (right) holds lipsticks, brushes, liners, everything you need to make quick work of making up. Also has a slide-in drawer for etceteras. Write for The Lillian Vernon Catalogue, 510 South Fulton Ave., Mount Vernon, N.Y. 10550, for more inspirations such as this one.

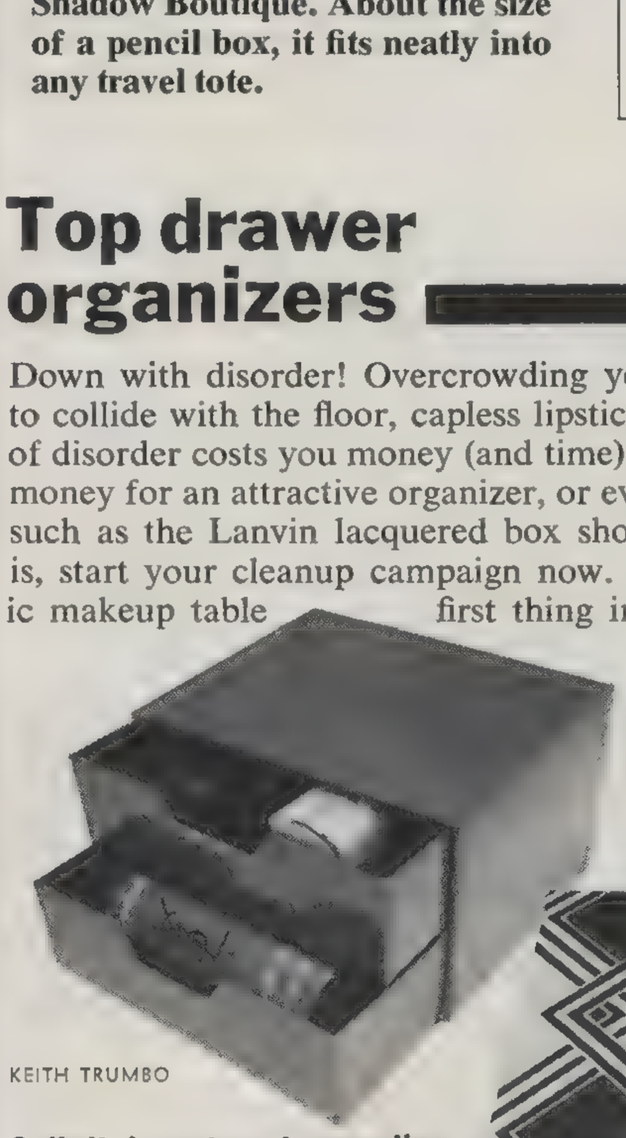
PRO BATH

Solid-color plastic bath accessories with a sense of design that speaks Italian. Cotton puff boxes, an open-sesame makeup orb with built-in mirror, bathroom brush organizer you simply won't believe—all so unobtrusive. From Jakson, available at Carson Pirie Scott, Strawbridge & Clothier, and others.



Top drawer organizers

Down with disorder! Overcrowding your dressing table causes perfumes to collide with the floor, capless lipsticks to smear and dry out. This kind of disorder costs you money (and time). It may make sense to spend a little money for an attractive organizer, or even a lot of money for a terrific one, such as the Lanvin lacquered box shown below. In any event, the point is, start your cleanup campaign now. What's worse than facing a chaotic makeup table first thing in the morning, last thing at night?

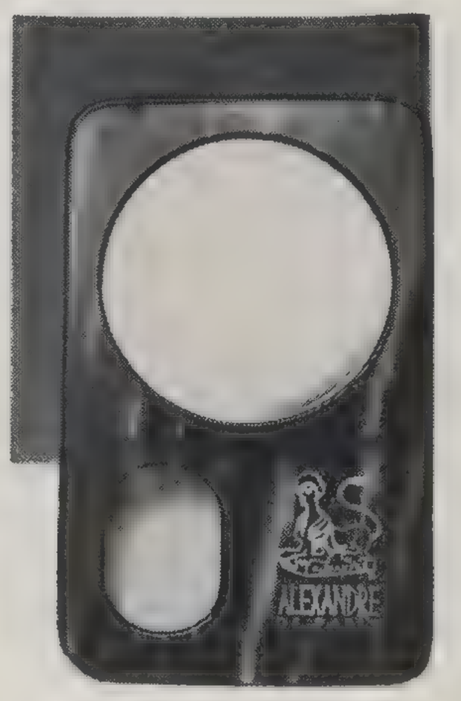


KEITH TRUMBO

Cinnamon-lacquered cardboard organizer from Yves Saint Laurent for Men holds his selection of shave and cologne and makes room for cuff links, stickpins, easy-to-misplace paraphernalia.



Call it investment spending. You'll spend $100 for Lanvin's Arpege Gift Set, which is substantial money. What you get, though, is a collection of Arpege products plus a silk scarf that should see you through many seasons and a beautiful black lacquered-to-last organizer box that serves as home to jewelry, cosmetics, letters.



If searching your pocketbook for bus fare is becoming a threat to the environment, you simply must get organized. See-through plastic cosmetic cases run under a dollar at the 5&10—when you've achieved order, you can carry beautiful accessories such as the tortoise pocket mirror (above) from Alexandre of Paris.

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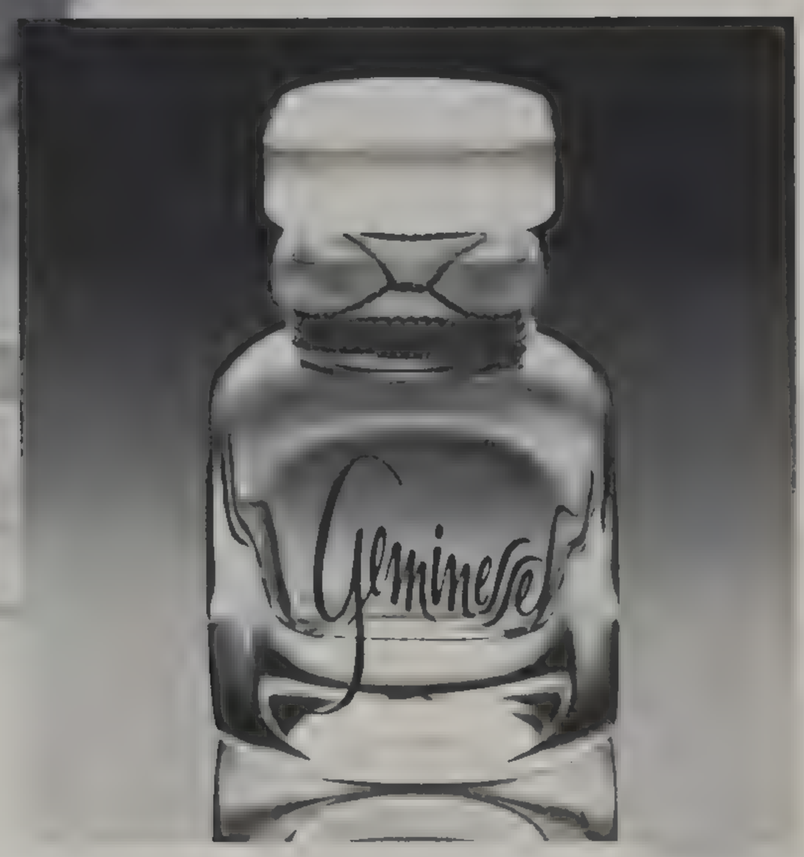
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VOGUE-RATED

TIP-OFFS

What to see, read, listen to, and watch for

movies

BY REX REED

★★★The Sunshine Boys
Neil Simon's Broadway comedy about a feuding, star-crossed vaudeville team lured out of retirement for a TV special comes rollicking to the screen with a merry resonance, thanks to Herbert Ross's spirited direction and the dazzling virtuosity of Walter Matthau and George Burns as the maddeningly senile old-timers who have outlived even their agents.

Clark and Lewis (loosely based on the real-life team of Smith and Dale) hate each other, but the world cries out for a revival of their old "doctor" sketch, so they reluctantly consent to bring out the old trunk. Divided they fall; re-united they fall. Quibbling over *Variety* obits of old colleagues or arguing whether "pickles" is a funnier word than "tomatoes," they get laughs out of just standing there with the camera as bewildered straight man.

Matthau's exasperating senility manifests itself in a losing battle with doorknobs, news clippings, unlighted cigars, and potato-chip commercials. George Burns, in his first movie in thirty-six years, ignites the screen with his own warmth and professionally understated sense of rhythm, lending the film a heart and dignity Simon's original stage script lacked. Richard Benjamin, as Matthau's frazzled agent-nephew whose efforts to establish an amnesty are rewarded with a chest pain instead of a commission, has just the right balance of agitation, annoyance, and affection.

Onstage, there were jokes, but everything seemed computer-programmed—buildup, punch line, laugh—with no time for character development. Herbert Ross has ironed out the gimmicks and given the comic figures in Neil Simon's cartoon world an added dimension of sensitivity. Real locations at the Gaiety Delicatessen, the Palace Theatre, and the Friars Club open up the frail confines of the original play and shower the progression of the story with fresh light to move around in.

An endearing, often hilarious, but more often quite touching look at old age and the kind of humor that links all people, all ages, all seasons.

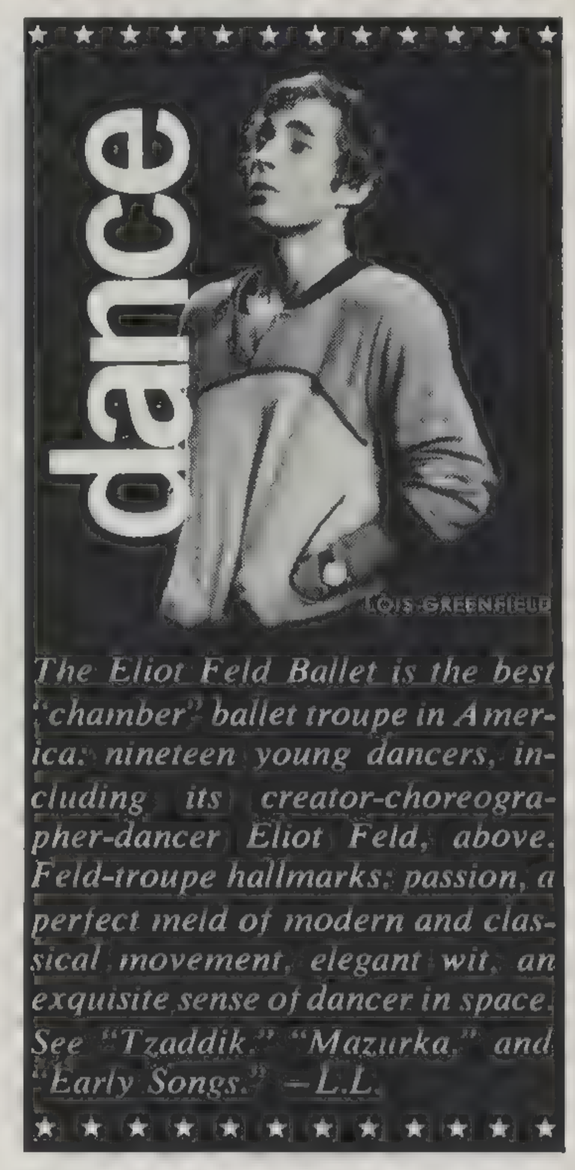
★★★The Magic Flute
Mozart, sung in Swedish, with English subtitles? Sounds awful, but Ingmar Bergman dusts off the old opera with a few magic brushstrokes of his own, creating a film of rare wit and enchantment. There's a wide-eyed splendor in the settings, like the wondrous pages of a beautifully illustrated children's book, dog-eared from childhood yet always next door to the heart.

Dragons and falcons and a fairy princess abducted by an evil villain, crepe-paper clouds and papier-mâché palaces, tunnels of doom and forests of night illuminated by the sure and steady torch of purity and romance. These are the ingredients dearest to Bergman's heart and perfectly captured by the bold but poetic camerawork of Sven Nykvist. There's even an intermission, while you watch the cast prepare for the shock of reentry into the "real" world. A sorcerer's apprentice sips soda pop, the lovers play chess, the Queen of the Night smokes a cigarette while her hands are being made up for Act Two.

The artistry of Ingmar Bergman shines through in the imaginative sets, the subtle shifts of lighting that convey varying moods, and the love that overshadows each scene and each musical movement. And through all the Disneyish characters there is the self-revelation of Bergman himself, seeing it come to life as though through the eyes of a child. For people who hate opera, Bergman's cinematic version of Mozart is like the introduction of the unsophisticated palate of a cheeseburger lover to a meal prepared by Julia Child. Try a truffle; you'll like it.

★★ Rooster Cogburn
Soft-focus sequel to *True Grit,* with arthritic, pot-bellied, eye-patched John Wayne and starchy, righteous, no-nonsense missionary Katharine Hepburn taming each other and the Old West by chasing a band of crooks who ambushed an Army shipment of nitroglycerin and guns, scaling the rapids of the Rogue River, and passing the time pleasantly. Since there's no plot to speak of, the film's interest depends pretty much on how susceptible you are to the charms of the stars.

Hepburn rides a raft, quotes the scriptures, and handles a Colt as if it were a pancake-turner.



The Eliot Feld Ballet is the best "chamber" ballet troupe in America: nineteen young dancers, including its creator-choreographer-dancer Eliot Feld, above. Feld-troupe hallmarks: passion, a perfect meld of modern and classical movement, elegant wit, an exquisite sense of dancer in space. See "Tzaddik," "Mazurka," and "Early Songs." —L.L.

Wayne bellows and snorts and melts in the glow of her Connecticut courage. Pure foolishness, of course, but veteran producer Hal Wallis gives it the deluxe Wells Fargo treatment; the photography is sumptuous, and the movie's as old-fashioned and harmless as a gingham bow.

Wayne and Hepburn have seen better days and better vehicles, but spunk still counts for something and they've got more than enough to spread around.

★★ Hustle
Cop movies are so passé that jaded audiences are likely to pass up a better-than-average one like this. Entertaining on a humble level, it provides Burt Reynolds with his best work to date on the screen and actually takes the time to get beneath the surface of its factory-assembled characters. I assume the attributes in this energetic, bracing little film can be traced to scriptwriter Steve Shagan, who demonstrated in *Save the Tiger* a touching affinity for the way people think and feel.

Burt Reynolds is the tough cop with a set of invincible moral ethics; Catherine Deneuve, the mush-hearted prostitute who wants to go straight; Eileen Brennan and Ben Johnson, the anguished parents of a girl who's been murdered on the beach—all of them trapped by the law as a corrupt and terrifying force that makes little people the helpless victims of organized justice.

There is nothing lofty or important about anything contained or depicted herein, yet I was quite impressed by the thoughtful, well-sustained way the film tries to show people grasping for some contact with decent emotions in a seedy world of whores, hustlers, apathy, and garbage. Reynolds is less conceitedly self-serving than usual—coy when the script needs extra goosing, sensitive and tough and totally without self-conscious mannerisms. Deneuve is glossily, flossily trashy in a way that you just know her panties smell of stale perfume.

books

BY ALLENE TALMEY

★★★★ JR
By William Gaddis (Alfred A. Knopf). This marvel of a novel is 726 pages about a financial genius —into conglomerates, mail orders, and other parlays—sweeping in publishing, Congress, and a mass of other players. We've all read about those geniuses but one in the sixth grade? It is Abbott and Costello on a big screen doing their baseball routine, "Whose on first." Funny? I like to die.

★★★Rose:
My Life in Service, "Recollections of Life in One of England's Grandest Households by Rosina Harrison, Personal Maid to Nancy, Lady Astor" (Viking). All that on the jacket. I'm not much for artless gossip about upstairs by downstairs, written by kennel keepers, butlers, and cooks. Rose Harrison, however, is different. As observant a social scientist as Anthony Trollope, she is unsparing, descriptive, and amusing about her thirty-five-year-long spar with Lady Astor. During those years Lady Astor's normal command was: "Shut up, Rose." She never did.

(Continued on page 58)

**** Do anything to hear, see, or read it *** Definitely worth your time and money ** Good work, deserves attention * Take note, if it suits your taste —* You have been warned

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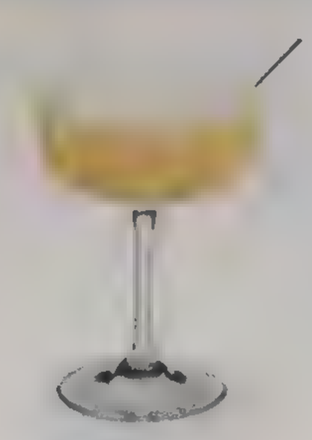
After coffee enjoy

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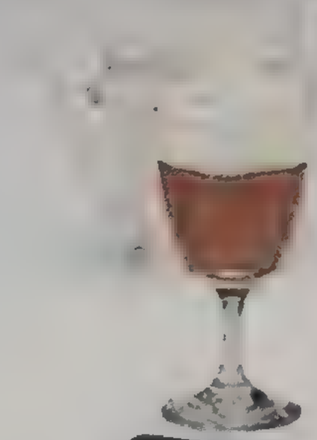
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3 parts B&B Liqueur, 1 part White Creme de Menthe. Shake with ice, strain, serve in cocktail glass or on the rocks.



B&B Frappe
Fill cocktail glass with crushed ice and B&B Liqueur, serve with short straws.



B&B Tea

Pour 1½ oz. B&B Liqueur into brewed tea in 8 oz. glass. Top with whipped cream.



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Vogue Tip-Offs

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

When Rose first arrived at the Astors, she realized that Lady Astor was unpredictable, unappreciative, sadistic, and sarcastic, "shouted and rampaged like a fishwife." What had begun as "a battle gradually mellowed into a kind of game." Although the Astors owned various homes at various times, the great one, Cliveden, lay twenty-five miles from London, and all were lumped by Rose, the other servants, friends, and the public as Cliveden. (Rose never slinks away from the words "servant" and "personal maid.")

The logistics of Cliveden life involved forty houseguests most weekends. Innumerable dinners, luncheons, tea parties, receptions for one thousand guests after dinner when Lady Astor was the first woman Member of Parliament. (She was born Nancy Langhorne in Virginia.)

As Lady Astor led a fascinating literary, political, marital life, traveling on visits to royalty, to her American family, to other great houses, so in a diluted way did Rose. Along the path Rose noted that Lady Astor "wasn't equipped to show love," even to her husband and her children. In fact, wrote Rose, the children of the upper classes were neglected on love that shows. A knowing discriminator, Rose loved Lady Astor. And Lady Astor loved her.

Among the Astor oddities were these: Lord Astor always took a cow and cowman from Cliveden when the family went to the island of Jura on holiday; an extraordinary mimic with a big splash of actress, Lady Astor frequently had Rose put a special set of false teeth in her handbag in order to do her impression of Margot, Lady Asquith, wife of the former Prime Minister.

One last Rosism: These days "the sins of the children are visited on the fathers." History book.

★★★ The Siege of Cancer
By June Goodfield (Random House). In this knockout study of some people and their cancer research, Goodfield points out that she is *not* giving "a sure index of crucial discoveries in cancer." A heartening book, both serious and light, it is written with an amazing spread of information.

Goodfield's study ranges from Iran to Sloan-Kettering Cancer Institute in New York City. In Iran, Dr. Janez Kmet told her that a group of semi-nomadic Turkoman tribes, near the borders of the Caspian Sea, have the highest rate of esophageal cancer in the whole world.

That group—whose basic food is bread—live in the hot, humid desert, staying by an oasis only long enough to grow cereals. They have a baffling high esophageal cancer rate. Those of the tribe who live in the rainy Caspian forests with rice their basic food have only a normal rate. None of the immediate, obvious answers is right.

Dr. Kmet believes that "it is reasonable to suppose that its repeated expression reflects not only the life history of its victim but also the past history of the population." At Sloan-Kettering the scientists are proving his point: "Both genetics *and* environment are at work . . . are probably at work in all cancers."

As some of science depends on serendipity, chance and luck may help with finding viruses as the cause of certain cancers. Goodfield quotes Salvador Luria, director of cancer research at M.I.T., who thinks the problem of viruses in cancer is the nastiest in biology. They can also be lethal. With admirable clarity she goes into the *immediate* prospect of a cancer vaccine for specific cancers. None. To her mind "the fatal disease of scientific old age, with no known cure, is hardening of the categories." Goodfield's scientific work has kept her mind young as a colt.

★★ The New Woman's Survival Sourcebook
Edited by Susan Rennie and Kirsten Grimstad (Knopf). This paperback is the same width as a Manhattan telephone book but longer and thinner and invaluable if you want to know anything about women now, from the point of view of active feminists. A catalogue of reference books, journals, women's schools, books on spirituality, health, and twenty more subjects —some with short essays, some with descriptive, minute critiques.

Although most of us don't realize it (rape and abortion are the major issues), wife- or woman-battering has become a happy pastime. The beaters include college professors, doctors, lawyers, laborers, men with frustrations. Anyone can play without social distinction. (About fourteen thousand cases were processed in 1973 in New York State alone.) The *Sourcebook* reviews four books on battering, including *Scream Quietly: Or The Neighbors Will Hear.* Like the old days on Hogarth's Gin Lane. Tiresome at times in pounding down men, at other times indispensable.

(Continued on page 70)

photograph by David Hamilton



Lalique Crystal Flacon

"Farouche"

The perfume created by NINA RICCI, Paris
for all the women you are.

Vogue

HAIR NOW

Easy ways to wake up your looks . . . tips on drying, styling, color, and condition



"The things that impressed me most were the braids, the rolled hair, lots of flowers —you could tell somebody did something personal to it." That's artist Harvey Boyd describing his impressions of the hairstyles he saw during a Paris/Rome trip he took to report on hair for the Elizabeth Arden Salons. Five of his sketches are reproduced here. "The styles showed more care, they were pulled together, but not uptight. There wasn't much left of that washed-out, tired, hippy, no-will-to-live look. In color, there were either very natural shades of brown or blond or extremely unnatural ones—magenta or mixed colors."

Seen at Saint Laurent, top left, fullness at sides, soft waves, shoulder length.

Left: at Valentino, eyelash-length bangs close to head, sleeked back with chignon and flowers behind the ear.

Left: at the Museum of Modern Art, Paris, thick hair, slightly waved to flip, back cut in V-shape with point at nape. Near right: also Paris, pulled back and caught with flower, falling in V-shape at back with slight flip up at center.

HARVEY BOYD

Above: seen in a Roman restaurant, two-level cut, close to head, sharply angled bangs.

It's easy-living hair



Andre of Cinandre doesn't believe in trendiness. Says Andre, "The point is to work with the face—hair shouldn't match a fashion trend, it should go with your face and work with your lifestyle." Illustrated here, a cut for any season. Top: blown-dry with a brush for smoothness; bottom: blown from underneath without brush for volume.



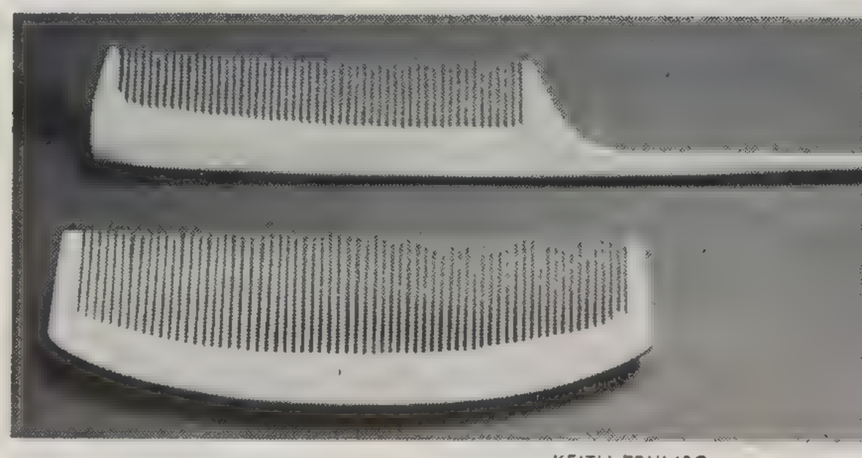


try-on-color

EVEN IN A DAY AND AGE LIKE OUR OWN, WHERE OPTIONS APPEAR ENDLESS, IT COMES AS A SURPRISE TO REALIZE THAT ONE CAN ACTUALLY TRY ON A HAIRCOLOR. THANKS TO CLAIROL LOVING CARE COLOR FOAM, YOU CAN EXPERIMENT WITH ADDING HIGHLIGHTS OR RICHNESS AND KNOW THAT IF IT'S NOT YOU, THE COLOR COMES OUT IN JUST 5 OR 6 SHAMPOOS, LEAVING YOU FREE TO TRY AGAIN.

You could call it "art for use"

A recent, favorite find in London—these two exquisitely shaped, carved wooden combs made in China. They are available for $6; each from one of London's most innovative salons, Moulton Brown, 53 South Moulton Street, London, W1Y, 1HH, England.



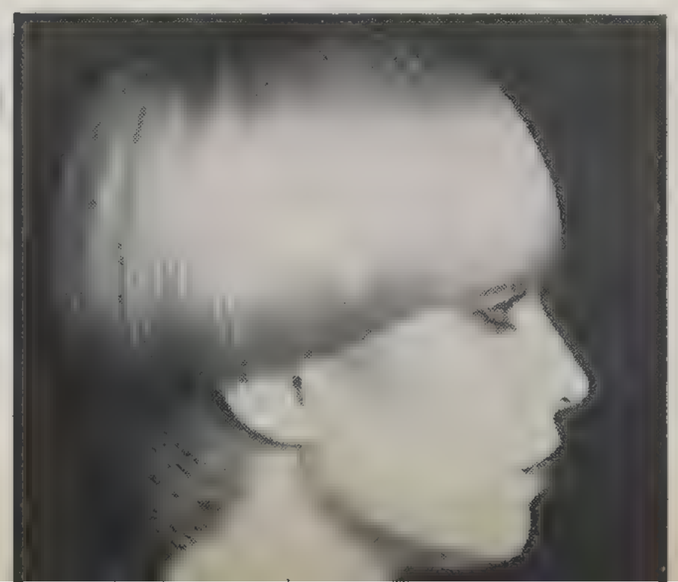
KEITH TRUMBO

light



Daniel Galvin, hair-colorist extraordinaire at Leonard of London, rimmed the blond hair below with a half-inch band of soft pink. Astonishing to see, oddly flattering, it gives hair a soft, cap-like quality.

The cut above, from Crimper's in London, shows one of the ways lighter tonalities can bring movement and life to a style—highlights on each side follow the curve of the cut.



NO CURL CURL

It's the place where "everyone" in Montecito, California, has her hair done—it's J. Clark & Co. Owner Clark says, "Hair is inherently shiny and I'm selling natural hair. I feel the less you spray on, the more shine comes through." As part of his natural approach, he uses a new acid perm by Rilling, called Hidden Support. It gives subtle body, and because the heat of the dryer activates the perm, hair cannot be overprocessed.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 62



VIA CONDOTTI 10 - ROMA

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Drazen's ..... Binghamton, N.Y.
Field-Schlick Inc. ..... St. Paul, Mn.
Fine's ..... Savannah, Ga.
Gilmore Associates ..... Oak Park, Il.
Glass Apparel ..... El Paso, Tx.
Betty Goodman ..... Youngstown, Oh.
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Grace's ..... Nashville, Tn.
Gray Rose ..... Colorado Springs, Co.
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Vogue

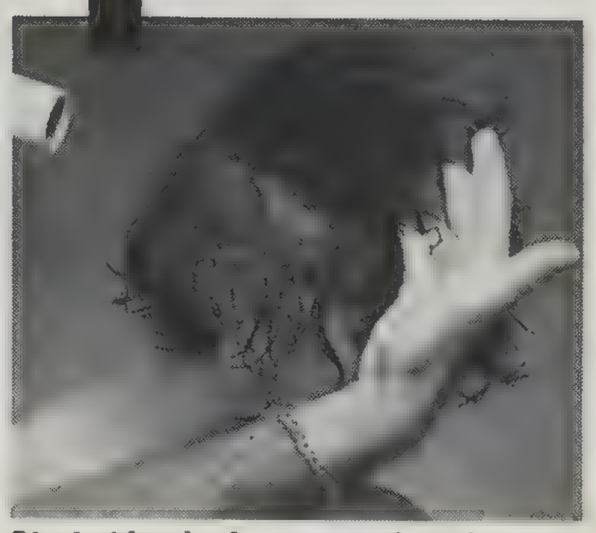
HAIR NOW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

THE FAMOUS ALEXANDRE INITIAL "A," DESIGNED FOR HIM BY JEAN COCTEAU, IS NOW AVAILABLE IN A SPARKLING BARRETTE. A FAVORITE OF PRINCESS GRACE, THE RHINESTONE "A" IS SET IN BROWN TORTOISE, PALE BLOND TORTOISE, OR BLACK. AVAILABLE FROM DAVIR, 30 EAST 67TH STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10021; $6 EACH, INCLUDING POSTAGE.



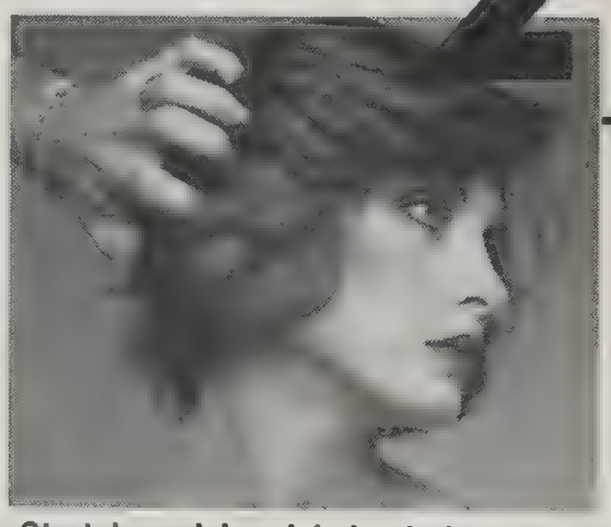
1 The finger-drying technique



Start at back of crown and work hair forward toward the face.

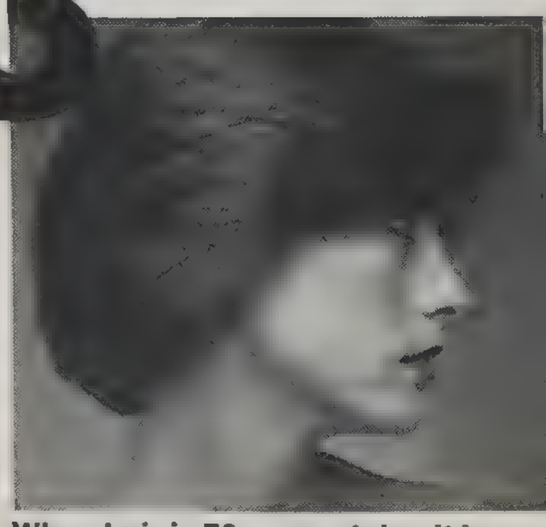
It's a super way to get a more natural flow to the hair, bring up texture, and reduce the incidence of split ends. It's a method of blow-drying hair with fingers instead of a brush, used by Allan Edwards, creative director of Jon Peters Salons. This technique can be used with any length of hair, is particularly good for curly or permed hair, and works well with all geometric cuts.

2



Stretch and bend hair shafts upward to give lift to roots—adds volume.

3



When hair is 70 percent dry, it is put in the finished style to dry.

THERE'S A NEW WAY TO ADD MORE BODY OR CURL TO SHORT HAIR—"LOOPS," FROM BEVERLY, AT SAKS FIFTH AVENUE. APPLY SETTING LOTION, THEN LIFT STRANDS AND FORM INTO LOOPS. DRY UNDER INFRARED LIGHTS, BRUSH INTO SOFT SHAPE.



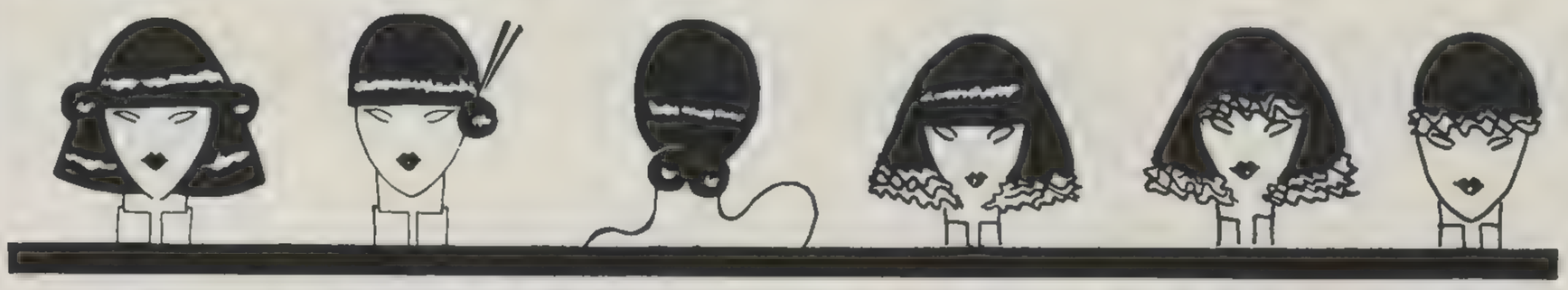
In keeping with its serene Japanese decor (designed by Mark Pagano), New York's Sachs-Takada Salon offers a special Oriental Technique shampoo to relax and precondition hair. The scalp, neck, and shoulders are massaged in order to loosen nerve endings; the theory is that a tight, tense scalp can harm the hair.



New control

You'll find a convenient Power Dial on the brand-new Supermax 2 Adjustable by Gillette, *above*, that adjusts heat and airflow from 200 to 900 watts. There are 3 snap-on styling attachments, plus a handle for two-hand styling and improved curl control.

Cold weather, too much entertaining, too little sleep—all can combine to make hair look winter-weary. If you're about at that stage, try one of our favorites—Wella Kolestral Deep Conditioning Cream. It's been reviving hair for over 40 years, so it must be doing something right! After shampoo, apply Wella Kolestral, cover, and keep warm for 30 minutes. Hair emerges awake.



FOR PARTIES AND NIGHTS OUT, THE EXPERTS AT LA COUPE, IN NEW YORK AND MONTREAL, HAVE DREAMED UP PIN-ON PING-PONG BALLS COVERED IN MATCHING HAIR. FIRST 3 SKETCHES ABOVE SHOW HOW THEY CAN BE WORN. FALSE FRINGES, LAST 3 SKETCHES ABOVE, ARE THEIR NEW FRILL.

From Paris' Left Bank,
Yves Saint Laurent sends you his
Rive Gauche Fragrance.

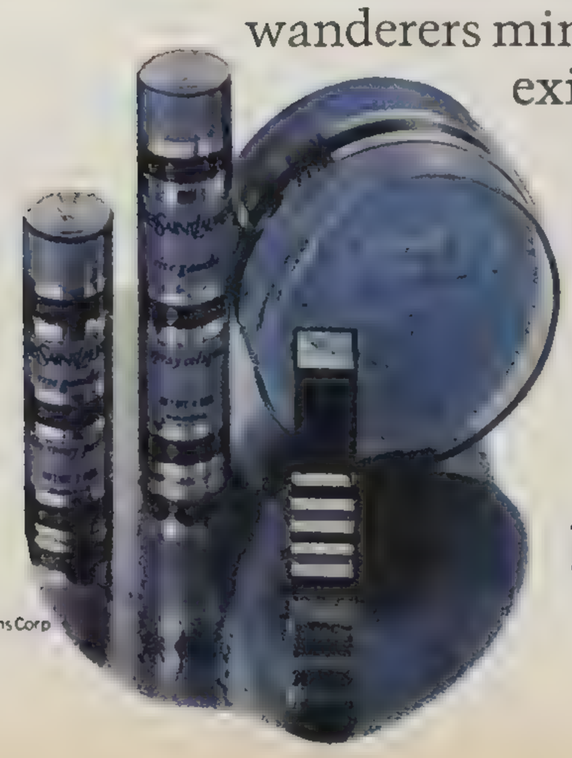
It's lively, warm and very French.

The Left Bank of the Seine, called Rive Gauche, is Paris' most spirited place. It's where artists, writers, poets, lovers, world travelers and world wanderers mingle together to create an atmosphere one could only wish existed everywhere.

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Vogue Tip-Offs

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

art

BY BARBARA ROSE

★★ Minimal Art Revisited
Proving that not only the rich can make their marks as collectors, mini-patrons Dorothy and Herbert Vogel, who filled their tiny New York apartment with hundreds of works—bought at budget sales—by artists of the 'sixties and 'seventies whose talent they recognized before prices were prohibitive, are exhibiting their collection of "Painting, Drawing and Sculpture of the '60s and '70s" (including works by Morris, both Mangolds, Tuttle, Hesse, LeWitt, *et al.*) at The Contemporary Arts Center in Cincinnati. The show, which originated at Philadelphia's lively Institute of Contemporary Art, is a good indication of the latest "advanced" taste.

For those who really can't get enough of less as more, at the same time, the Serpentine Gallery in London is holding an exhibition of Minimal Graphics by many of those artists collected by the adventurous Vogels.

★★ 76 Jefferson
It sounds like another Bicentennial show, but the name of an exhibition in the Penthouse gallery of The Museum of Modern Art in New York is actually the address, 76 Jefferson Street, of a building where a number of the experimental artists in the show —including John Duff, Neil Jenney, Ed Shostak, Robert Lobe, Gary Stephan, and Neil Williams—have worked or are still working. Brice Marden, whose early works are shown, is the star alumnus of this New York loft building, erected in 1893, which the City plans to demolish soon. A heterogeneous, lively bunch, these artists represent the kind of experimental spirit often absent in the New York art world since SoHo's shift to gracious living.

★★ Travelers of the Sixteenth Century
Ours is not the first age to send artists around the world seeking adventure, new subjects, and rich expatriate patrons. The notion of *Wanderjahre* or years of travel and study was essential to such Northern artists as Dürer and Goltzius, who felt it their duty to visit Italy. For these early artist-tourists, the idea of the exotic held a special fascination. Until January 5, Paris's Louvre will exhibit drawings and prints chronicling the travels of such sixteenth-century travelers, through whose eyes their countrymen experienced the foreign world.

★★ Delacroix and the Painters of Nature
At the Eugène Delacroix Museum in Paris (the jewel of a museum that used to be a great artist's studio, on the Place Furstenberg), paintings, watercolors, pastels, and drawings of the *plein-air* school of landscape painters whose cause was finally taken up by the Impressionists make a fine and thoroughly delectable show.

★★ Maillol the Master
A classicist working after the idea of the classical ideal had fallen into disrepute, the French sculptor Aristide Maillol was, despite his traditionalism, a pioneer in the ideas of streamlining and simplification that influenced twentieth-century forms. At The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, in New York, beginning December 19, a Maillol retrospective includes monumental bronze nudes, lesser known maquettes, drawings, and tapestries.

★★ Homage to the Bag
In the desperate scramble for new "theme" shows, occasionally a clever idea like "Homage to the Bag," the exhibition at New York's Museum of Contemporary Crafts, turns up. Not only such utilitarian craft objects as pocketbooks and saddlebags from many cultures but also bags by such contemporary artists as Claes Oldenburg, Andy Warhol, and Roy Lichtenstein are on view. An amusing idea.

★ Jewish Experience in the Art of the Twentieth Century
Although the Old Testament prohibition against graven images inhibited visual art among Jews, the modern world has witnessed the flowering of a Jewish expression among such artists as Marc Chagall, Ben Shahn, Jacques Lipchitz, Chaim Soutine, Max Weber, Max Beckmann, and Jacob Epstein.

Even such artists as Adolph Gottlieb, El Lissitzky, and Barnett Newman, known for their abstract work, are found to incorporate Jewish themes or values in their art in a provocative exhibition at The Jewish Museum in New York. ▽

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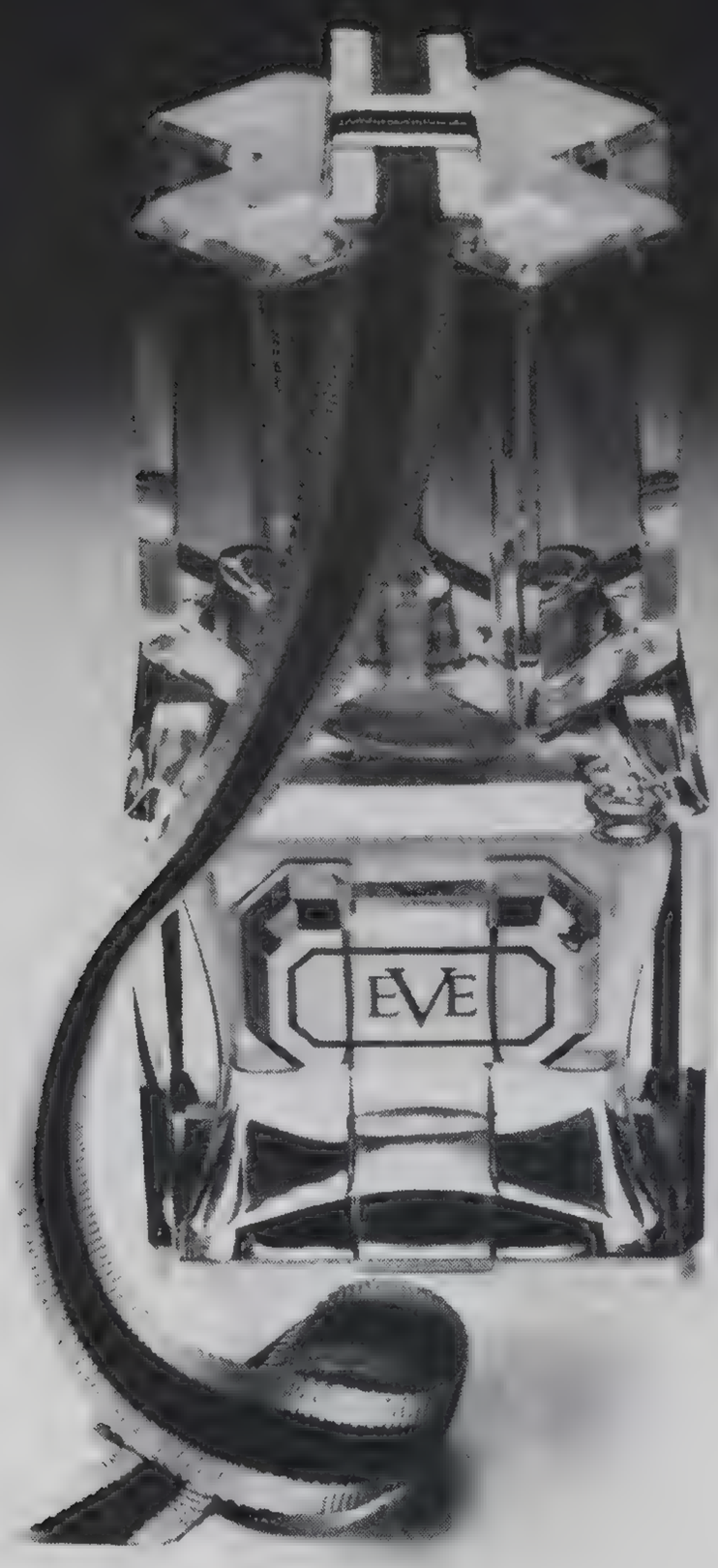


Cotton dress, $40.
Reversible cotton skirt, $30.

Photographed at the Plaza Hotel, New York

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

Heat 2 tablespoons of the olive oil in each of 2 large heavy frying pans with tight-fitting covers. Divide lobster pieces between the 2 pans; cook, shell side down, 3-4 minutes or till shells turn red. Pour 2 tablespoons of the Cognac over the lobsters in each pan. Light Cognac with a match, carefully since flames may shoot up high (and the calories with them!). Season with salt and freshly ground pepper.

Put the wine, reserved clam juice, remaining Cognac, tomato puree, onions, garlic, and parsley into a saucepan and warm over low heat, stirring to mix well. Spoon this sauce over lobster pieces in both pans. Cover and cook over low heat 15-20 minutes. Taste a bit of the lobster to make sure it is done. Do not overcook.

Michel Guérard removes the meat from the lobster shells, cuts it into pieces, piles pieces back into the shells on a warm platter. Then he surrounds them with the mixed vegetables and pours the sauce over all. (You may prefer the fun of cracking the lobsters and dipping the meat in the sauce as you eat.)

Gigot de Poulette

(Stuffed Chicken Legs)
eight servings

You will need 2 heavy 10-inch casseroles with tight-fitting covers, 2 metal steamers on legs that open out to 10 inches, and some wooden toothpicks.

Ask your butcher to bone the lower quarters of 4 chickens, drumstick and second joint *not* separated, leaving all the skin on so that you can stuff them. To bone hindquarters yourself: Using a small sharp-pointed knife, make a deep slit down the back of the hindquarters and cut as close to the bones as possible, pushing back flesh as you cut. After bones are free, pull them out; then, with pliers, pull out tendons from the drumstick.

Leg quarters of 4 chickens, prepared as above
Salt and pepper
Chopped meat and vegetable mixture left over from Clear Consommé with Cherries, recipe on page 42
4 cups jellied chicken consommé at room temperature (or chicken broth with all fat removed)
4-6 sprigs of marjoram (or 3 teaspoons dried marjoram)
¾ pound mushrooms, pureed in a blender or food processor
4 shallots, finely chopped (or 8-10 scallions, white parts only)
4 carrots, peeled
4 inside stalks celery
16 asparagus tips
16 pearl onions, peeled
¾ pound string beans, trimmed at ends
16 medium-size whole mushrooms

Wipe chicken pieces with a damp cloth. Remove all excess fat. Salt and pepper on both sides. Heat 2 cups consommé in each casserole to boiling point. Add half the marjoram to each pot (if you have fresh marjoram, reserve 2 sprigs for garnish). Cover casseroles and turn off heat, letting the consommé become infused with flavor of herb.

Prepare the stuffing by mixing together the meat-and-vegetable mixture, 4 tablespoons of the pureed mushrooms (reserving the rest), and shallots. Season with salt and pepper. Stuff the mixture down into the chicken legs; lay some on the second joints. Pull the skin around to enclose stuffing and fasten it with toothpicks.

Lay the stuffed chicken legs on the metal steamers over the consommé in the casseroles. Cover and simmer over medium heat for about 20 minutes. When tender, remove chicken pieces to an ovenproof platter, moistening with a bit of consommé, and keep warm in lowest oven. Cut carrots, celery, and asparagus tips into 1-inch matchsticks. Boil onions in a pot of salted water. When they begin to feel tender, add carrot and celery strips and whole string beans. When *they* begin to feel tender, add asparagus matchsticks and whole mushrooms. Boil 2-3 minutes longer; drain. Remove toothpicks from chicken legs and arrange vegetables, seasoning with salt and pepper, attractively on the platter with the chicken legs; return platter to oven while you prepare sauce.

Combine all consommés in one casserole, turn heat to high, reduce till consommé is a thick liquid just covering bottom of pot. Add reserved mushroom puree, cook over high heat for 1-2 minutes, pour over chicken and vegetables; serve, decorated with sprigs of marjoram or parsley. Do not eat fattening skin. That would defeat your purpose.

(Continued on page 96)

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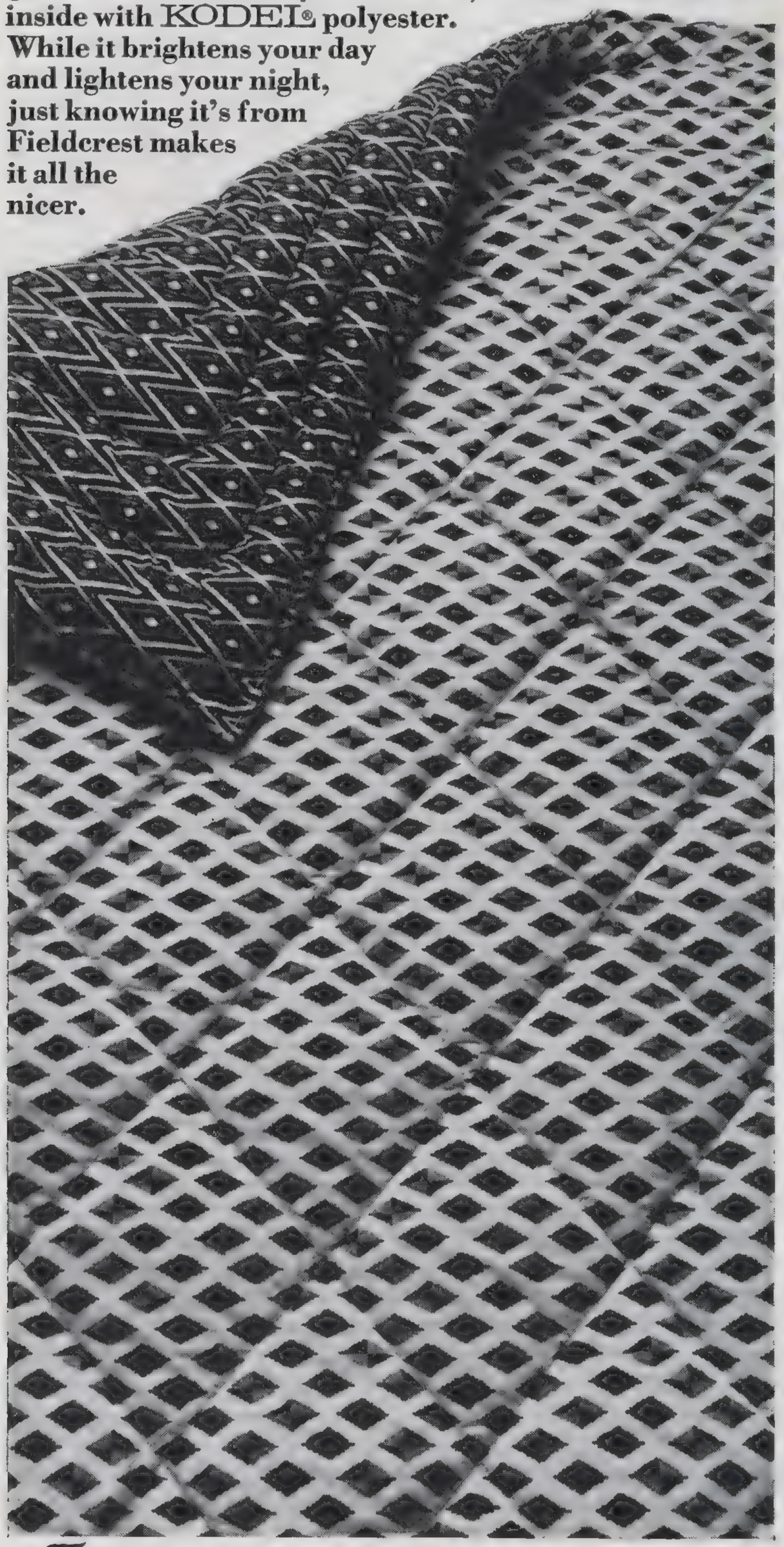
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HOROSCOPE

Vogue

BY FRANCESCO WALDNER

From December 1–December 31

If you were born when the Sun was in Sagittarius: For the next three months, a positive Jupiter aspect favors all your enterprises. Work to realize your plans; Saturn will help to lead you to financial security. A strong Mars aspect, ending around March 20th, adds to your energy but may make you somewhat restless. Positive, active periods for you in the coming year are mid-May–July 6th and August 25th–October 8th; November 21st–the end of 1976 is a successful time, but requires strong nerves. Happy periods for your emotional life are: January 2nd–26th, February 20th–March 15th, April 9th–May 2nd, July 15th–August 8th, September 2nd–26th, October 21st–November 14th, and December 10th–31st, 1976.

Aries *March 21-April 20*

Until the 14th, an excellent Mercury influence helps you to solve practical problems, expedite correspondence, get in touch with people who interest you. After the 15th, you must be diplomatic when speaking or writing. A heavy work load awaits you; keep appointments and don't neglect long-term plans for the coming year. You continue to have good Jupiter and Mars aspects and will handle things with great energy and efficiency. For your emotional life, promising days are the 2nd–4th, 12th–13th, and 21st–22nd. The year ends with excellent Moon aspects on the 30th–31st, which augurs well for the New Year. **My advice:** Be self-controlled and reflect well on the 5th–6th and 19th–20th.

Taurus *April 21-May 20*

After the 15th, matters become clarified and you'll be able to make clear, reasonable decisions. There could be some unexpected expenses; don't overspend. Beginning on the 8th, the air, at times, will be full of tensions; the 7th–8th, 21st–22nd, and 28th–29th may cause some problems. You will, though, spend a very pleasant Christmas and should enjoy delightful hours in your love life on the 5th–6th and 9th–11th. For many, an interesting encounter will bring a sudden flirtation. But don't play with fire: you could be hurt. Good news comes to you during the 14th–16th; accept an invitation and try to enlarge your circle of friends. The outlook for next year is quite favorable. **My advice:** Be careful when dealing with financial questions and with an older member of your family. Watch your diet over the holidays.

Gemini *May 21-June 21*

The basic trend in your life now and for the coming year is toward stabilization. With positive Saturn and Jupiter influences, your social and financial positions will greatly improve. December is an active month, with many projects which must be finished before the year ends. You have interesting plans; try to realize them by the end of March. Very good Venus aspects last until the 7th, then Venus becomes neutral. Promising Moon aspects occur on the 7th–8th, 12th–13th, and 26th–27th. **My advice:** Avoid handling important matters on the 9th–11th and 23rd–25th. Try to take a Christmas holiday: you need a good rest after this busy period.

(Continued on page 84)

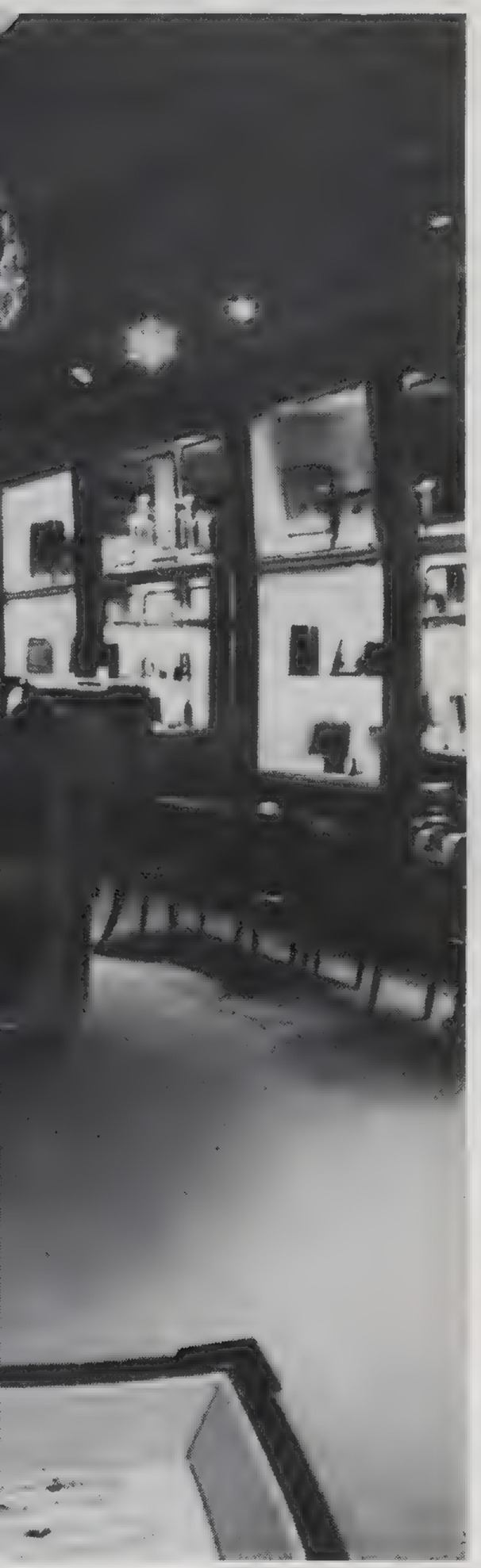


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Continued from page 80

HOROSCOPE

Cancer *June 22-July 22*

Your activities develop successfully, bringing you new contacts and new possibilities for the future. For many, a beginning Uranus influence brings changes. From the 8th, an excellent Venus aspect protects your emotional life: you'll enjoy a lovely month, with highlights on the 1st, 9th–11th, and 28th–29th. Pleasant Christmas days favor benefits through relatives. Be generous with little presents, though you must still be careful with bigger business affairs and financial transactions. Be correct in all your obligations on the 5th–6th, 12th–13th, and 26th–27th, less favorable days that could create small problems in your daily life. **My advice:** In spite of the holidays, keep your eyes open for a good opportunity.

Leo *July 23-August 23*

The month brings new developments and possibilities for change; a plan should be realized during the next three months. A trip may result in unexpected decisions. The first part of December favors meetings, conferences, and correspondence; but after the harmonious first eight days, some problems may turn up in your emotional life. Take it easy: January will be splendid and will make up for small troubles. Make your dates for the 2nd–4th, enjoy events on the 12th–13th, and plan something nice for the 30th–31st, which are excellent days for all your plans. Bad Moon aspects on the 15th–16th and 28th–29th warn you to avoid conflicts, but the year ends gloriously. **My advice:** Be diplomatic and reserved in dealing with problems concerning your or your partner's family.

Virgo *August 24-September 23*

Try to balance your private wishes with professional obligations, and be careful not to overextend yourself or you'll be too exhausted to enjoy the holidays. During the first part of the month, you may take issue with co-workers or other people near you. Don't criticize others' working methods, but be cooperative and helpful. New events brighten your emotional life, and promising Venus-Uranus aspects make for interesting days on the 5th–6th and 14th–16th. The 1st and 28th–29th are auspicious for your plans; on the 15th, a good Mercury aspect will help you to make the right decisions. **My advice:** Avoid discussions on the 2nd–4th and 17th–18th; be indulgent on the 30th–31st.

Libra *September 24-October 23*

Energy and initiative bring you success. Important people appreciate your work, and you are able to combine both your private and professional interests in an efficient cooperation with a friend. Mercury is positive during the first part of the month and will give you original ideas which you can immediately put into practice. Later on, you must go more slowly and examine proposals and business possibilities carefully. Your emotional life runs smoothly: your best days are the 7th–8th and 17th–18th. Entertain friends on the 2nd–4th or 21st–22nd: these days are good for Christmas shopping, too. Less positive times are the 5th–6th, 12th–13th, and 19th–20th, but New Year's Eve will be very pleasant. **My advice:** Try to create a solid financial base. Stay active.

(Continued on page 88)

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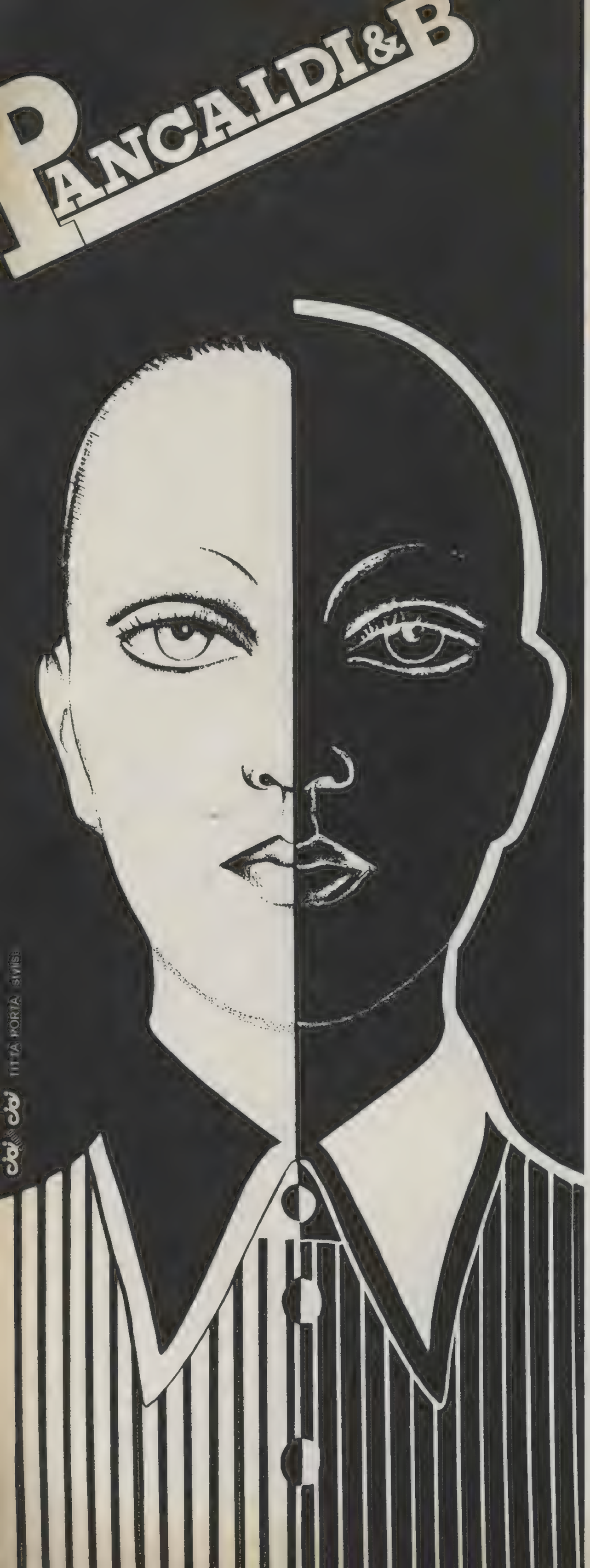


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Vogue Continued from page 84

HOROSCOPE

Scorpio *October 24-November 22*

After days of intensive work, the second half of the month shows a very satisfactory situation. Answer letters and settle practical domestic and economic questions. With Venus in your sign, you'll enjoy a lovely time in your emotional life. Next year will be especially interesting and may bring important changes, but to have a calm private life will be of the greatest importance to you. Business affairs and financial matters develop well, but avoid discussing plans on the 7th–8th and 21st–22nd, and don't be rude to other people. Make the most of successful days on the 9th–11th and 19th–20th. **My advice:** Good Moon aspects brighten Christmas, but remember to buy your presents in time.

Sagittarius *November 23-December 21*

Mercury, in your sign until the 15th, creates an excellent period to solve problems of a practical nature, to see people, to get rid of correspondence and outstanding matters. Good news comes from people far away or abroad. Business and financial matters succeed, and you have great energy and endurance. Mars may cause some trouble in your relationships with others: avoid conflicts on the 9th–11th and 17th–18th. Make up your mind where to spend the Christmas holidays without hurting anyone's feelings. Good Moon aspects add to your emotional life on the 12th–13th and 21st–22nd. **My advice:** Take extra care of your health to be fit for demands in the coming year.

Capricorn *December 22-January 20*

It is advisable to plan appointments for conferences or meetings for the second half of the month, when you will be your brightest self. Set up a precise program for next year's activity. You must look at matters clearly; the coming months will show you the new direction many things will take. Be flexible and not too conservative. However, you must be careful with financial matters and try to remain on friendly terms with superiors or authorities. After the first critical week, your emotional life becomes harmonious and satisfying. Take advantage of auspicious Moon and Venus aspects on the 9th–11th and 14th–16th. The Christmas days will be delightful. **My advice:** Be open-minded to new ideas and to human relationships, and you will see many things in a different light.

Aquarius *January 21-February 18*

There are tensions in the air and a certain urge to bring about some changes in your life. Occupy yourself with a new plan and enlarge your knowledge in a special field. The situation has its positive sides and can bring you a change in position or a new cooperation. Let matters develop; a superior or an influential person will be helpful. Discuss your problems on the 17th–18th with a competent friend. Your emotional life, harmonious during the first week, may become rather troubled later on. You have, however, good Moon aspects on the 2nd–4th, 12th–13th, and especially on the 26th–27th; the year ends well. **My advice:** It is normal to spend more over the holidays, but don't overdo it on the 14th–16th and 28th–29th.

Pisces *February 19-March 20*

You are in an active period, with the freedom to do what you like. Far-reaching plans are favored for the coming year and your financial outlook is positive. The second half of the month is good for written matters, practical problems, and any kind of communication. The beginning of the month may bring small upsets in your daily life, but from the 8th, an excellent Venus influence not only favors affairs of the heart but also friendship, cooperation, and all human relationships. You'll enjoy invitations and pleasant social gatherings: your best days are the 1st, 19th–20th, and 28th–29th. **My advice:** Make small sacrifices on the 2nd–4th, on Christmas days, and on the last two days of the month, and you will have a good start to the New Year.

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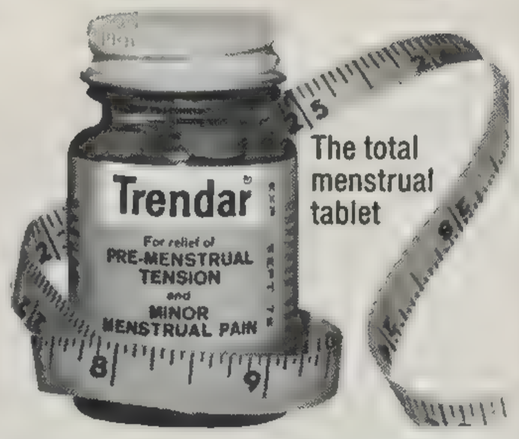
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By Nissa Simon

Can vitamins help your skin? A doctor says "Yes" and tells you what to take and why

Dr. Warren M. Levin, who practices nutrition and preventive medicine, is a past governor of the International College of Applied Nutrition and on the board of directors of the International Academy of Metabology, suggests nine things you should know about specific daily vitamin needs and their relation to your skin. If your diet is right, you may never suffer the results of inadequate intake. If you should, check your doctor on the best way to make up any lack.

VITAMIN A

Dr. Levin says vitamin A is absolutely essential for the integrity of all epithelial tissue (the skin and mucous membranes of the body). Lack of it shows up in dry, rough skin or unsightly, permanent goose bumps. The National Research Council suggests a maximum of 10,000 units a day, but if either of these conditions don't clear up, you may need greater doses; see your physician about it. Vitamin A, Dr. Levin believes, should come from a natural source such as fish-liver oil, not a synthetic formulation.

VITAMIN C

Lack of vitamin C causes easy bruising and may be another cause of permanent goose bumps. Vitamin C is almost a specific cure for heat rash; 2,000 to 3,000 milligrams a day for an adult will clear it up, according to Dr. Levin.

VITAMIN D

Vitamin D, which we all need for normal bone growth, comes from a healthy skin exposed to sunlight. A minimum amount of exposure to the sun will produce the body's supply of vitamin D, so remember to protect your skin from too much sun with a good sunscreen. Vitamin D taken as a supplement, says Dr. Levin, should be as a fish-liver oil.

VITAMIN E

According to Dr. Levin, there is excellent laboratory evidence to show that vitamin E decreases scar-tissue formation and tends to keep skin smoother by delaying the aging process. Vitamin E is effective taken internally (minimum dose 100 units a day, maximum 800 units a day) and is probably effective as an external application, particularly if there is scarring. Be careful not to take more than 100 units a day if there is any evidence of high blood pressure or heart trouble.

VITAMIN F

Vitamin F or polyunsaturated fatty acids (found in some unprocessed vegetable oils) is known to improve skin texture and hair sheen and body, Dr. Levin says. One tablespoon of safflower oil a day either used as a salad dressing or taken right from the spoon is a reasonable amount. Remember, taking a daily ration of polyunsaturated fatty acid increases the need for vitamin E—at least 100 units a day is indicated.

VITAMIN B_6

Stretch marks, a most unsightly skin problem, are usually blamed on childbirth or precipitous change of weight. Recent evidence indicates that the real culprit may be deficiency of zinc and vitamin B_6. Dr. Levin recommends long-range supplementation, two milligrams of zinc and 25 milligrams of vitamin B_6 a day, to help prevent any further marks although it won't erase existing ones.

B VITAMINS

The B vitamins are essential for general metabolism; lack of them has been implicated in cracking skin around the corners of the nose, eyes, and mouth. Dr. Levin recommends much greater doses of B-complex than those given by the National Research Council because of the margin of safety. He suggests at least 25 times the recommended daily allowance of B-complex. There is excellent proof that a significant number of cases of seborrhea (severe dandruff, scaliness of eyebrows and corners of ears) are the result of faulty absorption of vitamin B_{12} and can be controlled by vitamin B_{12} injections.

PROTEIN

Total protein (not gelatin) taken with supplements of calcium and organic silica frequently shows up in healthier nails and hair. Dr. Levin suggests taking one tablespoon of pre-digested liquid protein, two silica tablets, and two bone-meal tablets three times a day.

NUCLEIC ACIDS

Finally, he says, recent research has shown the importance to the whole body of adequate intake of nucleic acids, especially as an aid to younger looking skin. Small quantities of sardines or anchovies provide nucleic acids.



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Raimundo lives in Brazil and was eight years old when we took his picture. His home is a two room shack made of mud and sticks. He shares the house with his mother, a grandmother, two brothers and three sisters.

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VO30DO

Vogue Answers Your Beauty Questions

Easiest rules for makeup... how to get swoonier legs— and eyelashes... turn your feet into smoothies

Q Although I'm thirty, I have never really worn makeup. I'd like to edge my way into it (nothing dramatic or complicated, please!). Can you help?

A **For the most natural and subtle kind of makeup, start first with a blusher that duplicates the look of your own natural flush. If you're fair skinned, try a wine-color blusher; if you're tawny, a bronze blusher will do the trick; Black skin with yellow undertones should go with a rust blush; for Black skin with orange undertones, a coral. Next, for your eyes, don't try liner, which can look harsh if you don't have expertise . . . do try natural shadow colors such as olive green, plum, or taupe (those with Black skin can also add charcoal to the list) . . . then dab, never rub, them on the outer corner of eyelid.**

Q I am quite tall with what I can only describe as "toothpick" legs. Any exercises that can add curves to them?

A **We asked Carlos of Carlos Studio, 156A East 83rd St., New York, to solve this one for us. His exercises are to be done 20 times each day (work up to 30): 1. Stand up straight, legs together, raise up on toes, pretend to sit down (but don't!), then raise yourself up again. 2. Legs wide apart, feet flat on the floor, do a deep knee bend, pretending to sit halfway down on the floor, raise yourself up again. 3. Standing with legs wide apart, shift all weight over bent right knee, keep left leg straight and taut, pull up to starting position and repeat, other side. 4. Stand with legs wide apart, turn body over right knee and plunge, then raise yourself up on your toes and return to starting position. Repeat on left side. This will fully exercise (and build) thigh and calf muscles.**

Q My biggest beauty problem is my feet. Calluses make kicking my shoes off in public impossible and cost me money in ruined panty stockings. What causes them . . . how can I get rid of them?

A **A main cause of calluses on the balls of the feet and heels, according to Dr. Norman Klombers, director of professional services for the Podiatry Society of the State of New York, is uneven distribution of weight causing tension on the skin. Calluses are a thickening of the skin to form a natural protection against irritation. Home care would include either the application of a softening agent (the more supple the skin, the less likely it is to thicken) or the use of an abrasive, like an emery board. One to try is the Diamon Deb Foot Dresser that has very fine diamond dust imbedded in its surface. Dr. Klombers cautions that people with circulatory problems or diabetes should not attempt any home care.**

Q My eyelashes are getting sparser and sparser. I put oil on them at night but wonder if there's anything I can do to make them thicker.

A **You're on the right track; moisture and more moisture is what lashes need to thrive. Since many mascaras have a tendency to dry out on the lashes, you might try a new one from Lancôme called Maquicils, a mascara that has moisture in the formula. It doesn't build lashes with artificial lengtheners, but applying several thin coats will build up color, giving a thick look to sparse lashes.**

Evyan's salute to the Women of America



With admiration for the great contribution American women have made toward the phenomenal growth and accomplishments of our country

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We Salute you!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

Soufflé aux Poires
(A Delicate Pear Soufflé)
eight servings

2-3 ripe pears, enough to make 1 cup puree
2 packages Sweet 'N Low (or other sugar substitute, sweetening equivalent 4 tablespoons of sugar)
2 egg yolks, lightly beaten with a fork
½ teaspoon pear brandy, kirsch, rum, or Cognac
6 egg whites

Peel, quarter, and core pears; puree, using a food mill, blender, or food processor. Measure exactly 1 cup pear puree and put into a large bowl. Stir in artificial sweetener, egg yolks, and liqueur. Beat egg whites till stiff. Add ¼ beaten whites to pear mixture, mixing in rather thoroughly. This will make it easier for pear mixture to absorb the rest of the beaten whites. Now lightly fold in remaining egg whites.

Do not overmix. Pile into lightly buttered 2-quart soufflé dish. Do not fill soufflé dish completely; room must be left for the soufflé to rise. If necessary, discard the surplus or bake the surplus in small lightly buttered soufflé dishes or custard cups. Bake at 425° 15 minutes or till soufflé is puffed and browned. Serve at once.

Guérard's Variation: Make a banana soufflé, substituting 1 cup pureed ripe bananas in place of the pears. The number of calories, surprisingly enough, is about the same and the taste is more pervasive. Rum or Cognac are best with this. If desired, garnish with 1 or 2 ginger snaps (20 calories per snap!), finely crumbled, or a bit of finely chopped candied ginger at the moment of serving.

New Year's Lunch or Supper Menu

Pot au Feu de Poissons
(Fish Stew)
- Salade à l'Aile de Pigeon
(Squab Salad)
- Soufflé aux Bananes
(Banana Soufflé)

Gala Fish Stew
eight to ten servings

Court-bouillon Ingredients:
3 pounds fish heads, tails, and bones
3 quarts water
1 cup dry white wine (or dry vermouth)
2 carrots, cut into 1-inch slices
2 stalks celery, leaves attached, cut into 1-inch slices
2 onions, thinly sliced
12 peppercorns
1 tablespoon salt
2 teaspoons thyme
2 bay leaves, crumbled
Generous amounts of any fresh herbs available such as chives, dill, and parsley (approximately 2 cups herbs)

Fish Ingredients:
2 tablespoons oil
3 pounds live lobster, cut into pieces
1 tablespoon Pernod or Cognac
8 1-inch slices sea bass (approximately 2 pounds)
8 1-inch slices bluefish (approximately 2 pounds)
2 cups red wine
8 1-inch slices whiting
½ pint shucked oysters
Salt and pepper

Vegetables:
4 cucumbers, peeled
8 carrots, peeled
4 small turnips, peeled and quartered
8 leeks, white part only, washed (green part can be added to court bouillon)

Sauce Ingredients:
4 egg yolks
½ cup dry white wine
Salt and pepper, if needed
½ cup finely chopped parsley

In a very large heavy pot, combine all the court-bouillon ingredients. Simmer, covered, 1 hour. Strain out and discard all the solid ingredients. Pour 4 cups of this bouillon into a smaller pot and reduce over high heat to half its quantity. Reserve. Return the remaining court bouillon to the larger pot.

In a large heavy frying pan with a cover, heat the oil. Arrange the lobster pieces in it, shell side down; season (Continued on page 98)



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

with salt and pepper. Cook, covered, 20 minutes, moving pieces occasionally so they do not stick. Heat Pernod or Cognac, pour over lobster, light with a match—carefully since flames may shoot up. Remove pan from heat. When cool enough to handle, remove meat from claws and any other parts of shell difficult to get at. Reserve along with pieces of lobster still in shells. Wash other fish; season with salt and pepper, and reserve. Drain oysters and reserve.

Prepare the vegetables. Slice cucumbers in half lengthwise and scoop out the seeds, making "boats" in which you can lay the carrots when they are cooked. Trim the carrots so they will fit into the cucumbers. Boil carrots and turnips in a large pot of salted water. After 10 minutes, add leeks. When all the vegetables are almost tender, add cucumbers and cook another 3 or 4 minutes (the cucumbers must be firm enough to hold their shape); drain.

After the vegetables have been cooking for 10 minutes, reheat the large pot of court bouillon. When boiling, put in bass and bluefish and cook 5 minutes or till just done; drain. While the court bouillon is coming to the boil, in a medium-size pot over high heat reduce the red wine to half its quantity and put in the whiting; cook, covered, for 3-4 minutes or till just tender; drain, reserving wine.

Arrange the lobster pieces and all the other drained fish decoratively on 1 or 2 large ovenproof platters. Sprinkle with the already picked-out lobster meat. Arrange the drained vegetables around the fish, laying a carrot in each cucumber boat. Put platters in very low oven to keep warm while you make the sauce. Poach the oysters in the small pot of reserved *reduced* court bouillon for a minute or two, just till they curl at the edges. Strain the oysters out with a slotted spoon and add to the platters in the oven.

In top of double boiler over simmering hot water, beat egg yolks and white wine till frothy and doubled in volume. Add the red wine in which the whiting were cooked and 1 cup of the reduced court bouillon to the egg sauce, whisking constantly. Correct seasoning. Pour over the fish and vegetables, sprinkle with parsley and serve. If preferred, the fish platters can be sprinkled with parsley and the sauce can be passed separately.

Salade de Pigeon

(Squab Salad)
eight servings

3 squabs (or the breasts from 2 chickens)
4-5 cups jellied chicken consommé (or chicken broth)
1 package frozen artichoke hearts
5 ripe tomatoes (or 24 cherry tomatoes)
1 curly escarole, washed
1 Boston lettuce, washed
10 raw mushrooms, finely diced
Grated rind of 2 lemons
½ cup drained cooked corn kernels (canned or frozen)

Dressing Ingredients:
¾ cup diet ricotta
2 tablespoons yogurt
2 tablespoons wine vinegar
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
½ cup chopped fresh herbs (dill, chives, parsley, or a combination)

Poach whole squabs or chicken breasts in enough simmering consommé to cover for 10 minutes or till just tender. If using frozen squabs, be sure they are completely defrosted before you begin. Remove from consommé and let cool. Remove all skin and slice breasts in thin slices. If using squab, slice meat from legs as well.

While squabs are poaching, prepare artichoke hearts according to directions on package; drain and cool. Peel, seed, coarsely chop tomatoes. (If using cherry tomatoes, halve.)

Put leaves of escarole on a platter. Shred Boston lettuce and arrange it in a dome shape on the escarole, surround with tomatoes and artichokes. Cover lettuce with pieces of squab. Sprinkle with mushrooms, lemon rind, and corn kernels.

Put all dressing ingredients in a blender or food processor and blend till smoothly mixed. Spoon over salad. Toss at the table.

Use the banana variation of the soufflé on page 96 for dessert.



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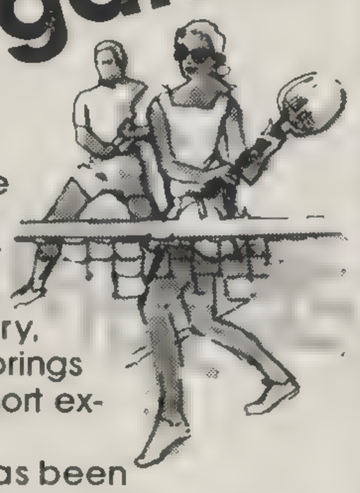
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By Despina Messinesi

How to get the best on a big ship—special tips for extra pleasure cruising on Cunard's "QE2"

The 66,000-ton *Queen Elizabeth 2* gambols around the world like a sleek mermaid. This great Cunard ocean liner (the biggest afloat) has a remarkable knack for being in the right place at the right time. She winters in the warm Caribbean; in late March—that unsettled, spring-not-yet-hot-weather period—sets off on a long cruise to the stable perfection of the Mediterranean and the Black Seas; then, in early May, settles down to a long summer in the Atlantic shuttling blithely between New York, Cherbourg, and Southampton.

Vogue interviewed two perspicacious persons who recently sailed on the *QE2*—one male, one female, both finely tuned in on the eye-and-mind world around them—asked both why they liked the ship and what they thought could be improved. Here, their honest answers.

One man's on-board finds, his tipping tip-off

"One must remember that, though we speak nostalgically of the *France* and the other great ships of the past, the six-year-old *QE2* is the largest of the new liners afloat. Even if old favorites were still running, one might choose this ship for the comfort and the much wiser planning; and I must say Cunard has done a good job in rejuvenation of the *QE2*.

"First of all, an important change, I would say, is that the Tourist Class is frankly as comfortable as the First Class—and is larger. Beyond that, I consider the decor of the ship to be very attractive. It is much simpler and more pleasing to the eye than many lavish decorations of the old transatlantic liners.

"They've built two floors of new cabins, like the old sundeck cabins on the *France*, that are above the bridge. These new cabins are air-conditioned, have balconies and very big plate-glass windows; they are really superb. I would think they'd be particularly good on cruises, and I would think that the *Queen* in general (and this is one of the reasons for her survival) is well-equipped for cruises.

"The deck space on the *QE2* is very intelligently used, especially on the many outdoor decks. There isn't that waste space of the 'Promenade Deck,' those gigantic enclosed decks on all the old liners where people were supposed to sit in rigid rows of deck chairs. Instead, there are several swimming pools. . . . I think there are two outdoor swimming pools and two indoors. The whole plan is more flexible: deck chairs are aluminum, they're light and practical—instead of the old wooden ones that were always difficult to handle; and the Sports Deck is spacious so it is easy to turn your chairs in any direction. These are small details, but significant.

Kitchen news: "France" chefs

"The ship has some new attractions; one is the new Queen's Grill, which from a small side position has been given a much larger upper deck. It's very pleasantly decorated, a sort of blue and white scheme. The food has improved a great deal, and I understand that three chefs (doing pastry, sauces, cold cuts, and salads) and three barmen from the *France* have been hired and that the ship still picks up fresh fruit and fish when it is in port.

Queen's Grill quibble: black tie now back number

"My only criticism of the Grill is the wearing of dinner jackets. I just wonder if the old custom of still putting on black tie—dressing formally—for dinner is a little silly in our day and age and whether that couldn't be done away with. Formal dress is not *required* in First Class, but men do still dress every night and women wear their evening dresses, even little boys of eight or ten put jackets on. This is not true in Tourist Class.

"This idea is very antiquated and frankly should be changed. This goes for all European hotels in all the summer resorts where people still demand, even in Ischia or Rome, if not black tie at least a jacket and tie.

"What they haven't realized is that modern dress is different. You can be formal without wearing a dinner jacket. And many men today look much worse in their bright-blue shirts and ruffles and plaid jackets.

"I must say the service on the *QE2* is very very good: the service in our First Class cabin, done by a team of a steward and a stewardess, and the service of

(Continued on page 108)

Sea-time diversions

On the "QE2," an ease-and-freedom feeling from intelligent planning for comfort and space: at one of her two outdoor swim pools, right, aluminum-light chaises move easily to face the sun, broad deck has room for those who stretch and stroll





Casino-at-sea, *left*, the *QE2*'s new night attraction, where pretty *croupières* liven winning—even losing

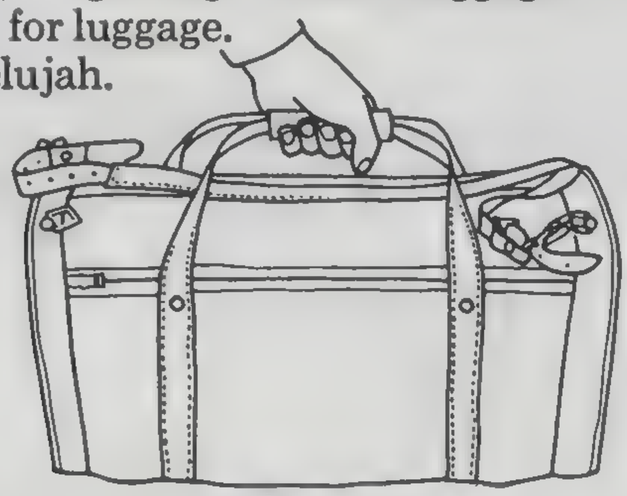


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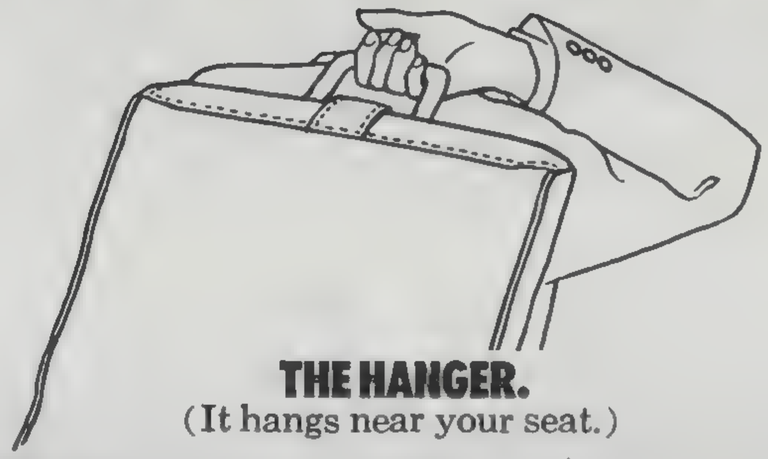
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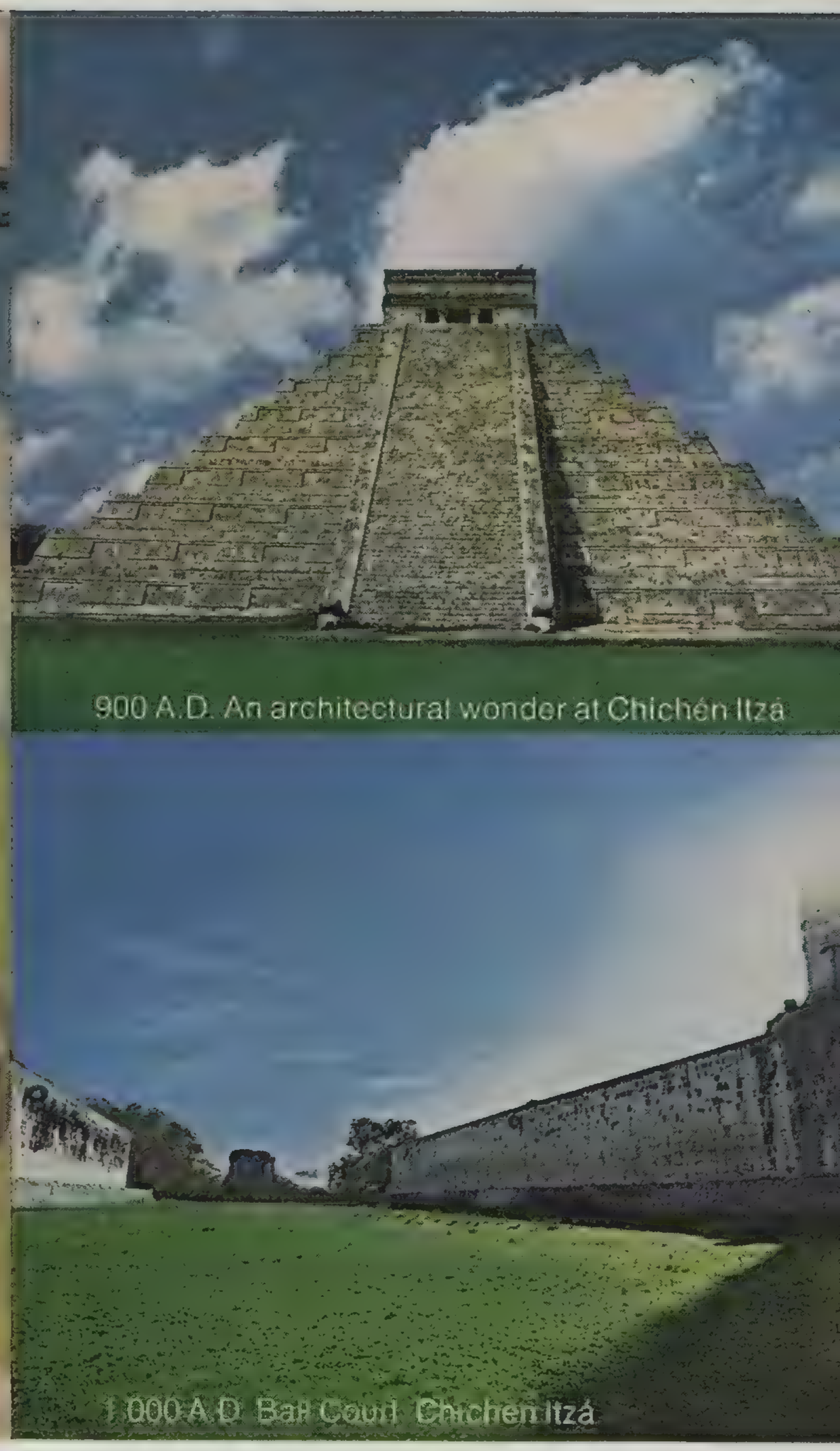


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Vogue Travel

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our table was excellent. The headwaiter of the Queen's Grill, Mr. Leahy, is extraordinary. When I got on board he said, 'Oh, we know exactly what you want' and called me by name. Every evening he comes around and asks you what he should order, what you'd like to have next day as a special dish. And nothing is too complicated and everything is possible, with great attention.

"Another great convenience that Cunard has established is central billing. In the old days you had to pay at the hairdresser, you had to pay at the restaurant, you had to pay all over the place; they now have a payment center like the cashier's desk at a hotel; and you pay, on one bill, all your expenses on board, except the bar.

Clubby new hot spot, seaborne casino

"The other new and fun attraction that changes life on board is the introduction of gambling. The casino is really the hot spot of the ship. There's blackjack, roulette, and also the slot machines. The slot machines are the latest models. You put in five quarters at a time and you can win a thousand at one go.

"The croupiers are very attractive women, all from London. (The casino is run by the Sportsman Club of London.) They're dressed in very perky red waistcoats, striped black and white shirts, so everybody has his favorite *croupière*. There is a sort of charming flirtation that goes on while losing fortunes. But these lovely croupiers are all watched by, I won't say sinister-looking, but by mysterious-looking gentlemen who watch their every move and every move of whoever plays.

"The cabins are extremely comfortable, very spacious. Luggage space is provided, dressing-room space is provided. This is of course in luxury cabins, but still throughout . . . things are more attractive.

"The one critique we would have of our cabin on the *QE2* is that there was no good makeup light and also the reading lamps were very weak. If you're smart, you'll ask for a stronger reading lamp. This fault is again true of hotels throughout Europe. Wherever you go you have to ask for a stronger light.

"But the cabins are comfortable and the beds are remarkable. The quality of the mattresses is excellent: they are long and have a wonderful consistency. And the knitted blankets are light and warm; dressing rooms and bathrooms are cozy and luxurious.

"If you go by boat, don't be afraid to take a favorite pillow, it always adds to your comfort. Take some instant coffee, because you may not find that the English type of coffee is to your American or European tastes. English coffee is in my opinion abominable, like water, black water. Also, I suppose, very important, is to go to see those who can help you, if you have any kind of luggage or car-rental problem. Be friends with the Baggage Master, who is vital in helping you to disembark.

"The way to get the best if one doesn't already get it, I've always believed, is by giving a tip to the steward right on your entering the cabin, and just saying to him, 'This is for you. Take good care of us and we'll take good care of you.' (And of course you add the same amount at the end of your voyage.)

The Captain "at home"

"But I must say that there is very little pressure for tipping on the *Queen*, although they do expect it and you do have to tip. It's a ritual that has to be observed by anybody who travels on boats; but everything's more democratic, much simpler now. There is very little of the get-together party on board. There isn't a Captain's dinner-dance, you just have a drink with the Captain, or one of the senior officers, in his sitting room—if you are known to him or being honored. The other fun thing to do in the evening is sometimes to play Bingo. Many people enjoy that in the Tourists' salon. Though the classes are still separated, there are no physical barriers and no one is prevented from visiting the other class unless another passenger complains. Everybody walks around the ship—it's very nice."

A woman's sea-eye, her act-fast advice

"The first thing you do when you get on board the *QE2* is to book appointments at the hairdressers' for the whole voyage. I can personally recommend Allen. Secondly, book a chair on the Boat Deck. You book it at the deck with the steward there; it's much easier if you book it, and he's much more helpful—and if you want to move it, there's no problem at all. If you want to have massage, sauna, Turkish bath, book those the moment you get on board or you're not going to have them otherwise. You might even book these when you make your reservation for your ticket.

(Continued on page 110)



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Vogue Travel

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

Because when I tried later, they were absolutely booked solid and there was nothing I could do.

"Don't miss the bouillon at eleven o'clock on the Boat Deck, because that has a certain nostalgic charm that is marvelous, particularly if you're traveling in a cool season—I sailed in October. In the summer, I suspect, they give you iced something.

"Laundry—very good. The cabin staff—marvelous. I didn't know about the Baggage Master, so I found getting off a little difficult. But fortunately I saw my luggage right away so I got away quite quickly.

"Tipping: I gave five dollars to the Boat Deck stewards; all they'd done was to wrap me in blankets—three blankets at one point. And I gave twenty dollars each to the cabin staff. We gave ten dollars each to the two main waiters at the table and to the wine waiter—I think the others at the table gave about five dollars each; and to the maître d', five dollars. I think I was generous to the cabin staff, but they gave very good service.

"Places to know: The Club Atlantic was particularly agreeable—it had a very nice atmosphere; and the barmen are ex-*France* and really nice. There's a style about the Club Atlantic. The Midships Bar is also pleasant, and they say that the action is in one discothèque-ish kind of place—The Theatre Bar. I found the music on the ship to be a trifle dated; I like it to be either classical or to be NOW, this minute. The discothèque was supposed to be very contemporary—the young people all go there.

"What I found wrong with the *QE2* was that for me there wasn't enough of a First Class feeling; the only things that gave me a First Class feeling were the food and service in the Queen's Grill, the style of the cabin staff, the bouillon at eleven o'clock. And the rest of the time I felt I was at an over-organized resort: Bingo, and all these crazy games, and people doing funny dances. And, as for the cabaret that I saw, they had a very ancient troop who were doing *Oklahoma*—I was so embarrassed for them and the sea was rather rough, which didn't help. So little things like that I don't think are good enough for what is a very beautiful ship. It just wants a little bit of shaping up."

The "QE2" cruises: just pick your time and place

QE2, a stickler about most everything, is flexible about cruises. To accommodate passengers with budgeted time, Caribbean cruises range from a fortnight to one week. The one-weekers fly to Barbados and board ship there, or cruise to Barbados from New York and return home by plane. In each case, travelers spend some eight days in the Caribbean, hop off at several warm ports of call, and generally can't wait to return aboard their dreamy floating home—the great *QE2.* (Fortnight cruises begin November 25, the one-week "fly/cruises" December 20.)

On her new thirty-nine-day cruise for 1976, the *QE2*'s first major one since her first spectacular round-the-world tour in 1975, Cunard bends even more to please her passengers' timetables. Like a gigantic pie, the itinerary is sliced into eleven different segments ranging in length from six days to thirty-three.

Setting out from New York Harbor on March 27, the *Queen's* transatlantic crossing to Lisbon following the sunny southern route counts as a six-day cruise. Another possibility, New York to Athens, calling en route at Palma, on the island of Mallorca, and including a two-day stopover in Alexandria, Egypt, as well as in Istanbul, Turkey, plus a full day in the Russian city of Odessa on the Black Sea: that adds up to an eighteen-day cruise.

People already in Europe may join the ship in Lisbon for a twenty-two-day adventure including all the above ports plus Haifa, Naples, Cannes and disembark in Barcelona. To make this voyage even more irresistible, travelers may arrange to board the *QE2* in some of the Mediterranean ports and arrive in New York on May 5.

To be realistic, the approximate daily rate for one person in an average cabin with a shower on a one-class cruise on the *QE2,* sailing anywhere in the world, is $100; on the transatlantic crossings, $100 in Tourist Class, $200 in First. Fares range both higher and lower, are worth every nickel.

For further information on the *QE2,* write Vogue Travel, Dept. QE2, Box 3374, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017.

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By Arnold Glimcher

Why Persian carpets fly! An art expert hits Iran to find out—and a lot more you need to know

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Arnold Glimcher, president of the Pace Gallery in New York, made a U.S. Information Agency lecture tour of the Middle and Far East. His lectures, based on art and perception, took him through Iran.*

At midnight, the Tehran airport seethes with passengers disembarking from 'round-the-world flights that have originated the previous day in New York, London, Paris, and Tokyo. In addition to being a refueling stop, Tehran is a destination. Sample cases by the dozens circle the baggage conveyor belt, and you realize that every carpetbagger in the world is in the new Mecca.

Tehran—once a watering hole en route to Isfahan—has, during the past dozen years, become the sprawling centerless Los Angeles of the Middle East; and the supply of skilled workers can't meet the speed of construction. With only twenty years of oil left in the ground, the Shahanshah (King of Kings) has twenty years in which to bring his people into this century and functioning as an interdependent part of the world community.

Superficially, Tehran appears operative; but the stress involved in buying the future is apparent. By dusk, every hotel lobby surface is claimed as deals are consummated for school supplies and the merchants of death shake hands on orders for armaments. By late afternoon, supper traffic makes the Long Island Expressway look like a desert. Veiled women dart across the street where vendors sell everything from plastic pails to canaries and beggars beg amongst the cars. I watched a Honda speed between the lanes, piloted by a young man in Western dress behind whom sat a woman in a *chador*.

The *chador* is the centuries-old Moslem veil, seen on 50 percent of the women in Tehran and on nearly all the women in Isfahan and Shiraz. All black or patterned in small geometric figures and flowers, the cloak is worn over the head and wrapped around the hands, constantly being adjusted as its silken fabric slips.

Women holding babies and packages manage to keep the veils over the lower portions of their faces by holding the fabric in their teeth. This semi-restrictive garment, designed to keep women from being alluring, doesn't work. Their gestural manipulation of the fabric has the teasing seductiveness of lingerie.

In an attempt to free women from the encumbrance of the *chador* and as a symbolic gesture of Iran's entry into the modern world, Reza Shah Pahlavi, father of the present Shah and founder of the dynasty, forbade the wearing of the veil. Police were instructed to tear the garments off of women in the streets and, for a while, the *chador* disappeared. In 1941, the Shah abdicated in favor of his son, and with his abdication and the restoration of greater personal freedom, the *chador* returned.

Iranians of every economic and social level share passions for poetry and carpets. Carpets are collected the way paintings are accumulated in America and are the primary object of theft. The shops of Ferdowsi Street are small wells around which walls of carpets have been piled up according to weave and tribe.

Windows display portraits of the Shah or other members of the Royal Family woven in plush. I was told that immediately following President Kennedy's assassination, his image appeared everywhere in carpets. Upon entering the shops, the ritual of selling begins. Small glasses of tea are served to be drunk while sucking a sugar cube. During the slow unfolding of each carpet, a poetic legend is verbally woven into its presentation. Geared up for bargaining, I was totally disappointed, as most shops with good merchandise have all the clientele they need. Carpets are sold by telephone like stock-market investments.

Reproductions of Luristan bronzes are everywhere and miniatures are being produced on the parchment pages of antique books; the calligraphy is authentic, but bears no relationship to the illustrations. For the unadventuresome, Iranian crafts have been collected at government craft centers where a fair market price has been established, depriving the timid of the extraordinary bazaars where business is transacted with the same smells,

(Continued opposite)

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The veil used by Iranian women (called "chador") is intended to hide the wearer's allure—it doesn't

sights, and style as it has been for centuries.

The Empress's taste dominates the cultural life of Iran and her influence is felt everywhere. Upon visiting the newly refurbished Shah Abbas Hotel in Isfahan, Farah was critical of the lobby's faceted mirror ceiling. The mirrors were removed and the ceiling ordered painted in floral tile patterns. Her insatiable cultural curiosity and appetite have already resulted in a carpet museum, collections of world art and antiquities, and—now under construction—the Museum of Modern Art. She is encouraging talented Iranians living abroad to return for places of leadership and she is establishing a national theater. The creative education of children is also one of her priority projects.

The beautiful, rich, young Iranians, satellites who orbit the Shahanshah and Shahbanou, are collecting their own history. Miniatures, Luristan bronzes, ancient glass, Sassanian seals, Amlash clay figures, Islamic pottery, and less ancient Kajar painting, all command impressive prices in Iran and are being retrieved from world markets.

The least original Persian art, Kajar painting, is also the least familiar. It is the product of a period of decadence and decline when the Kajar Dynasty, between 1800 and 1925, witnessed Persia's steady loss of power to European nations and Czarist Russia. They are large (in contrast to the miniaturization of much Persian art), decoratively naïve oils on canvas that are especially suitable for the sprawling twentieth-century homes of Iran's elite. Several years ago, Marcus Gregorian, an Iranian artist who has lived in New York, began to buy "Café" paintings, which illustrated legends and served as catalysts for the retelling of tales in the abundant coffeehouses of Iran. An exhibition was held; and the Shahbanou, lovingly referred to as "the Queen" or "Her Majesty," bought the entire collection. Today, Café paintings are at a premium and only reproductions hang in the coffeehouses.

The aristocracy, quick to make the point that they're not of Arab descent, are not *nouveaux riches.* Although oil has added to the general economic stability, their wealth was primarily derived from land ownership. In a country of climatic extremes, temperatures range from below zero at the Russian border to over 100 degrees Fahrenheit at the Persian Gulf. Between these two climates, tenant and independent farmers grow crops of grain, citrus fruits, pomegranates, herbs, and the world's best pistachios.

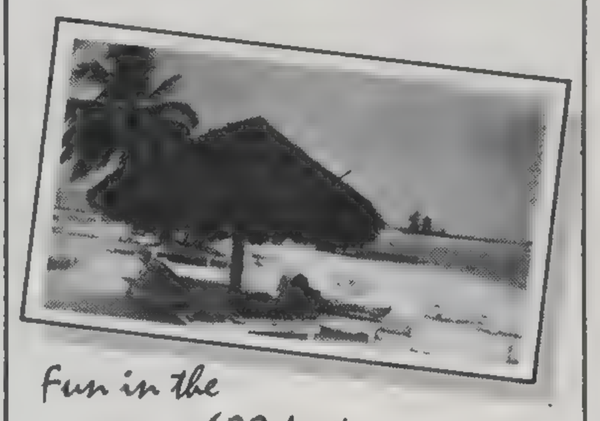
The dwellings of the rich, repacking places between St. Moritz, Paris, London, and New York, are total environments. Like the tiny walled cities in Persian miniatures, they contain villas with terraces opening onto extraordinary rose gardens and pools. On an icy night, I arrived at a party and found antique carpets lining the snow-flower-bordered walks from the gate, where Americans would have thrown sand. Women, dressed by Paris designers, and men, by London tailors, dined on caviar, poached sturgeon, lamb and chicken kabob, beef in pomegranate juice, walnut paste, fresh herbs, and goat cheese.

The life-style is as opulent as the crown jewels (Iran's Fort Knox), on public display in the vault museum of the Bank Markazi in Tehran. Under jewelers' lights, the fabled riches of the East glitter like the Emerald City of Oz as cabochon emeralds and rubies bigger than jawbreakers overflow their velvet trays. In the center of this dazzling chapel-like installation are the royal crowns, surrounded by dozens of enameled clocks, emerald boxes, ruby goblets, and turquoise water pipes. A jewel-encrusted rhino-skin shield and sabers decorated with emeralds, rubies, diamonds, sapphires, and pearls glisten in wall cases. The enamel and jeweled peacock throne and a three-foot golden globe paved with emerald continents and sapphire seas look like the sugar masterpieces of a mad pastry chef. The collection of pearls is housed in a large wall vitrine backed by red velvet drapery with a six-inch-deep cornice of tassels that, upon closer inspection, turn out to be made completely of strung seed pearls.

Like a time traveler run amuck and landing in the past, I arrived in Isfahan. Centuries away from the frontier rush of Tehran, in this jeweled city of the Friday Mosque and Palace of the Forty Columns, Moslems stop at noon while recorded passages from the Koran are chanted over the street P.A. system. A river city of fab-

(Continued on page 114)

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 113

At Tehran's seething airport, you realize that every carpetbagger in the world is in the new Mecca

ulous bridges, bound by mountains, Isfahan is the major craft-producing area of Iran. In the town square, antique, silver, copper, and mosaic shops are strung between the palace and the mosques. The woodpecker tapping of silversmiths is never out of earshot, since living advertisements work in front of shops.

Isfahan's labyrinthine bazaar is entered by a temporary wood-plank bridge over an archaeological dig. In the bazaar, you can buy everything from jewelry, hardware, rugs, and soup to pistachio nuts. Everywhere merchants beckon you into their shops with the promise of bargains. Wrapped in a cloud of saffron dust, the spice shops arrange their wares on straw mats and in glass jars. Aromatic changes announce the soap shop, the coffee shops, the restaurants. Everywhere black banners with white calligraphy represent the various guilds of artisans whose work is sold in the bazaar. Near the bazaar, a tenth-century mosque stylistically charts the changing religious attitudes, from the building's earliest existence as a Zoroastrian temple through the Mongol period's subterranean winter prayer room, illuminated by golden alabaster skylights, to the most recent tiled surface decoration of the Safavid.

In this most conservative of Iranian cities, Bell Helicopter has built a plant staffed by Texas helicopter mechanics. Four thousand inadequately prepared Americans live on the edge of another time and living with them is the potential of an international crisis. Reflecting their parents' attitudes, American schoolchildren ride in buses, the windows of which have been ordered locked and curtained to prevent the children's spitting on the Isfahanis. Until recently, the concept of the crisis of progress was unknown here.

In flight from unemployment in the States, many more thousands of Americans are expected in Isfahan this year. To shelter and save Isfahan, a satellite city is being constructed by three 'round-the-clock shifts several kilometers away.

Shiraz, half an hour from Isfahan by plane, is a city where poets are interred in commemorative rose gardens. There, Westinghouse is building a plant that will require the employment of thousands of Americans. An hour's drive from Shiraz, through country villages—where women wear tribal costumes composed of several multipatterned crinolined skirts, blouses, vests, and lace veils that make them look like walking closets—are the imperial ruins of Persepolis. At the foot of the ruins lies the tent city constructed to celebrate the 2500th anniversary of the Persian empire, underlining its non-Arab origins. Like a set under construction for Cecil B. De Mille, Persepolis is being restored to as much of its original grandeur as puzzle-parts allow, having lain half buried and protected in the earth since it was sacked by Alexander. When German archaeologists began to uncover the Achaemenian treasures of this black marble fortress Iran became conscious of its heritage. Lacking sensuality, theirs is an art of inhuman, mechanical, militaristic perfection. Processions of subjects from Persian territories bearing gifts to Darius are portrayed with so little personal expression that the entire site appears to have been carved by a single hand. Royal tombs that have been cut into the mountains overlook the plain below.

Flying back from Shiraz to Tehran, I thought about the last two hours I had spent in this country of contrasts, as the guest of an art collector/Jeep dealer. Luristan bronzes, Sassanian gold rings and bracelets, silver vessels, and Persian paintings were ceremonially presented for my inspection and reaction. Sitting at a chrome and pink-and-white pearlized Formica dinette set on a Persian rug, I began to suspect that I was in the presence of an extraordinary dealer. Risking offense, I asked if any of these treasures might be purchased. Assuring me that I hadn't offended him, my host was flattered at my high opinion of his collection. He unrolled a large Moslem religious festival painting and informed me that "a museum known as the Metropolitan, perhaps you've heard of it?" had purchased one from him.

After two rounds of tea, hundreds of objects, and with little time left to catch my plane, he brought out a spectacular sixteenth-century Koran.

"How much is it?" I asked.

"One doesn't sell a Koran," he continued condescendingly, "one asks what gift one might make in exchange for a Koran."

I asked what gift I might make in exchange for the Koran, to which he replied, "Five thousand dollars." ▽



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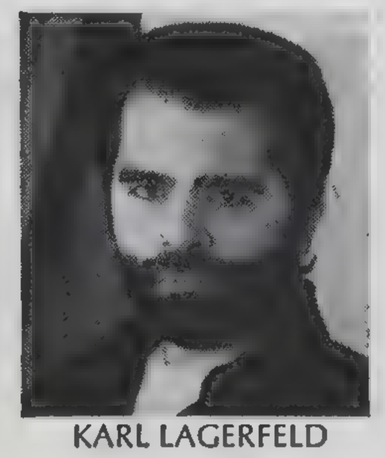
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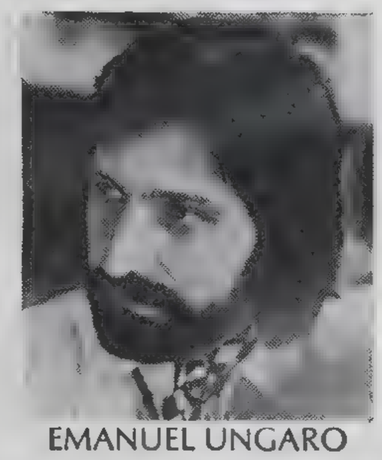
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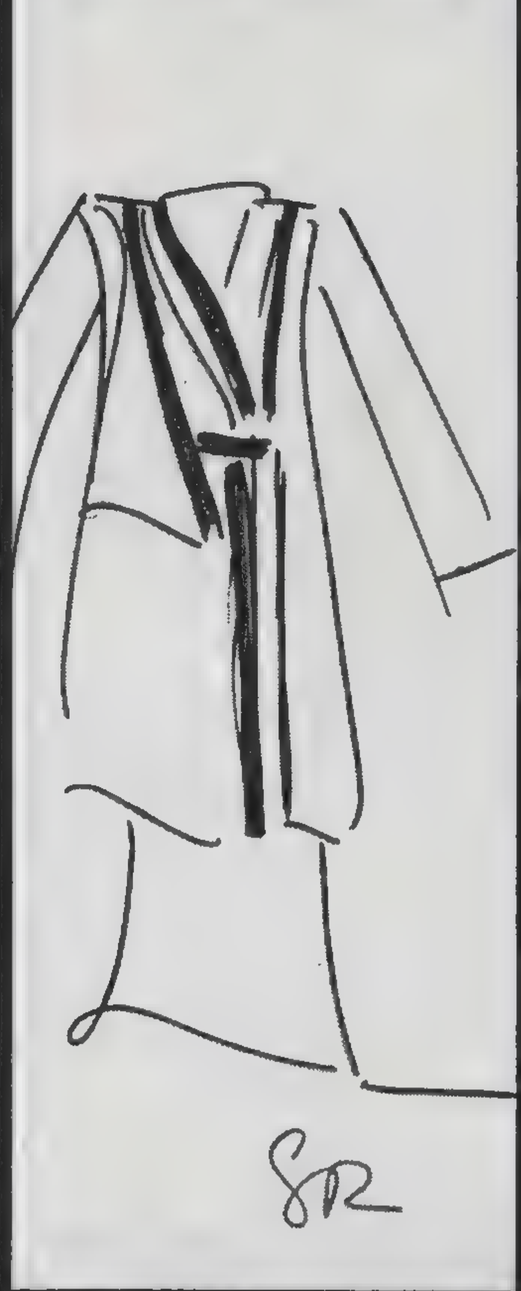
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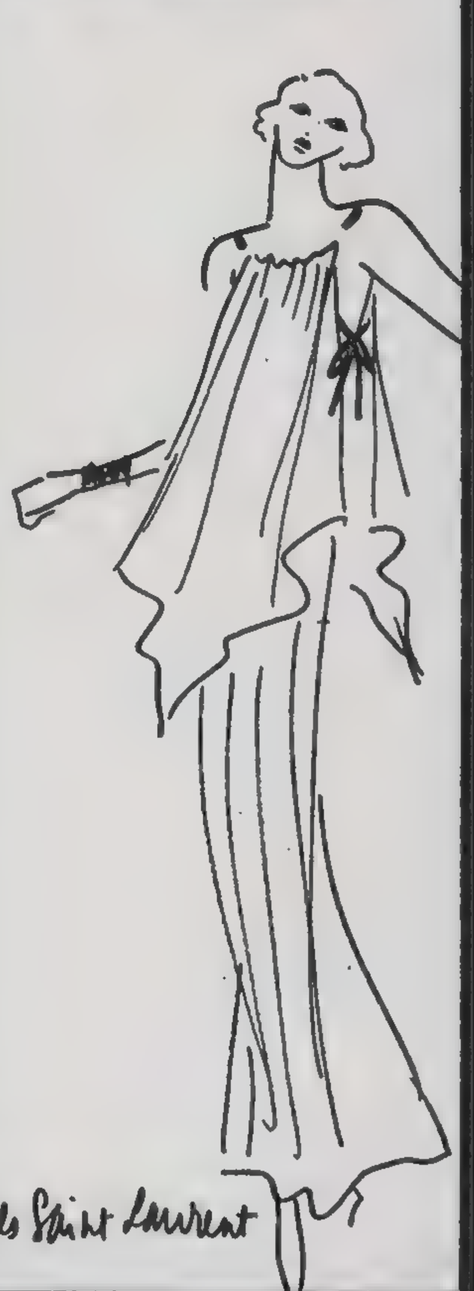
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SAINT LAURENT
rive gauche



YVES SAINT LAURENT



Le Groupe Mode et Création (G.M.C.) is a newly-established association which represents eight of the most creative designers in France: Chloé—Christian Dior—Dorothée Bis—Emmanuelle Khanh—Emanuel Ungaro—JAP—Sonia Rykiel— Saint Laurent rive gauche. By uniting these eight renowned fashion leaders, each completely individual in approach, G.M.C. spotlights the originality and creativity of French Prêt-A-Porter on the international fashion scene.

By Elsa Klensch

Status-symbol presents at unexpected prices

New York's golden strip of instant-status boutiques. They start at the spanking new Olympic Towers and stretch a dozen or so blocks up Fifth Avenue. They spell luxury, high prices, but—if you're smart—a gift there doesn't have to cost that much. You can get the status name, the status packaging, and in some cases the status in-person delivery . . . and something you really love and want to give.

● Van Cleef & Arpels

If you've got a collecting freak on your list, start her off on something new from the Van Cleef & Arpels boutique—14-karat gold-wire bracelets, each set in the middle with a tiny emerald, sapphire, ruby, or diamond. She can wear one or fifty of them. From $150-160. The same gold wire is used for similar stone-set neckbands, $190-200; rings, $80-100; earrings, $250.

● Revillon

Want to spoil yourself or someone else this Christmas? Visit the Revillon fur salon at Saks Fifth Avenue to see Fernando Sanchez's 7/8 coat in fisher or sable. It is everything a fur coat should be. Its length is perfectly proportioned to wear with skirts, long dresses, pants. It's classic enough to wear for years, lightweight, hangs perfectly from its wide-set shoulders, and the armholes are deep enough to go over as many sweaters as you want to pile on. In sable, $7,700; the same coat in fisher, $8,800.

● Roberta di Camerino

At Roberta di Camerino, the big R and chain patterns are the status symbols. And there are plenty of them, if that's your style. If it isn't, and you want something understated but first-class quality, then look for her new collection of oiled leather bags and accessories. The leather is as soft as butter (it has been oiled for seven years), comes in a mottled, antique brown—really a no-color that goes with everything—and is good for men as well as women. There is a wide range of articles. The overnight bag costs $182; the tote, $130; wallet, $49; toiletries bag, $62.

● Bulgari

Bulgari designers are making mosaics from semiprecious stones and doing some of the most striking pieces ever to come out of the fine Italian jewelry house. Inspired by Picasso's paintings, they have made brilliant bold designs in onyx, lapis lazuli, jasper, and various chalcedonies. The pieces are banded with a simple gold edging and can be worn as a pendant (and one that can be worn as comfortably to a women's consciousness-raising group meeting as to a corporate cocktail party), or as a key ring (what a joy to open the door every night with a work of art). Pendants start at $650, key rings at $420.

Bulgari is enlarging its store at the Pierre Hotel and adding a bigger display area. To celebrate the opening on December 15, the company is bringing the complete Bulgari collection of jewelry and *objets d'art* to New York to exhibit in the Cotillion Room at the hotel on Dec. 16, 17, and 18. Go have a look, it may be your only chance to see the silver and jade pieces, the icons, and the modern gold-on-gold inlay boxes. As Bulgari reputedly has the largest collection of colored stones in the world, you'll see extraordinary emeralds, rubies, and sapphires.

● Valentino

The hot spot for this year's status symbol—the silk crêpe de Chine shirt—is Valentino's boutique, the newest arrival on Fifth Avenue. Silk has never been finer, and styles range from the classic shirt that comes with its own scarf to the perfect dinner blouse in black crêpe jacquard—with fullness softly shirred into the scooped neckline. In a wide range of colors and prices—from $135 to $210.

● Tiffany

At Tiffany's, go bargain-hunting for classic jewelry. The cheapest piece is $6—a sterling-silver wire choker—and if you want something to hang on it there's a silver heart for another $6. Or you can splurge on a good-looking silver scarab at $30. Gold ball earrings that can be worn every day of the year start at $30 for ⅜" in diameter and go up to $80 for ¾" balls. If it's color you want, then look at the ball earrings in black jade, carnelian, lapis lazuli, white coral, or tiger's eye—all priced at $45 and all with 14-karat gold-screw or pierced-ear mountings. The best fashion buy in a Tiffany watch is the oval sterling-silver pendant. The numberless face is in the unmistakable Tiffany blue, and while the watch comes with a rawhide neckband you can add a black silk cord to bring it up to the moment. Cost, $110. If it's diamonds you want, there is an 18-karat gold ring with a tiny diamond set in platinum at $139; diamond stud earrings starting at $500; and the smallest necklace in Elsa Peretti's trend-setting "Diamonds by the Yard" starts at $145 for a 15-inch gold chain. You can also find a narrow gold ring with a small diamond for your little finger for $139.

● Gucci

The great buys at Gucci are, of course, the bags. This year check them out for evening as well as day. There are great classic understated shapes that will work in a wardrobe for you. The most useful—the bistro bag—is the classic curved Gucci clutch that's big enough for makeup, wallet, and keys. It comes in a soft, velvet suède. Black is probably the best buy, but there's also a beige. Price, $99. For more dressy evenings, there's a smaller clutch that comes in black silk at $59 or a shiny green lizard for $127. For the biggest evenings, Gucci has come up with two new bags in sterling silver. The design on the silver is a raised diagonal rib, and to emphasize its beauty the shapes of the bags are pure and simple. The oval bag, which fits smoothly into the curve of the hand, is $685; the envelope shape, superbly finished, and with mirror fitted into the top, is $2,500.

And here are three that are just off the golden strip—but not in spirit. . . .

● Bloomingdale's

Do yourself a favor and buy one

(Continued on page 121)

Adolfo scarves
available at these and other fine stores:

ABRAHAM & STRAUS
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CARSON PIRIE SCOTT
Chicago, Ill.
CASTNER-KNOTT
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GODCHAUX'S
Louisiana
HIXONS
Milwaukee, Wisc.
MISS JACKSON
Tulsa, Okla.
JOSKE'S
Houston, Texas
JORDAN MARSH
Florida
JORDAN MARSH
Massachusetts
LAZARUS
Columbus, Ohio
LEVY'S
Tucson, Ariz.
LION DRY GOODS
Toledo, Ohio
LOU LATTIMORE
Dallas, Texas
MAAS BROTHERS
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JOSEPH MAGNIN
California
MILLERS
Charleroi, Pa.
THE NEBRASKA
Omaha, Neb.
O'NEILS
Akron, Ohio
CELE PETERSON
Tucson, Ariz.
RICH'S
Atlanta, Ga.
RIKE'S
Dayton, Ohio
J.W. ROBINSON
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SANGER-HARRIS
Dallas, Texas
SAKOWITZ
Houston, Texas
SHILLITOS
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OBSERVATIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118

of the new Fendi belt bags at Bloomingdale's Cul de Sac. The idea started with the tiny antique fabric bags Kenzo did for his fall collection. Now Fendi has come up with them big enough for money, credit cards, a lip gloss, mirror, and comb but small enough to fit under a coat. They free your hands for packages, are a bag snatcher's nightmare, a traveler's dream. In suède, $85. While you're there, check out the new antique-jewelry section of the boutique. A nice change from hard-edged silver, the collection specializes in silver and ivory Victorian and Edwardian pieces—each can be hung on a chain, and most are functional. Silver and ivory mirrors range from $48 to $90. Match-sets (they can be used as pillboxes) are between $40 and $80.

● Maximilian

Buying a fur this year? Then check out the Maximilian collection. One of their best ever, it was packed with new ideas, new shapes, new-looking furs. The great sports—a tawny Magellan fox jacket that closes with leather straps, a rain shawl in beige poplin that reverses to sable pieces, a cropped badger jacket that's great with grey or camel. The coats: a classic double-breasted reefer in golden sable; a three-quarter wrap coat in the darkest, finest silver fox; a slim mink coat that's dyed a soft, flattering chamois/beige.

● Henri Bendel

At Henri Bendel, you'll find the main floor jammed with non-fashion presents, some of them so cheap you'll buy some for yourself as well as for gifts. The best is the wicker—and it all has a sleek sophisticated coat of lacquer this year. There's a 3″-square wicker box with a woven shell on the lid for $7; an assortment of one-of-a-kind finely woven baskets from Red China for $25 to $100; a burnt bamboo-and-lacquer breakfast tray with side pockets for mail and papers for $55; and Bendel's own agrarian potpourri (a jumble of oranges, cinnamon, flowers, and herbs) in a soft basket lacquered ruby, emerald, or sapphire, $30. Stackable 13″ round lacquer trays that form a coffee table or come apart for buffets are $96 for eight; and lacquered, washable bamboo plates are $2.75 for 8″, and $3.25 for 10″.

Ventura®

The Ventura Ltd. collection is available at these fine luggage and department stores. From $55 to $200

ARIZONA	**Leonard's,** Phoenix & branches
CALIFORNIA	**J. W. ROBINSON,** Los Angeles **WALKER SCOTT,** San Diego **Beckel's Luggage,** Woodland Hills **Beverly Hills Luggage,** Beverly Hills **Century City Luggage,** Los Angeles **Leonard's Luggage,** La Jolla **Rooten's Luggage,** Anaheim, Costa Mesa & Westminster **Wiener's Luggage,** Santa Monica
CONNECTICUT	**G. FOX,** Hartford **Steven's,** Stamford
FLORIDA	**JORDAN MARSH,** Miami **FURCHGOTT'S,** Jacksonville
GEORGIA	**Mori's Luggage,** Atlanta
HAWAII	**The Pocketbook Man,** Honolulu
ILLINOIS	**Deutsch Luggage,** Chicago **Leather Shop on Madison,** Chicago **La Bob Co.,** Rockford
INDIANA	**L. S. AYRES,** Indianapolis **Brenner's Luggage,** Indianapolis
IOWA	**YOUNKER BROS.,** Des Moines
LOUISIANA	**Rapp's Luggage,** New Orleans
MASSACHUSETTS	**L. A. Hastings Co.,** Worcester
MICHIGAN	**Groskopf's,** Grand Rapids **Harrison Luggage,** Birmingham
MINNESOTA	**THE DAYTON CO.,** Minneapolis **Pedro's,** St. Paul
MISSISSIPPI	**Mori's,** Jackson
MISSOURI	**FAMOUS-BARR CO.,** St. Louis
NEVADA	**El Portal Luggage,** Las Vegas
NEW JERSEY	**Surray Luggage,** Red Bank
NEW YORK	**B. ALTMAN CO.,** New York **Dinoffer's Luggage,** New York **The Luggage Shop,** New Dorp, Staten Island **Victoria Luggage,** White Plains
N. CAROLINA	**Sharon Luggage,** Charlotte
OHIO	**RIKE'S,** Dayton **Bankhardt's,** Cincinnati & branches **Traveler's Shoppes,** Cleveland
OKLAHOMA	**JOHN A. BROWN,** Oklahoma City **Kamber's,** Oklahoma City **Norton's,** Tulsa
PENNSYLVANIA	**JOSEPH HORNE CO.,** Pittsburgh **Hamilton Luggage,** Reading
TEXAS	**FOLEY'S,** Houston **HACHAR'S,** Laredo **Dallas Luggage,** Dallas
VIRGINIA	**Penn's Luggage,** Newport News
WASHINGTON	**THE BON MARCHE,** Seattle
WISCONSIN	**Pah-Low's,** Green Bay
CANADA	**ROBERT SIMPSON CO.,** Toronto

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"You don't follow fashion – you create it. And in this jet-age, look-alike world, you want your travelware to be uniquely different and distinctive. You want digital keyless locks. Wheels on larger bags. ZePel™ stain resistant fabrics. And a bagful of other easy-to-take conveniences."

Walter Bialo, *Pres. of Ventura*



Wheel-a-Matic.™ When porters are out of sight, Ventura doesn't leave you holding the bag. Wheel-a-Matic drive only goes one way—your way.

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HEALTH

**Why you should eat like a cow—or a rabbit . . .
a risk that goes with Valium . . . the tic, tic, tic of the cold pills . . .
and "bad dreams" that really happen**

COW FOOD VS. CHOLESTEROL

One advantage of high-fiber diets, claim some medical authorities, is a reduction in blood cholesterol, giving some protection against heart attack. Where bran is concerned, the belief is controversial. But in animal studies, it seems that alfalfa is particularly effective in removing cholesterol from the body.

Researchers found that alfalfa-fed rabbits had low cholesterol levels that stayed low even when rabbits were fed large doses of cholesterol. Lately, doctors from the University of Saskatchewan, Canada, reported in the British medical magazine *The Lancet* that the alfalfa-eating bunnies excreted much of their own body-manufactured cholesterol, and excreted virtually all of any dietary cholesterol that was given to them.

Up to now, alfalfa has been a favored feed for livestock. Tomorrow, we may cheerily be chewing it for breakfast.

LATEST VALIUM HAZARD

Women who take diazepam (Valium) during the first three months of pregnancy may be increasing the chances of their babies' being born with cleft lip or cleft palate. At the Center for Disease Control in Atlanta, Dr. Mark J. Safra and Dr. Godfrey P. Oakley, Jr., interviewed mothers of infants with many types of birth defects. They found that where the defect was cleft lip, with or without cleft palate, the mothers were four times more likely to have taken diazepam during early pregnancy. The role of Valium is still only a suspicion; but the research team hopes that, while investigations continue, physicians will hesitate before prescribing the drug for childbearing women.

BAD DREAMS: THEY MAY BE TRUE

If you have had recent surgery and now have terrifying nightmares of being utterly helpless and paralyzed, it's possible that you are reliving the actual surgical experience.

A Boston psychiatrist, Dr. Richard S. Blacher, diagnosed symptoms of irritability, anxiety, preoccupation with death, and repetitious nightmares in patients who had regained consciousness during surgery and found themselves unable to move. After such an incident, the surgically recovered patient may be haunted by fragments of the experience, but may not recognize them or believe that he is remembering an actual happening.

Even worse, Dr. Blacher said, is the fact that the victim may be afraid to discuss his feelings and symptoms lest he be thought insane. As a result, the number of such reactions may be much greater than the few cases reported.

In the cases of six patients described in the *Journal of the American Medical Association,* Dr. Blacher showed that, when the doctor identified the symptoms of surgical recall and confirmed to the patient that it was an actual memory and not imaginary, the problem was solved and the bad dreams and terrors disappeared.

IUD: A HOSPITAL TRIP?

Figures are in on the relative safety of intrauterine contraceptive devices. A nationwide survey by the government's Center for Disease Control, the American Medical Association, and the American Osteopathic Association measured a six-month period for problems with IUD's that were serious enough to require hospitalization, and for deaths that were blamed on the IUD.

At a time when an estimated three million women in the United States and Puerto Rico were using IUD's, five women died and an estimated 7,900 were hospitalized with medical complications from the use of IUD's. Compared with the Pill, which is said to cause between 22 and 45 deaths per million users per year from blood-clot disorders, the death rate from IUD use was calculated between 2.2 to 9.8 deaths per million users per year—a much lower rate.

Problems related to IUD's do send more women to the hospital, for conditions that include infection, perforation of the uterus, intestinal obstruction, pregnancy complications, and hemorrhage.

SALAD AS A CANCER-STOPPER

Eating such protective foods as lettuce and fresh green leafy vegetables may help ward off one kind of stomach cancer—especially if you started this diet habit before age ten. Exploring this theory are research scientists from Louisiana State University, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the National Cancer Institute, and the Universidad del Valle in Colombia, South America. They believe one type of gastric carcinoma is the result of a long series of cell changes that began early in life, and that these changes move on steadily for thirty to fifty years, at last reaching the stage where invasive cells develop that are able to strike other tissues.

The team, led by Dr. Pelayo Correa of New Orleans, explained in *The Lancet* that cancer-causing nitroso compounds can attack stomach lining under certain conditions. Normally this mucous tissue resists invasion, and normally antioxidants in food prevent formation of nitroso compounds; but the research team believes irritating, abrasive, excessively salty, or detergent-like substances can allow surface barriers to break down. Then the cell structure gradually is altered into tissue more typical of intestine than of stomach.

DOING THE COLD-PILL TWITCH

Doctors at the National Institutes of Health investigating cases of dyskinesia—involuntary face or mouth movements and eyelid spasms—found some patients had used heavy doses of antihistaminic decongestants over a long time. When antihistamines were stopped, motion lessened. The researchers—Dr. Bradley T. Thach, Dr. Thomas N. Chase, and Dr. James F. Bosma—say the antihistamines are not yet proved to cause the condition, but resuming antihistamines brought back the symptoms.

SPARE PARTS IMPROVED

A critical problem in artificial organs that are implanted in the human body is that of blood clotting on the man-made materials. Now, scientists at Columbia University School of Engineering in New York City have come up with a new theory of clotting behavior that may unblock the way to safe "biomaterials" that can handle blood without setting off the clotting reaction and can help to avoid the use of potent anticoagulant drugs.

Prof. Edward F. Leonard, who directs the School's Artificial Organs Research Laboratory, explained that blood clots form on artificial-organ materials when a layer of protein attaches itself to the surface. Then, platelets—special blood cells—stick to the protein layer and, apparently, release a substance that helps glue still more cells to the surface.

Graduate student Yves Butruille discovered a diffusion-and-flow pattern in the platelet arrangement. Now doctors and engineers are working together to learn more about the blood-clotting process, the better to formulate biomaterials that blood will not react to as "foreign" by clotting.

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Pale flowered chiffon...ice-cream colors of lemon, strawberry, and palest pistachio...wear them with fresh flowers, perfume, and blushed satin slippers... (what a way to beat winter with a smile!)



BARBARA BERSELL

For dancing and dancing and dancing . . . **1. A treasure of a "butterfly dress"** to-the-ankle, of midnight-blue silk chiffon printed pale strawberry and teal—sashed in rose satin, $995. By Zandra Rhodes at Giorgio, 273 No. Rodeo Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif. . . . **2. A garden of pale roses** on écru silk chiffon, gently cap-sleeved and V-necked, to waist-tie with a narrow pink satin ribbon—from a one-of-a-kind collection of perfect '30's flowered chiffon "tea-dance" dresses, $95. Ménage à Trois, 222 Third Ave., N.Y. . . . **3. Dancing dress of palest pistachio crinkle-chiffon,** double-tiered and celery-satin-ribboned at the neck. . . . The Touch: a fresh cream-white lily! $135. By Marta Salvadori; at Nancy & Co., 986 Madison Ave., N.Y.



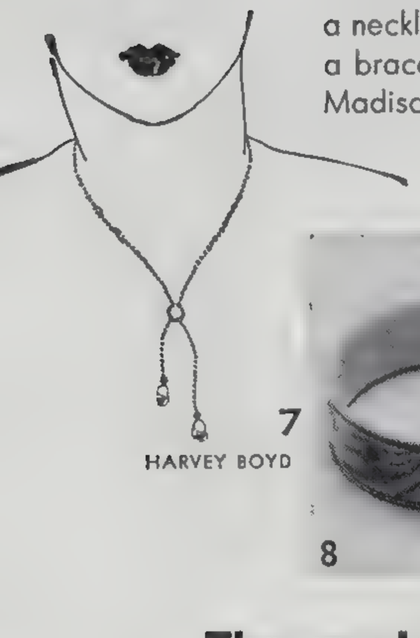
7. BEGUILING and barely there . . . two tiny carved coral rosebuds suspended from a thin 18k gold chain to wear as a necklace or to double up as a bracelet, $89. Ophélie, 673 Madison Ave., N.Y.



The prettiest evening blouses in town

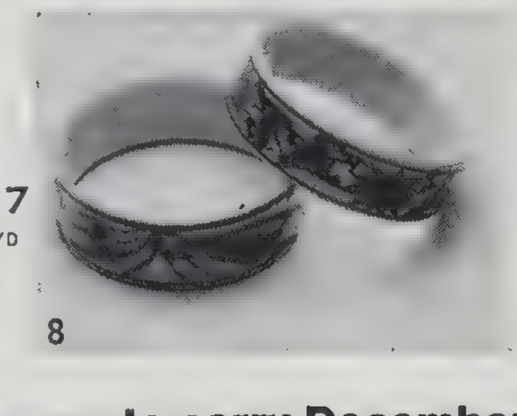
(or the way to turn trouser dressing into Perfectly Delicious!)



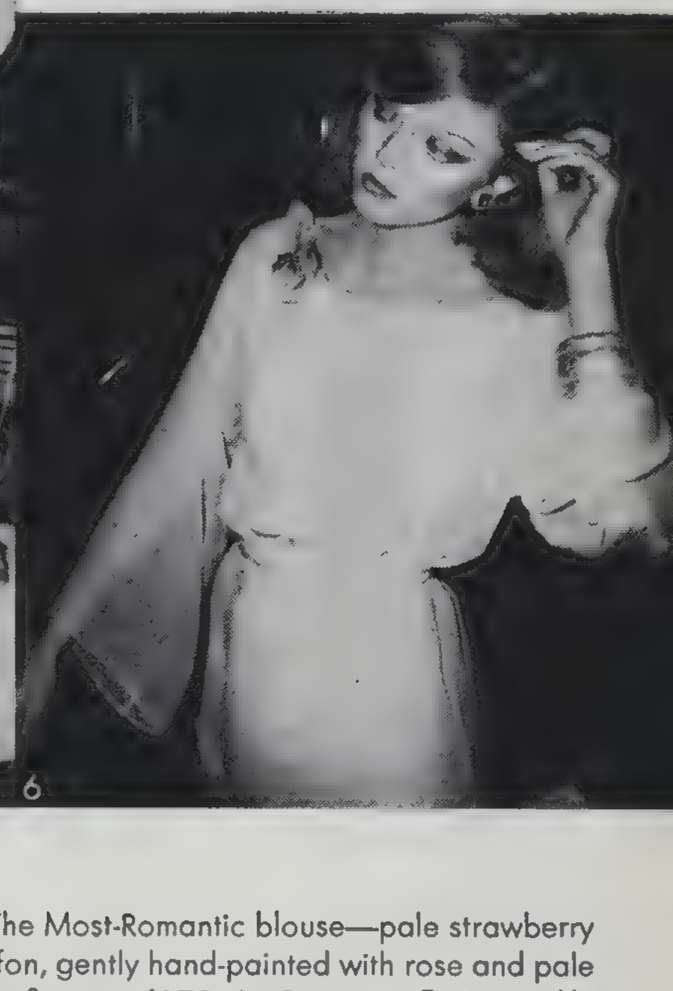


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The gentlest jewels . . .



8. TREASURE—with charm . . . one-inch-wide white porcelain bracelets hand-painted with delft-blue flowers, $35 each. At Ophélie.

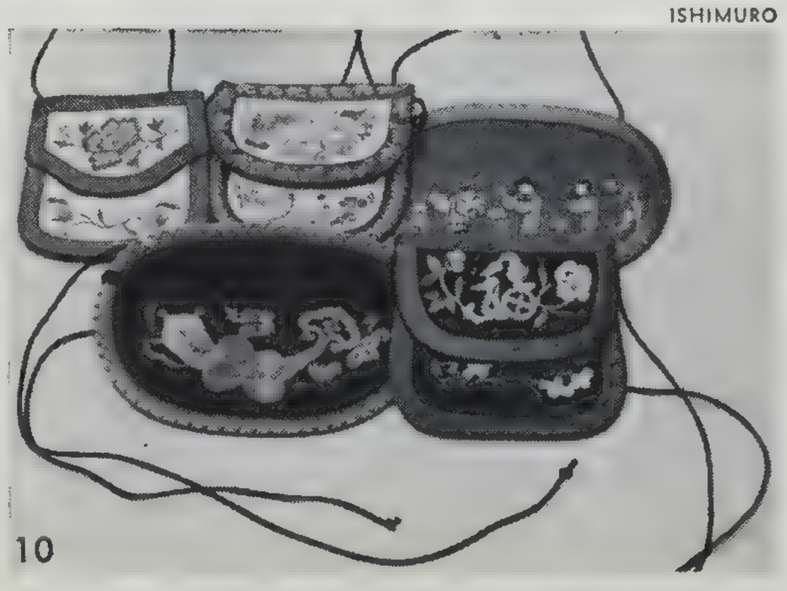


The way to carry December essentials



From a one-of-a-kind collection of turn-of-the-century Chinese satin and hand-embroidered coin purses: 9. Purple satin squared "pouch" embroidered with emerald and lavender flowers to slip on to a waist-sash of emerald jacquard silk, $65. By Richard Loh. . . . 10. Treasure-evening pouches suspended from satin cords to waist-tie or sling over the shoulder . . . hand-embroidered with tiny flowers and figures in fabulous rich Chinese colors. $45 each. All by Richard Loh at Henri Bendel.

ISHIMURO



4. The Most-Romantic blouse—pale strawberry chiffon, gently hand-painted with rose and pale olive flowers, $175. At One. . . . **5.** Periwinkle silk chiffon "butterfly" blouse printed with tiny violet and lavender flowers, touched with a fresh baby orchid, $65. By Anna Weatherly at Henri Bendel, 10 W. 57th St., N.Y. . . . **6.** Bateau-necked pullover of a double layer of pale lemon chiffon to waist-tie with a matching narrow chiffon sash, $125. At One, 9640 Santa Monica Blvd., Beverly Hills, Calif.

Why shouldn't you wear diamonds on the cuff?

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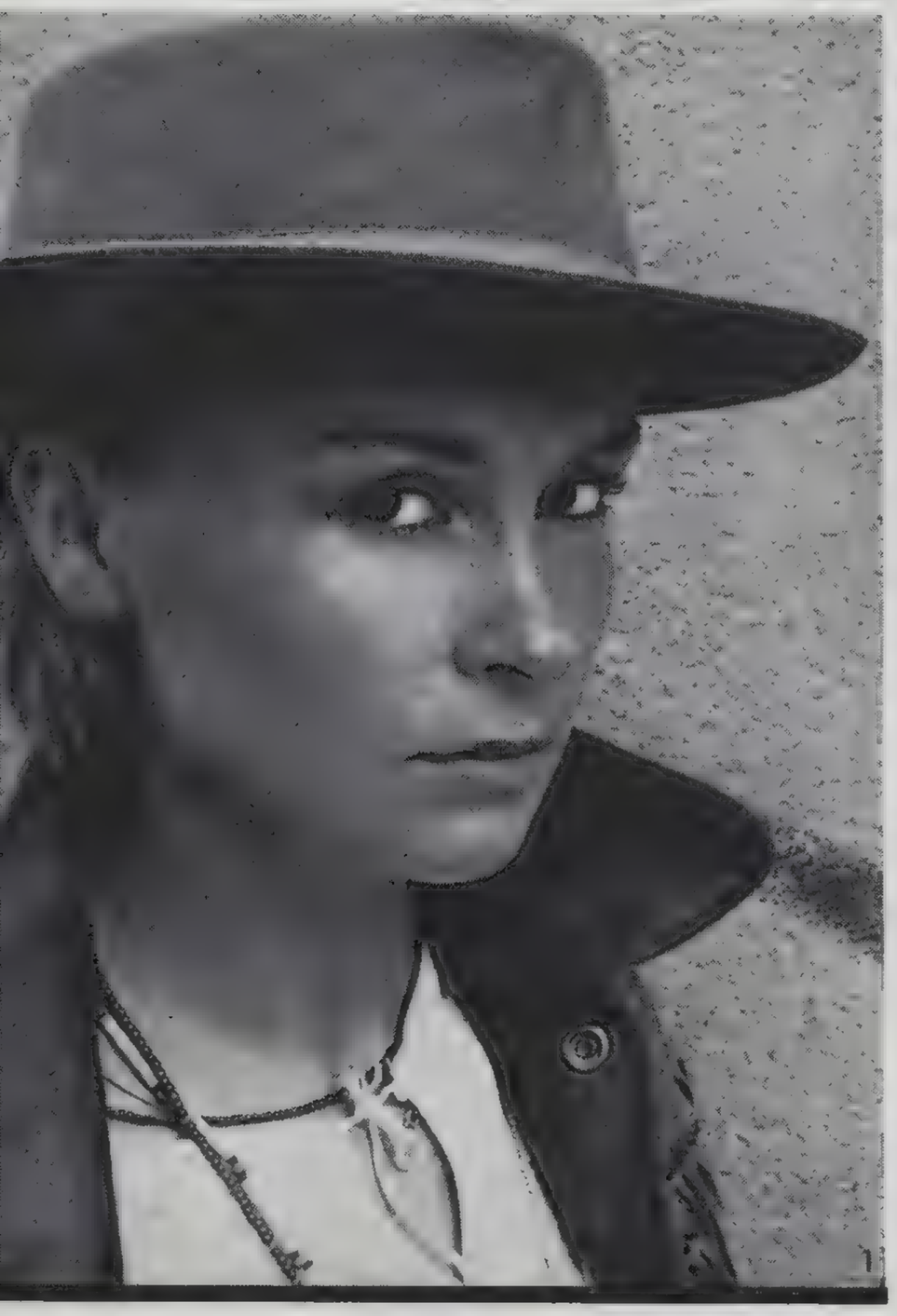
Your jeweler can show you many.

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VOGUE

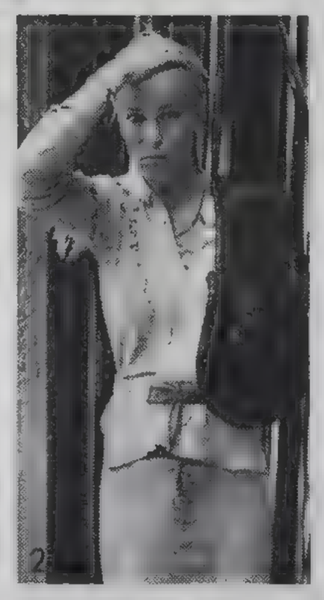
OBSERVATIONS

What's going on...


1

Sirpa Lane, rousing young French actress, starts fashions and shapes fads

Sirpa Lane, beautiful, twenty-three-years-old, fresh from a Roger Vadim movie, knows how to search out, and put together with her own style, looks that click in a young clique, from Paris to Saint-Tropez. Here, some of her best finds, worn Sirpa-style. . . **1.** For "hacking around Paris" . . . man's felt hat, man's suède fringed Mexican jacket, white T-shirt, and some Indian beads . . . all of this, a collection courtesy of old beaux! **2.** Chamois . . . (Sirpa was one of the first to discover this rage look of Paris!) One of her favorites, a body-clinging chamois shirt and skirt (from the Indian Trading Post, Passage Choiseuil), a Western "saddlebag" handbag, thong-tied wrists, American Indian belt. . . . **3.** Her "granny's trunk" look . . . antique man's striped flannelette collarless shirt, drawstring white cotton men's undershorts—The "Sirpa Touch": dancers' warm-up leggings and espadrilles. **4.** The sexiest beach cover (from More Boutique, Saint-Tropez) . . . a medical gauze "sarong"—white and very transparent. **5.** This bathing suit turned all heads in Saint-Tropez: a marvel of a black maillot from Erès. Sirpa had the wit, and shape, to pick it as a knock-out, even among topless and bikini-ed beauties. **6.** Sirpa's wisp of old-fashioned camisole—one of the "granny looks" sought after in attic trunks. In Saint-Tropez, *brocanteurs* set up market-place stands. One goodie-oldie Paris source, L'Autre Jour.


2


3



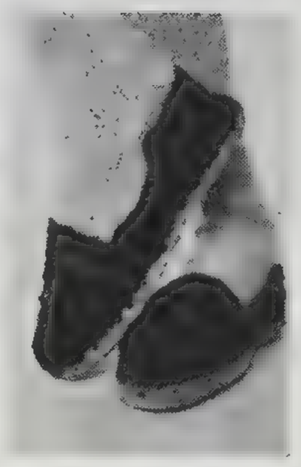

5

MARY RUSSELL


6

Discovery—Winter Espadrilles!





TO OWN! . . . Left: dark wine suède espadrilles with matching rope wedge to wear with wool socks and flannel trousers (also in chocolate and dark green), $47. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, 855 Madison Ave., N.Y. WINTER "SANDALS" . . . Right: flat espadrilles of woven wool yarn, from Ecuador, colored deep olive and crimson, or shades of creams, browns, and Burgundy—to wear with thick woolly socks for dry winter days and the best indoor slippers for fireplace evenings! $15. Putumayo, 142 E. 73rd St., N.Y.



ISHIMURO

HARVEY BOYD

Yes, 69¢ Pants

Discovered by the Malibu crowd for beach jogging, bicycling, and generally looking nifty . . . painters' pants—white cotton, drawstring waisted and ankled . . . and they cost 69¢! The way to wear them California style . . . a bare T-shirt, flat string sandals. From Standard Brand Paint Co. Stores, Los Angeles.



BARBARA BERSELL

Treat To Eat

The Most Delectable Last Minute Christmas Present! Discovery! California's Famous Amos Chocolate Chip Cookies (3 flavors: chocolate chip and pecans, butterscotch and pecans, chocolate chip and peanut butter). . . and no need to wax lyrical about the way your Granny used to make them—these are The Best! (They're the L.A. rage, already sharing the "taste-sensation spot" with beluga caviar!) Perfectly organized mail order (they arrive kitchen-fresh), $7.50 (including postage) for 2-lb. minimum in any combination (allow 5-6 days for delivery). The Famous Amos Chocolate Chip Cookie, 7181 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. 90046 Tel. (213) 851-6777.

Scent. But not heard. **Casaque.**



Orlane's
infinitely beautiful
fragrance.
Pronounced Ka-zak.

JEAN D'ALBRET
Paris Londres New York

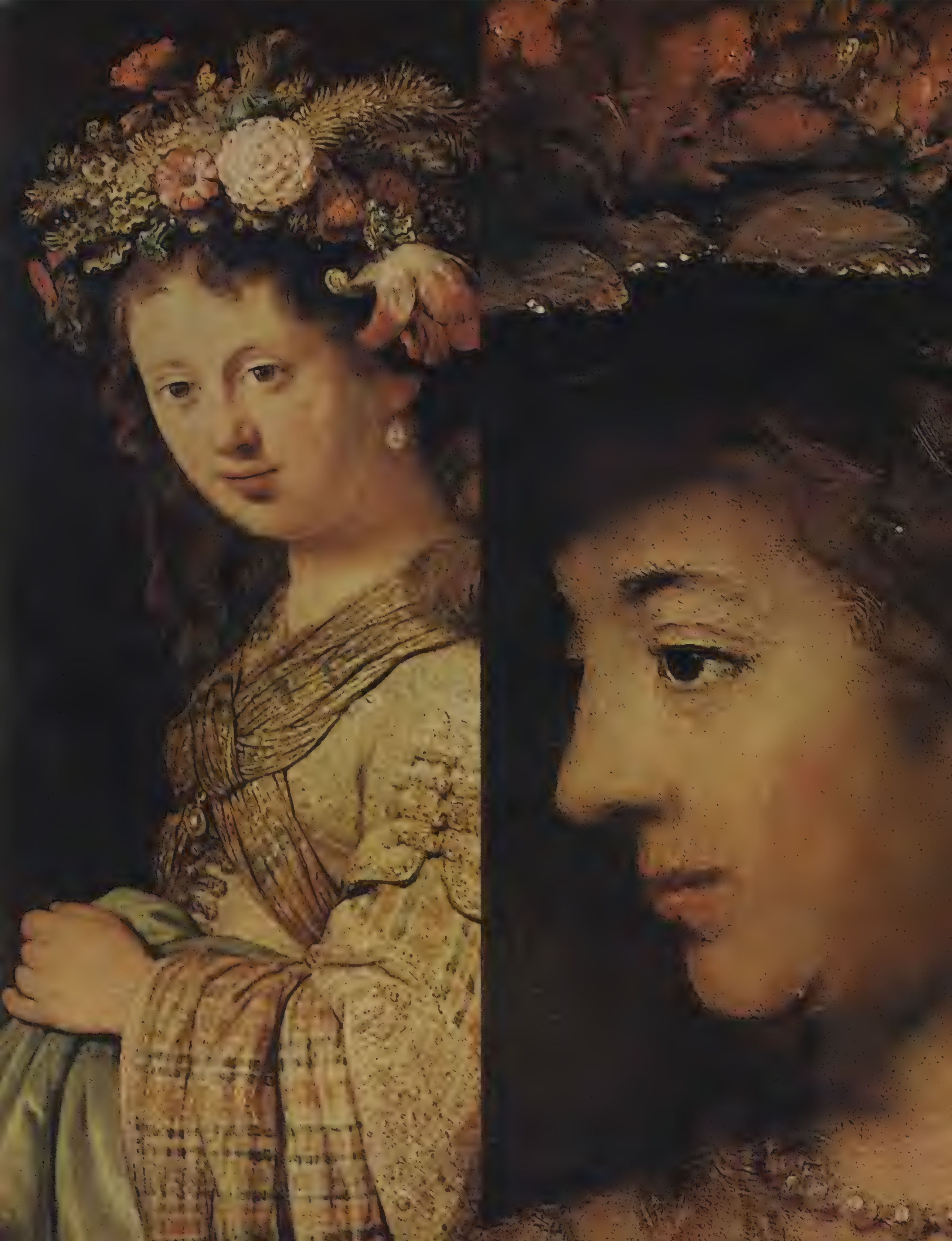
THE GIFT WE GAVE OURSELVES...

Best. It's a word we hear often around Christmastime: "the best wishes," "the season's best." . . . Yet, in fact, "best" is a strictly limited word, a superlative that, by definition, can't cover a whole lot of middle ground. Is there any possible "best" that can be applied to or wished for a great number of people—say, for instance, 210 million Americans?

Pausing here, on the brink of the nation's Bicentennial, with Thanksgiving at our backs and Christmas flickering ahead, we find it remarkable that 200 years ago fifty men, as disparate in background and intention as anyone might expect, assembled to create a form of government idealistic and novel enough to have only limited odds for survival, and that, for two centuries, men and women have been idealistic and stubborn enough to demand that it survive—and to see that it does.

We find it remarkable, too, that from the time women equally helped to found the United States, they, for all their justified grievances, have had freedom, power, and privilege beyond those apparent in any other nation.

We take these things for granted: *this is the way life is in this country*. While we all should and will continue to do our damnedest to make this country and this world *better*, we can recognize that, in a large sense, some of what we all share is the *best*. May it continue. And in this sense, may we wish you, this holiday season and from now on, the best.





BY BARBARA ROSE

PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL THROUGH ART

Ever since the gifts of the Magi, traveling treasures have carried nation-to-nation messages. Today, governments exchange loans of art to enrich life, keep peace

Scythian gold ornaments from Russia, ancient ceramic sculpture and precious jade from China, masterpieces of French neoclassical painting from the Louvre: these were some of the marvels recently seen by hundreds of thousands of amazed Americans. The result of complex, top-level, often secret diplomatic negotiations, the arrival of such collections of foreign state treasure on U.S. shores signals that in the climate of détente the exchange of artworks is becoming an increasingly important way for nations to symbolize their friendly intentions. That art should play a symbolic role in international relations is not new; what is news is that, now, entire populations instead of only the privileged rulers of superpowers are benefiting from spectacular loans that have replaced expensive personal gifts.

(Continued on next page)

Rembrandt's two "Flora"s meet

Today's ocean-hopping artworks turn the world into one vast museum, creating fascinating juxtapositions never before possible. When Russia's art treasures came to New York, Americans could see—just blocks apart—portraits of the two women in the life of the Dutch grand master Rembrandt van Rijn.

Shortly before his marriage in the spring of 1634 to Saskia van Ulenborch, the beautiful young daughter of a wealthy burgemeester, Rembrandt lovingly painted his bride (detail, far left) elaborately costumed as Flora, the Roman goddess of spring. When Saskia died in 1642, Rembrandt was grief-stricken; he seems never to have recovered his exuberant love of life. But, although he never remarried, Rembrandt did form a lasting union with his housekeeper, Hendrickje Stoffels, whom, many years later, he also painted as Flora—in a work (detail, near left) that now hangs in The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

FAR LEFT: HERMITAGE, LENINGRAD. PHOTO, ERIC POLLITZER
NEAR LEFT: COURTESY THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

GOODWILL THROUGH ART

Today, masses of art lovers are queuing up to experience pleasures of art once reserved exclusively for noble or royal patrons. Among the most famous, if not the most notorious, of these aristocratic patrons was Russia's lusty Catherine the Great, whose canny eye for quality old masters established the Russian state collection as one of the greatest in the world. Choosing her art as carefully as she chose her lovers, Catherine had her agents bidding at every major Paris auction—much to the annoyance of the French. When Catherine bought five hundred pieces at a great sale in 1772, the philosopher and critic Diderot wrote to a friend: "So much the worse for France, if we must sell our pictures in time of peace, whereas Catherine can buy them in the middle of a war." This year, for the first time, Americans will see some of the fabulous treasures amassed by Catherine and her heirs in an exhibition of masterpieces on loan from the Hermitage and State Russian Museum in Leningrad—including Rembrandt's eloquent portrait of "Saskia as Flora" (detail, page 130) and Fragonard's delectably naughty rococo fantasy "The Stolen Kiss" (detail, *right*).

Having drawn record crowds in Washington, D.C., and in New York City, the paintings from Russia are traveling next to The Detroit Institute of Arts, the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, and The Museum of Fine Arts, Houston. Seldom if ever has such a sensational group of unquestioned masterpieces—spanning the history of Western European painting from Lucas Cranach's tender "Madonna of the Apple Tree" to Caravaggio's sensual "Lute Player" to Matisse's brilliant "The Painter's Family" and Picasso's startlingly bold 1908 Cubist composition "Friendship"—been assembled for a touring show. (Continued on page 208)

Russia to us: Fragonard's French courtiers

A favorite of the French court, Jean-Honoré Fragonard painted "The Stolen Kiss" (detail, near right)—lent us by Russia's Hermitage, Leningrad—only a few years before Revolution disrupted such frivolous pastimes as love affairs among bored aristocracy.

U.S. to France: "new" queen's bedroom at Versailles

At far right, now restored by American money to its original glory, the bedroom of Marie Antoinette in the Palace of Versailles, looking as it did the night of October 5, 1789, when King and Queen were arrested and taken from "the greatest palace on earth."

NEAR RIGHT: HERMITAGE, LENINGRAD. PHOTO, COURTESY M. KNOEDLER & CO., INC.
FAR RIGHT: HORST





THE INCOMPARABLES

France's Isabelle Adjani, actress, (here) and America's Gelsey Kirkland, ballerina, (next pages) have in common: genius, youth, beauty.

everyone wants this

SUCCESS GIRL

Isabelle Adjani: The first French great-actress movie star since the Jeanne Moreau generation

The greatest young French actress is a twenty-year-old, very small, serenely oval-faced, tumultuous-haired, romantic-eyed girl who sprang to sudden fame some three years ago, playing Molière on French television. The Comédie Française took an astonished look at Isabelle Adjani, cast her in *their* Molière, offered her their prize twenty-year contract. Isabelle, a kid literally from nowhere, turned the contract down, went on to a swift shuffle of TV and stage triumphs, mostly in the classics, screen-stole *La Gifle (The Slap)*, a comedy flick, from established *vedettes* Annie Girardot and Lino Ventura. Then François Truffaut decided that the Incomparable Isabelle was the unique actress he had been seeking for his *The Story of Adèle H*, a movie in which the only character of importance is Victor Hugo's passion-demented daughter, Adèle. "He thought," says Adjani, her enormous blue eyes seeming to lead an interior life of their own, "that I had strong emotions in me, that, though he had never seen me do it, I could bring those strong emotions to his film." She brought not only the emotions but a miraculous, intuitive classical restraint, an absolutely original way of communicating them. She did not act tragedy: she was tragedy—distilled, devastating. Says Truffaut, "She brought a new quality, completely, that changed the film. It would be something quite different without her." Says Adjani, "He trusted in me as an actress." Truffaut trusted so sincerely that frequently, in *Adèle H*, it is impossible to tell where the acting stops and the direction begins. Result: Adjani (her mother is German, her father Persian) is the first authentic, international, French great-actress movie star since the Jeanne Moreau generation. Indeed, Adjani reminds of the young Moreau in Truffaut's *Jules and Jim*, also sparks momentary look-alike memories of the best Elizabeth Taylor, Jane Fonda. She has even been called "a frisky young Garbo." Everybody wants Adjani: Marguerite Duras for her next; Polanski for his next; Gene Kelly for a movie musical *Ondine;* almost every important international vanguard director for a phantasmagoria of projects. Adjani loves movies, loves theater, goes to them all of the time. She modestly assures that she does have a "private" life, and then, without saying a single word, makes it impossible to ask about it. "I'm really shy," she says, "when people recognize me. It's awful. I'm blushing all the time. And sometimes I can't sign my name on the paper, when they ask for an autograph—I'm becoming so red. I feel so silly. I'm so angry against myself. I would just like to *be*."

HAIR AND MAKEUP, RICK GILLETTE. CARTIER NECKLACE.

AVEDON



ballet's newest

STARSHINE

To see Gelsey Kirkland offstage is to eye Eliza Doolittle before the chocolates—waiflike, ragamuffin plucky, all fragile blue eyes, webbed brown hair, and pouty sensuality. Catch her *en pointe*, and you're watching America's greatest young dancer, sure, gossamer smooth, a tiny prima ballerina blend of airy charm and tough, ready-made energy. Catch her in drama-fraught *Giselle* or a psychological Tudor opus, surprise, she's on the way to becoming America's greatest *acting* dancer, a deeply passionate woman, the young Duse mid-flight.

With the best-in-the-West training (she began at age eight under George Balanchine at the School of American Ballet, soloed at seventeen in the New York City Ballet), Gelsey, last year, broke loose from the cool, controlled, ensemble perfection of Balanchine's company to become the newest glory of American Ballet Theatre, a dance constellation of fiery starshines—Baryshnikov, Makarova, Erik Bruhn, Cynthia Gregory. Now, at twenty-two, new roles, new partners, new self-made spaces to leap. "I feel a big chance," says Gelsey, "as a person and as a dancer. But there's so much to think about and do. Maybe if I actually looked at what was happening I would get scared."

America's greatest young dancer is Gelsey Kirkland: a tiny, waiflike blend of prima ballerina, the young Duse mid-flight

What is happening is a magical coming-together - of the moment, of instinct-fired emotion, and of finely honed technique. As a tragic, love-mad Giselle (pictured in these four pages), Gelsey spins a classically romantic tale in a frame of pure, pure dancing - a fragile, devastatingly felt spirit partnered by the compact strength and eloquent Russian-bred style of Mikhail Baryshnikov. "All I know is that when we dance together, it's so special for me. Certainly I feel a great rapport with Misha; but, in a way, I don't even know what it is. It works. It just works." The pairing is electric, mysterious, sadly sweet. "With Misha, you realize how limitless the human body can be. He's shown us another vocabulary for the next generation." At work with Baryshnikov on a new *pas de deux* and a body of major works for Ballet Theatre, Gelsey will dance this season repertory ranging from Antony Tudor contemporary to classic ballets *Raymonda*, *Giselle*. Someday, she hopes, *Swan Lake* and *Sleeping Beauty*. "Style changes," says Gelsey. "Technique changes. We can't look back. What we learn from tradition is really invaluable, but then we have to go beyond that. We've got to take another step." (For more about Gelsey, turn the page.)

CELSEY KIRKLAND:

her offstage look, *left* — transformed to a mad, haunted onstage Giselle, *right*

"If you really start to believe in the ballet and in the character, then it becomes a part of you. It's not the ballet Giselle, it's just—Giselle. It's just not scary anymore."

AVEDON



The big news—
the big change!—
in fashion is color.
Clean, soft,
tint-of-color color—
the prettiest to come
along in years
(if ever!). Color
that gives a whole
new feeling to all
the clothes you want
for warm-weather
places now, for
summer later....
Photographed by Avedon—
as a scenario for
modern lovers—in the
extraordinary Fort
Worth Water Garden
designed by Philip
Johnson and John Burgee

Pretty color, easy fashion

TOGETHER AGAIN!

Go for color—the freshness
[illegible] easy
[illegible] soft
[illegible] all
[illegible] wool
[illegible] tank top
[illegible] cashmere
Go for pleasure!—the
[illegible] 2 page
[illegible] small city blocks
terraced concrete steps and
rooms with waterfalls,
reflecting pools, small
spraying fountains—an
unexpected city oasis
designed by Philip Johnson
and John Burgee. Ha[illegible]
ill coat and skirt (Amican
fabric), about $480.
Mid-January. Bergdorf
Goodman; Wanamaker's;
Stanley Korshak; Neusteters,
I. Magnin. Top, about $30.
Halston Ltd. Hair, Harry [illegible]
makeup, Way Bandy.
Accessories and men's
fashion details, next to
last page of this issue.

AVEDON





Pretty color, easy fashion

TOGETHER AGAIN!





Seasonless, versatile, a find!—*left:* Geoffrey Beene's shirting-striped pyjama in palest yellow, grey, and bisque silk crêpe de Chine, with an oversmock of bisque handkerchief linen (to wash and wash—it gets softer and softer). Pieces to move around—i.e., just the smock, the pants, and the bare open neckline at night—or wear together, as here—super hot-weather layering for day! Gandini silk; Sisan linen. About $1,000. At Bergdorf Goodman; John Baldwin; Claire Pearone; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin; Frederick & Nelson. (Something for everybody—the cool, whistle-clean scent of Chanel for Men—one of those male fragrances women snap up for their own.)

The unbeatable cool of all-white for hot weather, *above* —the soft, easy shirt that just falls open, in white crêpe de Chine; the lean cotton skirt with a couple of stitched pleats for ease. By Oscar de la Renta. Shirt, of silk; about $58; skirt, about $48. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Montaldo's; O'Neil's; Sakowitz; Balliet's; I. Magnin. Necklace, Elsa Peretti of Tiffany. Accessories and men's fashion details, next to last page of this issue.

AVEDON

Seasonless! *left*—sweater-and-skirt dressing in one of the freshest—prettiest!—new colors—pale celadon green. Halston's ribbed silk pullover, matching cardigan, and his new diagonal-wrap Ultrasuede skirt. Sweater set, about $150. At Halston Ltd. Skirt (Spring Mills fabric), about $200. At Bergdorf Goodman; Wanamaker's; Jacobson's; Stix, Baer & Fuller.

Key to warm-weather dressing, *right*—a perfect small-fitting black cotton knit T-shirt and good-looking trousers in soft beige pongee—what everyone always wants more of! Beene Bag. Pants, about $92; top, about $34. Lord & Taylor; Nan Duskin; Claire Pearone; Sakowitz; Neusteters; Frederick & Nelson. Accessories and men's fashion details, next to last page.

AVEDON

**Pretty color,
easy fashion**

TOGETHER AGAIN!



Pretty color, easy fashion

TOGETHER AGAIN!

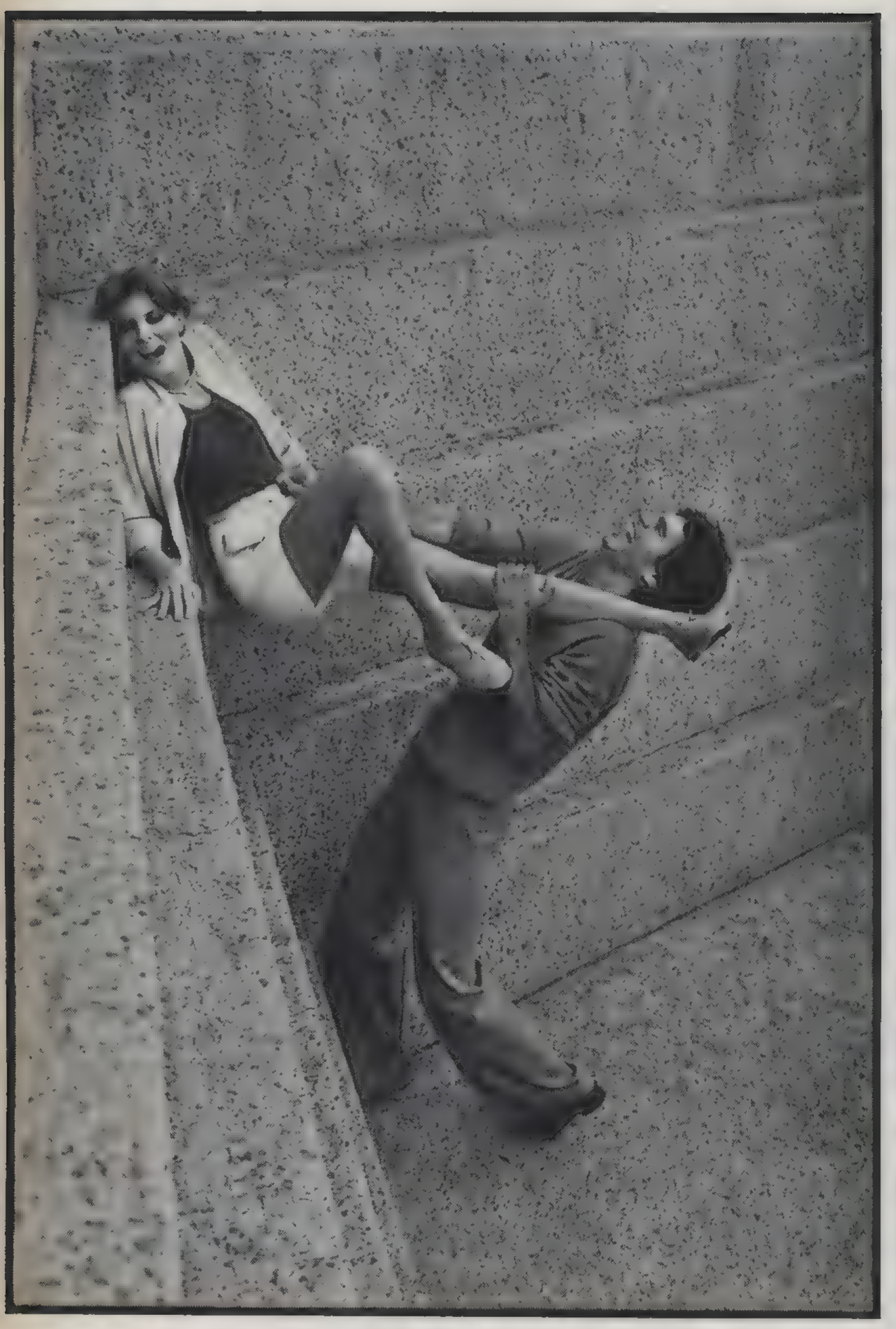
The thinner-than-thin maillot *opposite*, in an ultra-sleek lustrous (nylon?) black jersey with a low-cut tank top and narrow white belt. By John Anthony; Nylon jersey of Antron nylon (Riegelon Industries). About $50. Elizabeth Arden Salons; Nan Duskin; Hovland-Swanson; Miss Jackson's; Sakowitz.

The perfect wrap-up, *this page*— white terry and enough of it!— a wonderful oversized poncho to pull over a bathing suit, to slip on at home after a bath. By Calvin Klein. Of cotton terry (Gloversville Mills fabric). About $54. Bloomingdale's; Nan Duskin; Hudson's; Woolf Brothers; Bullock's. Accessories, next to last page of this issue.

AVEDON

Pretty color, easy fashion

TOGETHER AGAIN!



Nifty pieces to have for warm weather, *above:* soft, super warmed-up new neutrals—a pinky-beige lisle cardigan, a dash of cinnamon tank top, and great shorts—trouser-tailored natural muslin. By John Anthony. Cardigan, of Dacron and cotton (Klopman Mills fabric), about $60; Nyesta tank top, of Antron nylon (Gloversville Mills Fabric), about $16; shorts (Alaric Textiles International cotton), about $40. At Elizabeth Arden Salons; Nan Duskin; Jacobson's; Sakowitz; Liberty House, San Francisco.

The palest, prettiest tint of peach, *right,* in the hottest new pants look—the jumpsuit! Here, shirt-shaped, slit to a drawstring waist. In thin cotton-y lisle, cool enough to really take the heat, easy enough to really move in—*q.v.,* right. . . . By John Anthony, of Dacron and cotton (Klopman Mills fabric). About $140. Saks Fifth Avenue; Jacobson's; Woolf Brothers; Miss Jackson's; Marie Leavell; Nordstrom. Accessories and men's fashions details, next to last page this issue.



AVEDON



Pretty color, easy fashion

TOGETHER AGAIN!

News at night, *right*—the look of a top and, instead of pants, a long slim skirt—this season's newest "pyjama dressing!" Here (seen from every angle), Geoffrey Beene's super-soft north-or-south version—bisque-yellow-and-grey plaided silk crêpe de Chine. With the slip-and-slide ease of his new T-shirt-based top. And a skirt that wraps—and unwraps—beautifully. Gandini silk; about $1,050. At Lord & Taylor, N.Y.; Claire Pearone; I. Magnin; Liberty House, Hawaii. Accessories and men's fashion details, next to last page. These 12 pages: hair, Harry King of Cinandre; makeup, Way Bandy.

The kind of dress a lot of women have been beating the bushes for for years, *left*—a short, simple *pretty* late-day/little-dinner dress—banana silk crêpe de Chine, bare-necked, with sleeves that just slip off the shoulder. Morty Sussman for Mollie Parnis; fabric, Onondaga Silk Company. About $365. Bergdorf Goodman; Wanamaker's; Lillie Rubin-South and West; Neiman-Marcus; Swanson's. . . . A reminder: those woodsy, misty scents for men (Kanøn for one) are a nice mood-changer at night. And who knows, maybe your scents won't clash. . . .

AVEDON



BY
ANNE ROIPHE

Can you have everything and still want babies?



DAVID HEATH

The mother who wrote "Up the Sandbox" tells how the baby changes the woman and why the "new woman" may need children as much as equality

One summer day in Central Park, a King and Queen of non-parenthood were crowned by the National Organization for Non-Parents, an anti-birth group growing in adherents almost as fast as garden-variety religious cults. The King and Queen danced among the crowds of their disciples—all adults who had pledged themselves to vasectomies, a lifetime of Pills, and zero offspring. This celebration of anti-motherhood has become rather commonplace in radical feminist circles; and, of course, in times of global food shortages, energy depletion, and population pyramids, it seems as if the movement's avoidance of childbearing is a reasonable instinctive adaptive response like the shedding of scales, the loss of the tail, the development of the thumb, etc. Maternal instinct once may have continued the species from one generation to the next, like the lizard's protective coloring or the giraffe's tall neck; but today the urge to reproduce is not so good for mankind and the instinct, if it ever was truly an instinct, is withering away. Perhaps those of us who still want and have children are suffering from something equivalent to an inflamed appendix, a useless organ that only hangs around to cause trouble.

Many feminists have suggested that the maternal instinct was all along a male con—a glorification of a function that kept woman from competing in the marketplace, from gaining and utilizing their educations, from experiencing themselves as free and equal instead of being constricted souls whose economic and social welfare depended on male favors.

Now with the new push of the feminist position, mothering has taken on an almost distasteful odor. It is too typically feminine, too stereotyped, and the young woman becoming pregnant feels as if she were betraying her radical friends, indulging in an antisocial act that may destroy her life and contribute to the earth's early end through the dynamite of population explosion (a good description of this sentiment is in *Life Signs* by Johanna Davis), just as in a generation before similar fears of being against society may have beset an unwed pregnant woman.

Germaine Greer in her famous manifesto, *The Female Eunuch,* toys with the idea of one day having a child. She decides that if she gave birth she would immediately send the baby to live in a commune in Italy where she might or might not visit it once in a while. She doesn't want to read her child nursery rhymes, or collect a lock from the first haircut, or bronze her baby's first shoes. She wants to isolate the potential fact of her motherhood from all her other life activities. She not only doesn't want to live through her child, she doesn't want her child to grow by depending

on or learning from her. So much for her maternal instinct. It's no more than an empty form, she says, and can be done away with in a sweep of multiple social reforms.

And certainly women have been oversold and wrongly sold on motherhood. Little girls have been taught roles that narrowly focused on the pleasures of child care, promoting excess domesticity and shrinking of brains—but that is by now an old story. The evils of a male-chauvinist society have not been cured or eliminated, but certainly they have been exposed; and just as if we brought electric light bulbs into Count Dracula's cave, things are bound to get better. But the reaction against motherhood —the scorn poured on the nurturing role, particularly if performed by the mother—is nevertheless falling into its own error of excess that, it seems to me, can equally deprive women and men of their rightful humanity.

Having a child by birth or adoption profoundly changes and forever alters the woman. In our excessively child-oriented society, we have only begun to examine what the care and relationship to children actually means for a parent—and this is not an easily categorized or moralized-about experience but results in one of the most intricate weavings of the human mind where terror, joy, hate, anger, love, guilt, memory, pride, and fear form patterns, each unique, that finally can be recognized and called "a mother and child relationship." As we forge this relationship we are creating parts of ourselves, extending ourselves, not so we live through our children (though the temptation is there and the error is there) but so that we become enriched with the knowledge and experience, both intellectual and gut, of ourselves in this most special of human encounters. The experiences of the mother-child pair as it goes through its metamorphosis, no less dramatic than many others in nature, leaves on the parent weathering marks, disfiguring and beautifying.

All this sounds rather abstract but I mean something very concrete. For example, if you are a mother, you must have experienced the fear that you might die at a time when a three-year-old is still having nightmares, and wakes up to come into your room. What if you weren't there? What if the child reached out and called for you half asleep and you were dead? The particular terror of that thought, while painful, also expresses the fact that you are absolutely needed and connected into the center of someone else's emotional life. And this connection makes you no longer a single entity whose death, with some grieving, could be absorbed by those around you. Now if you die you are breaking trust, destroying the child's core; and death is a different kind of enemy than it was before you gave birth. I am not suggesting one should have a child to make the thought of dying more painful but saying that the presence of the child makes one's own existence more critical.

The physical demands of a newborn, a baby, and even a two-year-old are, of course, fatiguing and irritating; but the new mother is changing at a rate as fast if not as visible as that of her child. Before the birth of the baby she had not experienced so close a physical, nonsexual, or sub-erotic intimacy as she now has with the sucking, eating, eliminating needs of her child. Each woman comes to terms with this intimacy in her own way.

There is the anger provoked by the child's constant demands that cannot be shaken, the way one once could drop a course of study or a boyfriend or a job if it seemed overwhelming. There is the anxiety stimulated by the need to be a "good" mother, to be loving and capable, and the fear of failure that runs through the conversation of women in playgrounds and park benches everywhere. "When did he get his first tooth?" "When did she start to talk like that?" Competition is the raw edge of the fear of inadequacy; but, like certain household devils, it comes with the place and travels with each mother wherever she may go.

There are new feelings in motherhood of tenderness, closeness, and a new sense of awe at some special sense of the miracle of the mind—the first words, the first steps, the first game, the first smile, the first sign of intelligence under a still-bald head. These wonders have been turned into confectionary garbage by some women's magazines but are still experienced privately and deeply by new mothers over and over again.

This is just a small part of the emotional experiences of a woman in the early years of her baby's life. The routines, the boring, deadening menial work that surrounds child care also surrounds this storm of feelings that shapes the changing interior landscape of the young mother. The external days may seem similar and endless, but the work of being a mother is in part allowing the growth and change that come from experiencing the wide variety of feelings I have just briefly described.

I remember the vague anxiety I had with my oldest baby that somehow she had suffocated or choked while asleep, and I was constantly checking that this strange new physical being would survive. Yes, I know that some of my fear was ambivalence. The strain of the constant interaction sometimes seemed burdensome, and in some way I didn't entirely wish the baby well—and then, too, I was reliving my own childhood, becoming in a sense my own mother, rectifying the wrongs that had been done, and I was afraid I wasn't competent.

Yes, I was a good student and could conjugate several verbs in Latin. I knew what Plato thought, and I had just read Dr. Spock from cover to cover; but I still wasn't sure I could do it. I remember the moment, now some twelve years ago, when I suddenly knew my child was being taken care of. I was bathing my daughter—who was trying to put the soap in her mouth—and I felt this sudden kinship, sisterhood to every Indian squaw, to every cavewoman, to pygmies and bush females and French peasants and Norwegian reindeer shepherdesses. We all did the same thing—this feeding, cleaning, disposing of urine and feces, smiling, hugging, touching, teaching thing—that molds a human soul out of mere physical matter. And with this sense of common bond, I entered a new phase in my life. I had grown to value my wonderful individuality a little less and my common humanity more. I had matured away from the adolescent need to be the center with the suns spinning round to a place where I could begin to understand passage, time, change. I didn't know it, but I was just beginning the battle. The need to change and to adapt is one of the endless challenges of being a mother.

How often, then, do the idealistic, possibly grandiose dreams of one's adolescence seem to appear again, like sturdy weeds, as one views one's child. He or she will be a concert pianist, will be a billionaire or an Einstein or Da Vinci. He or she will travel where I never went and be more beautiful, get better grades, excel where I failed, be emotionally perfect, healthy in every way. The scars of one's own childhood will be removed by the success of the new generation; but in fact all of us who have survived the adolescence of our children have learned to view them sometimes as enemies; sometimes as strangers; finally, hopefully, realistically as separate people with feelings as personal, unique, and marked as our own.

Almost all of us have experienced at one time or another the anguished feeling of a child's being hurt or being worrisomely ill, and the fears one has for this vulnerable child certainly create one of the deepest circles of hell. Even a minor problem, a learning difficulty, a social problem, an athletic failure can cause serious tension in a mother; and I suppose the anti-child position would be "Who needs it? Without a child I only suffer my own discomforts—with a child I become diminished and I suffer my child's pain also." I have considered this, but I always conclude that the safest way to live is, of course, not to love at all but to remain like one of those cavemen frozen centuries in ice, no heat, inner or outer, causing erosion of tissue or cell. If I don't want to miss the experience of my own feelings, the burns must inevitably come.

The social structures that bring us together are weak and trembling, as everyone knows; but the advent of children in a woman's life opens the connections to others in many ways. First, there are the park friendships, the shared-foxhole attitudes of women with small children of approximately the same age. Later, there are the group allegiances formed by working with the children's schools, by becoming friends of their friends' parents, by participating in their extracurricular activities—by all the time-consuming actions, all the doctors, dentists, and piano teachers one visits; these associations knit a woman into the social fabric. And, while it is true some jobs might also supply these structures, many do not; and there are very few of us, working or not, who do not benefit from these additional leads into the world that come from having children. These activities that bring people together in social forms around their children stave off the madness of loneliness and protect us from our own internal demons.

It is strange that woman novelists do not deal at great length with their feelings about their children. Most women novelists have turned their attention on the sensibilities and anguishes of marriage, love affairs, unfulfilled work hopes, and social ambitions. In a strange way the real experience of mothering, not the picture-book one, has suffered from a kind of unspoken taboo, perhaps even stronger than the Victorian one on explicit sexual details. Many women writers never had children at all—for example, Jane Austen, George Eliot, Virginia Woolf, the Brontës, and our own Joyce Carol Oates.

Before the Women's Movement, child raising was just another part of the female experience that was covered with distortions, left to male supervision and expertise, and considered (Continued on page 201)

new collector's item

the hand-painted print

Treasures of dresses for evening—pale washes of color, each one painted by hand—filmy, soft, totally individual—the most personal clothes in the world....

Rinsed in violet.
left—a hand-colored silk chiffon capelet to float over grape jersey evening separates—a camisole with threads of straps, a slide of ruffle-edged skirt a new charm. By Mira de Moss rayon matte jersey. About $485. Henri Bendel; Martha, Palm Beach; Bal Harbour; The Pompian Shop; Balliet's; Sakowitz; Country Club Fashions.
Like an Oriental porcelain.
right—hand-painted chrysanthemums on a tunic of pale bois de rose crêpe de Chine—bared slit, with plum silk crêpe de Chine pants—ravishing new pyjama dressing from Bill Blass. LaFitte silk; about $620. At Martha; Stanley Korshak; Neiman-Marcus; Neusteters; Bullock's Wilshire. Hair, Christiaan; accessories
next to last page

the new face coloring at night...

Against pale skin, a fascinating use of color—makeup that's both fragile and intense. (When makeup is almost your only accessory—and clothes like these take very little else—you're going to want a makeup that's a bit out of the ordinary.) What keeps it unheavy, ungarish: the natural colorings—plum, berry, rust, raisin—and the way they're put on...here, tips from Sandra of Xavier Coiffures, who did the makeup on these pages: To get sheerness *and* intensity, don't pile on color; build it up in thin layers on an extra-pale base.... Use a sponge for creams, a sable brush for powders—"you *never* get a hard line." ...So you're not stunned by one spot, keep eyes, cheeks, lips equally intense. ...Colors here: Ivorie Bisque base with Deep Plum/Silvery Heather eye shadows, Mauvewine blush, Wineglass Extraordinary Gel Lipstick. All, 'Ultima' II by Charles Revson. More makeup tips, next page.

DEBORAH TURBEVILLE

new collector's item

the hand-painted print

From Halston—who's always seen the charm of hand-painted prints, his newest show stopper— right: the hand-painted three-piece evening pyjama—masses of beautiful yellow flowers on a silk chiffon tunic, pants, and wispy little veil of a "cape" to go over the shoulder. About $950. Bergdorf Goodman; Martha, Palm Beach, Bal Harbour; Jacobson's; Stanley Korshak; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. **The hand-painted print, the one-shoulder bareness—the all-out allure of a Zandra Rhodes dress at night,** opposite: a soft wash of peach on cream silk chiffon with touches of peach satin, handkerchief-point hem—and it all floats over the thinnest layer of cream jersey. About $895. To order, at Henri Bendel. Hair, by Christiaan. Accessories, next to last page. These six pages photographed at the new Roosevelt Island community, New York.

DEBORAH TURBEVILLE

more about the new face coloring..

...more tips from Sandra Linter. Re eyes: draw the eye outline with a soft pencil, starting from the outer corner and working toward the nose. The best shape—one that "wings" up—it gives a lift to the face. Then, using a sable brush, fill in with powdered shadow, bringing it to the innermost corner of the eye. Under the brow: tiny flecks of frosted highlighter *and* a touch of the color used on cheeks—it balances the whole look.... The eye color here, Antique Bronze; the highlight, White Gardenia—both from the Skin Life Deep Moisture collection by Helena Rubinstein.... More makeup tips, next page.



new collector's item

the hand-painted print

The modern look of a big-evening dress, left: simple, narrow—all the dazzle is in the beautiful peach coloring... Oscar de la Renta's one-shoulder bias chiffon dress, slit to the knee and wrapped all the way down from the shoulder in a hand-painted shawl. Of silk chiffon. About $615. Elizabeth Arden Salons; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus.

The hand-painted evening cardigan to go over everything!—right: tiers of cream-printed silk chiffon to string-tie over a pistachio matte jersey camisole and ankle-length skirt. By Holly's Harp. Coat, about $395. Top, about $90. Skirt, about $160. Henri Bendel; Martha, Palm Beach, Bal Harbour; Hattie; Stanley Korshak; Esther Wolf; Neusteters; Holly's Harp, California. Accessories, next to last page.

more about the new face coloring...

...the new cheek. It starts, not from the cheekbone, but higher up at the hairline with blush brought *down* towards the cheek. The mouth: the shape, rounder, is outlined first, starting where it usually ends—at the corners—then drawn to the center and filled with color....Here, over a base of Shiseido's new Benefique Color Perfect Make-Up (with moisturizers) in Color Perfect Ivory: Peach Wood Blusher and Just Enough Plum Lipstick. Makeup, Sandra Linter; hair, Christiaan.

DEBORAH TURBEVILLE



People

are talking about...

The big seek for a viable self-help (TM? est? Rolfing? Primal Screams?) that will ease us in a world of stagflation, assassination, "nabbings"—the word that has replaced "kidnapping." . . . The blood sport of the moment, ironically called Friendship! Friendship! or Figure Them Out For Yourself. It's being played with joyous malice by all who read the recently published tip-tale section of Truman Capote's long-awaited, high-life novel "Answered Prayers." And the great satisfaction is that everyone seems to know who is really scandalously who in Capote's roman à clef, a fiction involving dozens of his convives. For Off-islanders who aren't in his know, The Little Master plans to include an index containing clues when the book is finally published. . . . Cake-pops (trade name for leapers out of cakes at stag parties) and its cool twist: men in the buff or in male scanties. They are in hot demand at women's get-togethers. "If their husbands are with them," says one popper, "ladies don't laugh."



MADELINE KAHN
Zippy-zappy

NEW D.C. DIVERS

The Sherlock Holmes movie sweepstakes with dizzy-wizzy "The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother" gaining by a hilarious nose, what with juicy Madeline Kahn's rumple-rumpussing ribald romance and stealthy shenanigans. "A delicate woman," says Madeline Kahn of Jenny Hill, the charm-all baffler she plays, "with mysterious problems and a tendency to lie a great deal." . . . Pay-for-your-private-cy, as in Manhattan's patron-protective club, Doubles. Now the classy idea's spread to Washington, D.C., where the place-to-belong is Pisces, what with a torrential waterfall near the front door, aquariums all over the place, a full-time fish keeper, Italian and French chefs, and a founders' list that elbow-rubs Carter Brown, Pearl Bailey, James Biddle, Anna Chennault. . . . The pure controlled passion of Giorgio Bassani's storytelling in his book *The Smell of Hay,* a collection of subtle, heartbreak sketches and one quietly devastating novella, *The Gold-rimmed Eyeglasses.* These distill a magic of person and place (Ferrara, Italy, in the 'twenties, 'thirties), as redolent and universal as Fellini's film *Amarcord.* . . . The new movie economy: one-word flick titles. They gushed with *Shampoo.* Now they hope to bring it in again with such as *Eyes, Lipstick, Whiffs, Sparkle, Thieves,* and *Shoot.* What about *Bomb,* critically, as in *Mahogany?* . . . **William de Kooning and his great, great over-life-size paintings—all ebulliently executed within the last nine months; his sculptures. "A glory," says our local eye. "The paintings—a rebellion of color. Paint carried to its ultimate." About the seven sculptures, "The most interesting statement made today in representational sculpture, carrying Daumier and Rodin into the world of Bosch.". . . Coffee—where you buy it; what special blend; the perfect coffee maker. Lifelong intimates estrange over that last one. Total accord: grind your own. . . . The author of a book on cancer research who said of a talk show, "They're doing 'death and dying' and they couldn't see how they could fit me in." . . . Bruce Springsteen, the come-lately-to-glory young man of rock who does not smoke, drug, and rarely drinks but ravishes 'em raw with his street-people charm, his shab dress style, his all-vibes hit "Born To Run."**

BACK-ROOM BEAU MONDE

Maxwell's Plum, Manhattan's most lavishly Art Nouveau restaurant, a perpetual surprise. Despite its size (enormous), its cuisine, wine, service are superb—especially in that section known as "the back room." Which is where you can cheek-by-jowl the Buckleys (Pat and Bill), Mr. Grant (Cary), the Rothschilds (Marie-Hélène and Guy), Mrs. James Taylor (Carly Simon). . . . Rape, as explicated by Susan Brownmiller in her *Against Our Will,* a book that lays it heavy on the male and got itself a scather review from prize-pen Jean Stafford. Miss S. on Ms. B.: "But she is not a lady and she is a very bad writer." . . . Sardi's—Broadway's own star-jam restaurant, now open on Sundays—where *A Chorus Line*r was heard to say, "You're too close for friendship and too far away for anything else."

L-TRYP TO DREAMLAND

L-tryptophan, an amino acid found in many foods, 'specially dairy products, news of which shows-and-tells that Momma really did know best when she insisted, "Drink your nice hot milk, dear, before you go to bed." There's optimistic evidence that a sufficiency of L-tryptophan may lull you to sleep without getting you hooked. . . . **The First Women's Bank, Mona Lisa-grinning in Manhattan in a space that Le Pavillon once made luxe. First Women's Pres. McWhinney says, "No women will get loans just because they are women." Nonspecialized banks are copycatting: one even includes a nursery in its new women's branch. . . . This pronouncement, heard in midtown N.Y.C., "Christmas is an extraordinary time when you discover who has a sense of gesture." Christmas Gift!—LEO LERMAN**

Dyn-o-mite Jimmie: The kid from TV

Planting one-line explosives in the prime-time wasteland or hamming for our camera, Jimmie Walker shakes up fans with a little dyn-o-mite

He has the body of an underfed adolescent, the gangling grace of a baby giraffe. At 6′ 1″ and 130 loosely-socketed pounds, Jimmie Walker, with his lugubrious Buster Keaton mug, could eke a laugh out of his shaving mirror. But "Kid Dyn-o-mite" (as he modestly tags himself) has the spark: he's a one-man comedy explosion. As "J.J." in the sit-com series *Good Times* (now in its third season), as a featherweight movie fighter in *Let's Do It Again,* on the club and college circuit (at Las Vegas' Riviera Hotel for three weeks this spring), with a fast-flying comedy album called *Dyn-o-mite,* an avalanche of Jimmie Walker hats, T-shirts, pyjamas, and talking dolls, "the Black Prince has arrived," the quickest laugh out of TV-land since Archie Bunker. "I can't understand being a star," says Jimmie. "I just want to be good. I'm being funny. And funny is where it's at."

FRANCESCO SCAVULLO

JIMMIE WALKER

People are talking about...

Low life in high places

Two master movie-makers go lush-plush eighteenth century, expose a hustle-bustle of passionate hanky-panky.

FELLINI'S PANTS-DOWN CASANOVA

Donald Sutherland, *left*, is completely alien to the conventional idea that people have of Casanova. On screen, Sutherland's been a big, lumbering, bashed-in-by-life-and-self, very American man who can sometimes be low-keyed funny and almost always makes women in the audience feel sorry for him. Hardly Casanova: indefatigable seducer, rapscallion, magic-dabbler, spy-eye, jailbird. That elegant, dazzlingly educated but seamy eighteenth-century Venetian of uncertain parentage traveled the bedrooms and libraries of Europe, knew everyone upstairs and downstairs, wrote endlessly about it all, and became a fornication myth. Why did Fellini pick Sutherland to be his movie Casanova? "I want," says Fellini, "to turn the traditional model upside down."

Marisa Berenson, *far right*, with fellow-player Murray Melvin, emerges in Stanley Kubrick's screen-teeming *Barry Lyndon* as the most beautiful woman in movies today. An elegant, fine-boned girl with sea-bright green eyes and marvelous hands, Marisa has a happy way of being on scene in the best places at the best times. In the movie *Cabaret*, she astonished, playing the rich, Berlin-Jewish, lumpy, Nazi-tormented girl. As Kubrick's Lady Lyndon, Marisa is "...the noblest and greatest heiress in England....No woman piqued herself more upon her principles, or allowed love to be made to her more profusely." Marisa's vis-à-vis, in one of the most visually exquisite movies ever made, is Ryan O'Neal, acting a kind of Little League Irish Casanova. A Marisa acting insight: "The intensity in your eyes carries you straight to the public's heart."

KUBRICK'S UNBUTTONED BARRY LYNDON

PIERLUIGI

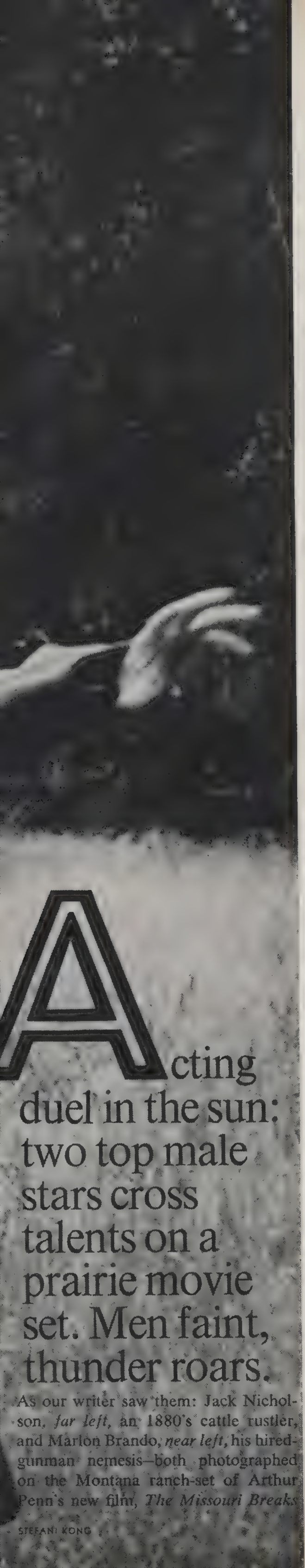
WARNER BROS.



JACK NICHOLSON

MARY ELLEN MARK

MARLON BRANDO



People are talking about...

I saw Marlon Brando shoot Jack Nicholson

BY MOIRA HODGSON

Out on the prairie the heat is so fierce that people line up to get hosed down. The crew of *The Missouri Breaks,* a Western by Thomas McGuane, directed by Arthur Penn and starring Marlon Brando and Jack Nicholson, wait restlessly around the trucks and trailers while Penn, Brando, and Nicholson go over a scene in the latter's air-conditioned trailer. Brando's dresser, David Watson, leans over to pick something up and faints, hitting his head against the "honey wagon," the long trailer used by the other actors.

The heat registers 116 degrees on the thermometer outside Nicholson's trailer. The crew—numbering over a hundred; tanned, bearded, and bare-chested, wearing an assortment of hats from the props department and boots to protect them from rattlesnakes—are becoming impatient.

A voice comes over the walkie-talkie. "Has God's gift to the world appeared yet?"

"I didn't know I was working on a picture that had group therapy," complains a bearded gaffer, helping himself to another beer.

The company is filming on the vast Rosell Ranch, fifteen miles outside Billings, Montana. The prairie bristles with grasshoppers, their loud dry chatter breaking the stillness like the engine of a prewar plane. Wild flowing grass, puffballs, and sagebrush cover the soft, desolate mounds, split here and there by gulches and ravines (called coulees) running away as far as the eye can see into the distant Pryor Mountains, blue and austere like some moon landscape.

There is talk of setting up a pool.

"You should have seen the water fights we had in *The Towering Inferno,*" says another crew member. "It was the whole props department against the Los Angeles Fire Brigade."

At about four o'clock, Penn and the actors emerge. A small, wiry man, wearing dusty blue jeans and a white cowboy hat, Arthur Penn is grinning but he seems worried. The scene they are about to film is a crucial one between the two actors. Brando, a hired killer tracking down a band of outlaws led by Jack Nicholson, pays Nicholson a visit in the latter's newly planted garden.

The company moves down the hill to the outlaw's ranch, a log cabin in a valley, connected by a wooden bridge to the corral where they keep their horses. The garden, which was brought in pots from Billings that morning and carefully planted, has almost completely wilted. The props man is mildly hysterical.

"Oh, well," someone remarks helpfully, "he wasn't supposed to be a very good gardener anyway."

As soon as the shot is ready, the sky clouds over and a gale blows up, knocking over the umbrellas shading the cameras. Hats fly across the corral. Someone tries to hold down the cabbages. Goose-fleshed, the hosed observers regret their impulsive act. We are in the middle of a spectacular Montana thunderstorm. Lightning streaks and flashes in all directions and the sky shifts from sulphur to mother-of-pearl to black. A sheet of rain comes down.

Nicholson's mournful face, framed by a grimy, knotted Aunt Jemima handkerchief, peers up through the swaying beans. "I thought I was playing a hot one and now I'm playing a goddam cold scene," he says, brandishing a garden fork and shivering slightly in spite of his layers of tattered clothing.

Brando stands majestically by the garden rope, as though he were at the helm of a ship, his scarf and silver hair flowing in the wind. Tiles fly off the roof, horses whinny, and the gale topples some of the corn. But thousands of dollars have trickled away already today; and Penn is determined to get something, even if it is a shot that will be impossible to match.

Brando's cue cards are placed strategically among the cabbages—a futile effort really, since he changes his lines in every take and the executive producer's secretary must be on hand to take down every word in shorthand.

The two men confront each other across the cabbages like contestants in a boxing ring. Brando fires into the cabbages and aims at a passing airborne grasshopper. But soon it becomes clear that the scene isn't going to work. Brando, still in his costume—brown overcoat, breeches, and riding boots—takes off into the prairie on his red Honda.

"Oh, well, another day, another twenty-one grand," says Nicholson, emerging from the garden, the magical grin temporarily subdued by the spirit gum that blackens his teeth.

Considering that *The Missouri Breaks* is a big-budget Western, it has a surprisingly small cast. The actors number less than a dozen, apart from extras hired along the way. Over one-fourth of the eight-million-dollar budget went to the two stars, Brando collecting a million and a quarter, Nicholson a million.

The film is set in Montana in the 1880's. Brando plays the part of a gunman hired by a rich rancher (John McLiam) to track down a band of cattle and horse thieves led by Nicholson. Several of the finest actors around make up the rest of the cast, somewhat eclipsed by the publicity given the big duo. The gang of outlaws is played by Randy Quaid (who won an Oscar nomination for his role in *The Last Detail*), Harry Dean Stanton (who recently appeared in *Farewell, My Lovely* and *Rancho de Luxe*), Frederick Forrest, and John Ryan. The rancher's daughter (Nicholson's love-interest) is played by Kathleen Lloyd, a young California actress, who was discovered by Arthur Penn on a television show and is making her debut in films.

"I had a theoretical interest in writing a Western based on the idea that epic Westerns were wrong because they were overpopulated," says Thomas McGuane, who recently directed the movie of his novel *92 in the Shade*. "What was essentially epic about the West was that there was almost no one there."

McGuane, who lives on a ranch not far from Billings, based his screenplay on historical studies of a highly refined system of cattle and horse rustling that accompanied the settling of northern Montana. "The paradox was that some very decent people did some very wicked things."

My first day on the set, (Continued on page 198)

THE NEXT-TO-NAKED BATHING SUIT–NOTHING BUT COLOR!



Just when you're wishing that you could have in a bathing suit the feeling of freedom that goes with wearing no bathing suit at all, along comes: The Bathing Suit, so extra-super-ultra thin—if it weren't for the marvelous color, you'd never know you had it on!... **Nothing but red,** top—no darts, no seaming under the bosom, no bra inside—a wonderful maillot (for a figure of the same description!). Gottex of Israel; Lycra and nylon; about $38. Lord & Taylor; Wanamaker's; Jordan Marsh, Fla.; Marie Leavell; Balliet's; Bullock's. **The perfect tank suit,** directly above —a skin of bright violet scooped low in front, cut high on the leg. Roxanne; Antron nylon and Lycra; about $22. Bloomingdale's; Wanamaker's; Woodward & Lothrop; Jordan Marsh, Fla.; Bullock's; Liberty House, Hawaii. These 6 pages: hair, Harry King; makeup, Way Bandy.

PENN


THE NEXT-TO-NAKED BATHING SUIT-NOTHING BUT COLOR!
PENN

For the most sun, the least bikini, top—the thinnest little pieces of silk jersey in a wonderful non-printy print of peach, mauve, black, and white. Perfect covering to own with it: a matching drawstring skirt to the ankle. By Leonard. Bikini, $70. Skirt, $180. At Bergdorf Goodman; Martha, Palm Beach, Bal Harbour; I. Magnin, Palm Springs. **The one-shoulder maillot,** directly above, held with a "gold" clasp—the line, the soft peach coloring—if you're in shape, you're in luck! By Patou, of nylon and Lycra. $125. At Nan Duskin.

PENN

THE NEXT-TO-NAKED BATHING SUIT–NOTHING BUT COLOR!

Brilliant new color—new line!—of a maillot, top: a sleek skin of vivid turquoise with a low square neck, low square back with thin crisscross straps. Cole of California; nylon and Lycra. About $26. Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin. **A slip of a maillot,** center: the surprise of bright, clear yellow in ombré stripes. Anne Klein for Penfold. About $36. Lord & Taylor; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Hudson's; Swanson's; Neusteters; Bullock's.

BY W. B. HARRIS

TOP FLOWER

big, beautiful, and now repeatable. An expert who started with eight-foot delphiniums tells how to love, grow, reproduce these amazers from cuttings

EDITOR'S NOTE: *W. B. Harris, who grew the delphinium dazzler at right, on his famed White Flower Farm at Litchfield, Connecticut, signs the editorials in his nursery's catalogue: A. Pettingill.*

"Queen of Flowers" is a name the delphinium carries well. Grow them from seed and, the following year, the eight-foot plants startle and amaze one. This happened to me thirty-five years ago. Of course, I had to work; and it never crossed my mind to give up sex, but I gave up nearly everything else. To become a gardener. Without those eighteen delphinium seedlings, it would never have happened. Since then I've observed that many gardeners, even though they admire hybrid delphiniums, are either awed or frightened at the thought of growing them. This is understandable.

Until recently, breeders have sought height with the top half of the eight-to-ten-foot stalk covered with the largest possible flowers. Unless in the calm of a walled garden, such plants blow over if not staked; if so much as a zephyr comes their way, some will collapse when loaded with dew. But in the last twenty years, particularly in England where most of the hybridizing has been done, breeders have produced varieties with wiry stems which grow to five or six feet, and a race of dwarfs that rarely grow more than four feet tall with their leaves lush and close to the ground, the remainder of the stalk covered with flowers.

The genus *Delphinium* is a large race of plants having over two hundred species; and, since hybridizing began toward the middle of the nineteenth century, no one really knows how many varieties exist, not even the prestigious British Delphinium Society (25 Slabury Lane, Holland-on-Sea, Essex, England. Foreign membership, $2. The annual *Yearbook* is excellent; members make seed available to each other). Many of the species are herbaceous perennials. There are a few annuals: one, *D. ajacis,* or annual larkspur, is a delight in its newer forms. Almost all delphinium species are found in the Northern Hemisphere. They make their homes in the woods and prairies of the United States and Canada and the baked plains, as well as in the Sierras of California, the high plateaus of Tibet, the Swiss Alps, the dry and rocky lands bordering the Mediterranean, and the forests of Central Europe. The hybrids demand a relatively cool climate.

Botanists of ancient Greece, men who indulged in charmingly picturesque language, called the species of that time delphinium, after the dolphin *(delphis,* in Greek); and writers ever since have been saying that they can see no resemblance between the flower and the animal. There isn't any. Those ancient botanists were merely imagining similarities between two graceful forms of life, for that was what botanists did in those simple unscientific days. The genus is very old. Delphinium was cultivated in ancient Egypt; dried specimens of *D. orientale,* still retaining traces of their color, have been found in the tomb of King Amasis I who dates back to 1545 B.C. Most of the species are blue, others purplish or white, and two California natives, *cardinale* and *hudicaule,* are scarlet-orange and red, respectively.

(Continued on page 204)

Close-up of **Cinderella**
This mauve beauty—a "dwarf" variety, about forty inches high—was grown from a "mini-minor" cutting

PENN



Conductor Leonard Bernstein, wife Felicia, and children at home in their romantic family-album Manhattan apartment

Being

Bernsteins

In library, Leonard Bernstein at harpsichord. Left to right—wife Felicia, Jamie, Alexander (with his dog, Sonia), Nina.

Continued on next page



Leonard Bernstein seen, bow-tying, through the romantic doorway that connects his room with wife Felicia's.

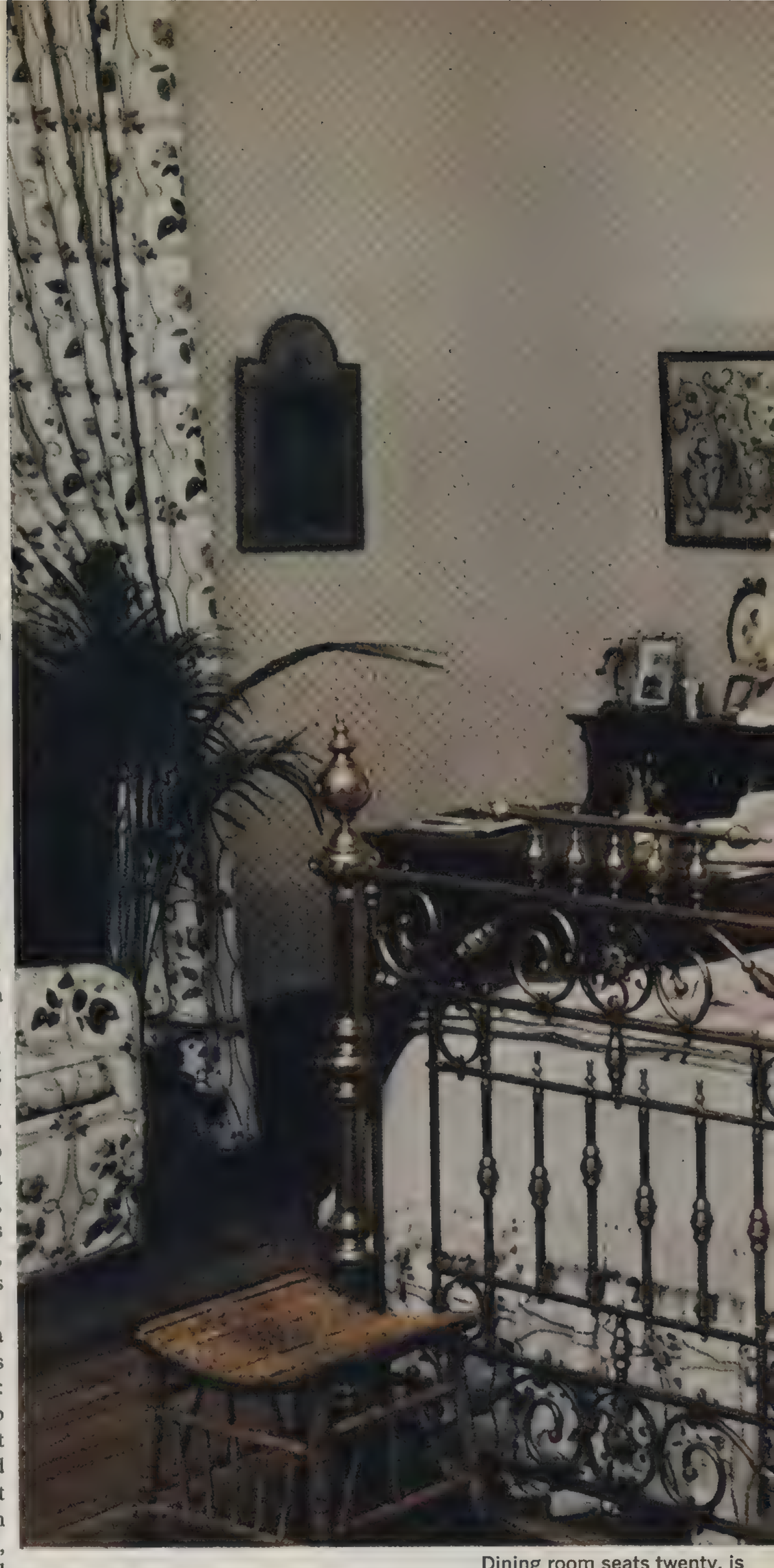
Bernstein treasures come from everywhere: junk shops, antiquaires here and abroad, friends

Being Bernsteins means a life chockablock with rehearsals, openings, global touring, a perpetual flux of friends and relatives—superstars, country cousins all mixed. This month, conductor-composer-teacher-performer Leonard Bernstein is scheduled to open his Broadway-bound musical, *1600 Pennsylvania Avenue*. Next month, he conducts Beethoven's *Fidelio* at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. On TV, Lenny will be batoning Mahler's Eighth Symphony. But, the moment you enter any apartment or house in which the Bernsteins live, you immediately know that you are somewhere very special, having nothing to do with the celebrity of father Lenny, having everything to do with his and wife Felicia's (married twenty-four years) ability to have a thriving, love-and-admire-one-another family life, to create a family-album ambience in which to live it. There are five Bernsteins, including daughter Jamie, twenty-three, a writer; Alexander, twenty, at Harvard; Nina, thirteen, at Brearley; plus one small, shrewd white poodle and Julia, the family housekeeper these twenty-one years and a family star. "And," says Felicia Bernstein, a fragile-seeming, pastel-colored, very pretty woman, "we are all musical, even Tooky, our dog—he sort of likes to lie down and listen."

Even when Jamie, Alexander, and Nina were very young, Lenny and Felicia never treated them as children but as people, strongly individual, sometimes amusing people. Which does not mean that the Bernsteins are permissive parents: they believe in the "old-fashioned" virtues. And they are marvelous hosts; so are their children. "Our friends are their friends," says Felicia. "We always want their friends to be our friends. Wherever we live is open house. Alexander had a group of card-playing sharpies who were his schoolmates. He always brought them home. It was like a club. But, at least, I knew where he was." And even when Lenny and Felicia have been busiest (she is actress Felicia Montealegre), they always have made magical family times—definite hours when they are all together, drink-times, unexpected surprise times, glorious holiday times. This is a game-loving family—anagrams and other word games, music jousts, board games. All sorts of larky family jokes. And movies—they've made elaborate, hilarious movies, especially in their secluded ramble of a country house—movies involving everyone who happened on the scene. In their family version of *Tosca*, filmed to Maria Callas' recordings, Lenny is monster-villain Scarpia; Felicia, distraught heroine Tosca; and lyricist-composer Stephen Sondheim, the supporting cast. In *His Father's Son*, Lenny's mother and father are American Indians. "I guess," says Felicia, "that it's fun to be at home. So we've always been a very close family. And—oh, the children are such nice people!"

The Bernsteins' in-Manhattan apartment (these two pages, the two preceding) is a complex of old-world huge-to-middling rooms in the legendary Dakota, an 1880-ish fortress-like apartment building that looks as if it belonged on the cover of a Gothic novel. "I fell in love with this place because this is the way I like to live," says Felicia. "This house spoke to me. I felt it was waiting for me—with its sense of the past, its high ceilings, architectural details,(Continued on page 203)

AVEDON



Felicia Bernstein in Halston pink on her Russian brass bed.

Dining room seats twenty, is a mysteriously fin-de-siècle nighttime room.



Conservatory-like living room houses antique wicker, is airy with plants. Felicia on sea-green couch.

All the rooms in the Bernstein flat are family rooms. Here, in the living room, the Bernsteins making music on two baby grands.





beauty now

Imagine yourself, if you will, as a sort of superwoman, with all the beauty resources of the world at your disposal—the possibilities are endless...

SUPER SKIN

and the big-time ways to get it

Tension, poor diet, bad circulation, no muscle tone—these factors and more, all contribute to the creation of problem skin—and must all be corrected before the skin can be expected to respond. As the largest organ in the body, the skin is usually the place where others can most readily read the story of our lives. For that reason alone, people have striven for centuries to make their skins as smooth, as clear, and as perfect as possible. In fact, the oldest medical document extant, the Papyrus Ebers, 1500 B.C., recommends abrading the skin with a mixture of meals, honey, and milk, and annointing the face to "make it smooth."

Our objectives have not changed radically in 3,500 years, although scientists have developed many more effective techniques for achieving them. Today's news heralds a return to one of our earliest concepts—that one part of the body cannot be treated without treating the whole. This is basically what big-time beauty treatments are all about: they seek to beautify the skin by attacking problems, not merely symptoms.

WATER WORKS

Today, water therapy is not limited to mineral springs—it can be used as a tool for massage, it can be ionized to improve circulation, and, as sea water, it can be utilized for a system of healing called: thalassotherapy. At Forest Mere, one of England's top health spas, clients lie in a giant tub while a physiotherapist applies a powerful underwater spray to problem areas of the body. This **Underwater Massage** has an instant remedial effect on circulation and muscle tone, they say. The **Ion Bath** at La Costa is given to people whose body skin is puffy, rough, and neglected. The treatment is taken in a box similar to a steam cabinet, where steam combines with carbon dioxide and positive and negative ions to help open and cleanse pores. **Thalassotherapy,** the use of heated, fresh, unpolluted seawater for inhalations and baths, is a primary treatment at the Renaissance Revitalization Spa in Nassau, the Bahamas, as well as in over fifty institutions in Europe. It is thought that the sea's trace minerals and minute biological entities have a rejuvenating effect on the entire system.

why WAX?

Elizabeth Arden's Ardena Wax Bath helps to free the system of acids, soothes stiffness, and achieves slimmer lines through the loss of puffiness. The body is wrapped in pure white wax, then in a warm blanket. After half an hour, wax is removed, skin is like velvet.

try HERBS

The Spa at Palm-Aire, Pompano Beach, Florida, gives an Herbal Wrap whose purpose is to draw excess fluids and impurities from the skin. Combining the ancient Egyptian custom of wrapping the body with the Far Eastern belief in the healing power of herbs, the Herbal Wrap begins with a few minutes in a Turkish bath to increase surface temperature of the body. The guest is then wrapped in unbleached linen sheets which have been soaked in a specially prepared herbal solution, of camomile (tranquilizing), eucalyptus (drawing power), and spearmint and peppermint (aroma and cleansing effect), mixed fresh daily.

from the SEA

Beauty in all its ramifications, including the effort, the energy that goes into creating and maintaining it, has long fascinated Helmut Newton. The photographs on these six pages are the result of some of his explorations into the realm of the big-time beauty makers. What appears to be mud in the photograph at right is in fact fresh seaweed from the bay of Mont-Saint-Michel in France where it is pounded and frozen on the spot. The treatment is called Balneotherapy and is available in Paris only at Centre Bjorn. Iodine and other elements found in the seaweed seem to have a tonic effect on skin. This treatment ends with a strong water massage that leaves the body fresh and tingling.

A psychiatrist affiliated with Rockefeller University, Harry K. Panjwani asserts that the best physical and mental corrective procedures are natural ones.

use SALT

"Natural ingredients and not pharmacological ones are best suited to maintain overall body harmony."

In addition to the famous Mineral Waters and Tule Mud Baths at Murrieta Hot Springs Resort–Hotel–Country Club–Spa, their Salt Rub is particularly effective in stimulating and revitalizing skin. The body is massaged with a combination of salt and oils which remove surface cells, rev up circulation, and leave skin pink and smooth.

HELMUT NEWTON



SUPER SKIN

No matter what age or condition your skin is in, better diet, more exercise, and improved care are *guaranteed* to make it better. Where else in life can you find such a sure thing?

PEEL

According to Dr. Jay G. Barnett, a New York dermatologist connected with Metropolitan Hospital and New York Medical College, **dermabrasion** and **chemical peeling** are going to be used more and more to soften out lines that face-lifts cannot erase and to remove various effects of sun damage and acne scarring. Dermabrasion, done with a wire brush or diamond fraise, is technically the more difficult procedure, since it demands considerably more manual dexterity than a chemical peel. Dr. Barnett points out that, since with everything good comes risk, one must be aware that either operation carries the danger of pigmentary changes that can last for a while and in some cases will be permanent. The most difficult skins to treat are Oriental and light-brown tones, because the exact skin shade is sometimes difficult to regain, less so with pigmentation of Black or Caucasian skin. Both dermabrasion and chemical peeling are serious procedures which should never be done by anyone but a doctor. **Superficial peeling,** performed in reputable facial salons can have a positive and beneficial effect. Aida Grey's Progressive Exfolliation, for example, using steam and vegetable extracts, is a safe and gentle rejuvenator.

CIRCULATION boost

At Elizabeth Arden, one of the most popular treatments is the Scotch Hose: an attendant stands about ten feet away and expertly plays a powerful spray of water against muscles in the thighs and back. Not only does this stimulate circulation, it is also good for muscular problems and arthritis. A wealth of machines designed to revive sluggish and aging skin can be found at Christine Valmy Salons. Used to treat cellulite, the Biotrone-Active has large metal suction cups that act as a strong vacuum cleaner, while Sondyne, a powerful current of air, massages the body with ten times more strength than hand massage. In addition, Ms. Valmy also works with electrical currents and rotating brushes to help tone and firm flabby tissue, break down fatty deposits, and reshape body areas.

Says one expert in massage, "Where circulation is poor, skin can be rough, bumpy, and hard; when I work on it, skin starts to change, to rid itself of toxins."

join NOW

Have you noticed more glowing skins on any of your friends who've taken the Health Club route? Not surprising, since most good health clubs have a wide variety of services geared to getting the skin and body in first-rate shape. The national chain of European Health Club Spas, for example, has both passive and active exercise equipment. In the former, rollers and vibrators massage and stimulate; while in the latter, pulley systems attached to weights are used to work on specific problems. In New York, The Health Club for Women, known for working wonders on flabby muscle tone, offers supervised exercise, a sauna room, steam room, needle showers, and Swedish massage. As one passionate member says, "A health club is the best buy I ever made—for one basic fee, I can take advantage of a whole world of classes, equipment, and services!"

good HANDS

"Massage can have a profound effect on the central nervous system," says Jack Hofkosh, director of physical therapy at the Institute of Rehabilitation Medicine in New York. "If it's done to relax, it will relax; if for stimulation, it will stimulate. Massage also has a cleansing as well as psychological effect—it brings the blood supply closer to the skin and helps remove waste material that collects in pockets." Depending on your needs, there are various types of massage. At the Ingrid Millet Beauty Institute in Paris, a Kinestherapy massage, seen at right, is used to control cellulite. In New York, Joan Witkowski, a muscular therapist, does a deep muscular massage that she describes as being "not too far from Rolfing. I get really deeply into the fascia (muscle tissue) and get the circulation moving in the muscle. I've seen incredible changes in people's bodies—their muscles relax and lie flat, and they start to lengthen out and narrow down. I think flexible muscles go a long way toward keeping us alive and well, help us utilize energy better."

SKIN FOOD

Belief that the skin needs a nutritious external diet as well as a healthy internal one leads many experts to feed it a wide variety of soothing or stimulating products. In her European Skin Care Center in Denver, Ilona of Hungary hydrates skins with herbal solutions using a *pulverisateur* to spray herbal mixture—camomile for dry skin, mint combined with healing grasses for oily skin; all mixed with Kristal mineral water. To skin that is losing its elasticity, Ilona applies placenta, a substance that has recently come into fairly wide usage and which, according to Dr. Irwin Lubowe, author of *The Modern Guide to Skin Care and Beauty,* can be effective. "I think placenta does some good for old, wrinkled, and rough skin—the same can be said of collagen—but you have to remember that to get a result, there must be penetration through the layers of the skin." Hence, the steaming and electrical procedures used by facial salons when feeding skin.

HELMUT NEWTON



SUPER SKIN

beauty now

In discussing the aging process, a plastic surgeon explained that one element is the atrophy, or sagging, of muscles. "Since plastic surgery does not literally correct this, a certain amount of mild electrical stimulation is helpful for toning."

anti WRINKLE

Face-lifts are not always the answer to completely removing wrinkles from the aging skin, says Dr. Blair Rogers, attending surgeon, department of plastic surgery, Manhattan Eye, Ear and Throat Hospital and associate professor of clinical surgery, New York University Medical Center. "A few of my patients will often be pleased with their face-lifts but unhappy about forehead lines. Although we use liquid silicone for minor imperfections about the face, injecting it into all deep frown lines can make the forehead look shiny and masklike. Instead, I sometimes send patients to Elizabeth Ungar Skin Care, Inc., in New York. The staff has a method of using electrolysis to lay down a thin layer of scar tissue under each wrinkle—it diminishes lines in a most natural way." In addition to the electric needle treatments, the people at Elizabeth Ungar have developed a special, gentle cleaning system to use after plastic surgery.

for YOU

At the Adrien Arpel Skin Science Laboratory—now in over 300 department stores—your skin will be scientifically diagnosed and given a Cosmetic Compatibility Test. Try it!

ACNE

Long a powerful ally in the fight against acne, Tetracycline has been found to have an unexpected benefit. Explains Dr. Robert P. Herwick, dermatologist, on the faculty of the University of California, San Francisco, "In this past year we have discovered that Tetracycline not only kills bacteria but has a specific blocking action on the enzyme (lipase) that clogs oil secretions. Another advance is the increasing use of the chemical form of vitamin A, known commercially as Retin-A. This product penetrates well and loosens the clogged oil." Dr. Herwick believes that, in most cases of acne, "The cleansing procedure is very important because many blemishes are due to a clogging of the sebaceous glands." An excellent therapy used in Aida Grey Salons and at Palm-Aire is Facial Firm, a combination of Infra-Ray Heat Mask, herbs, and steam.

"Watch out! If someone says, 'I will promise you a wrinkle-free face,' run the other way," warns one expert.

via MIST

The ionized mist photographed at right at the Ingrid Millet Beauty Institute in Paris is one of the most useful tools in the skin-care field. "I think the molecular oxygen mist is of number-one importance in skin care," says Judie Sans, director of the Glemby Skin Care Spas. "The mist has the ability to open up skin, purge it of impurities, and at the same time feed it oxygen." Magic Mist, an apparatus that produces this ionized steam, creates the free oxygen by means of a high-frequency current charged into the water vapor.



HELMUT NEWTON



the hot-weather clothes you can never find in summer









Drawstring pants, left—the pants everyone loves to ease around in (and to wear with perfect little scoop-neck T-shirts like this)—cool and pretty in shades-of-blue seashell print. By Lilly Pulitzer. Polyester-and-cotton pants (Key West Fabric), about $35; nylon T-shirt, about $14. Lord & Taylor; Nan Duskin; Montaldo's; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Miss Jackson's. Makeup, Ariella.

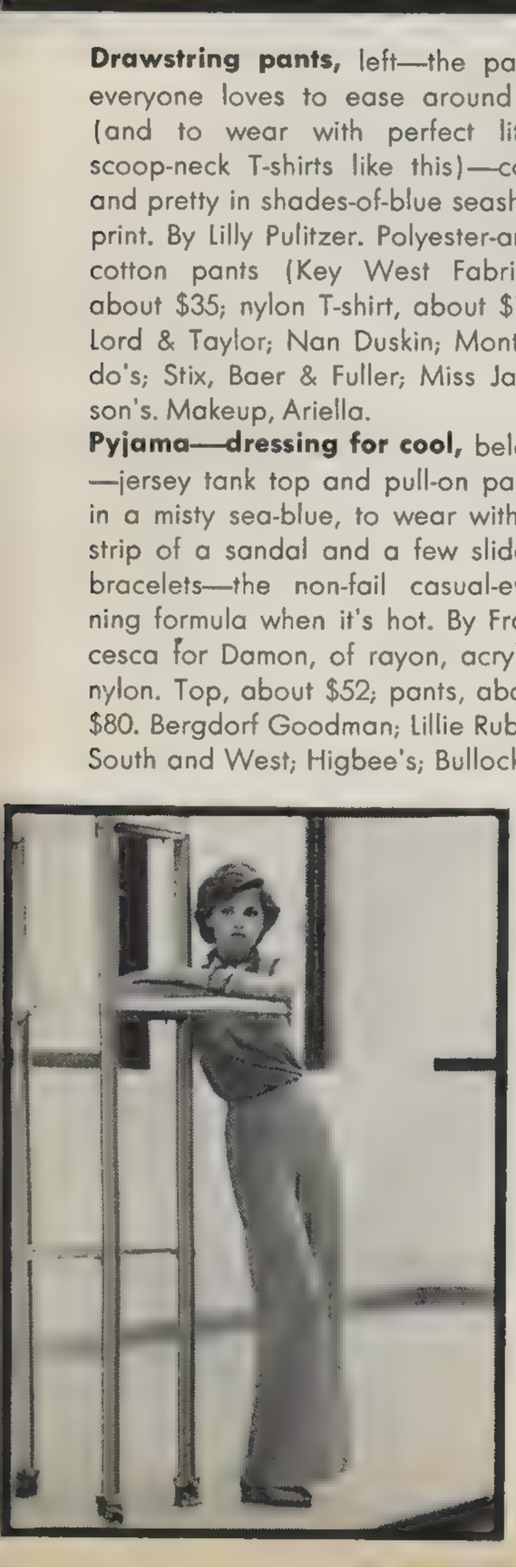
Pyjama—dressing for cool, below—jersey tank top and pull-on pants in a misty sea-blue, to wear with a strip of a sandal and a few slide-y bracelets—the non-fail casual-evening formula when it's hot. By Francesca for Damon, of rayon, acrylic, nylon. Top, about $52; pants, about $80. Bergdorf Goodman; Lillie Rubin-South and West; Higbee's; Bullock's.

The best (i.e., trimmest!) walking shorts, directly above—not too long, not too short. Cuffed and trouser-pleated white cotton, to pull together with a white cotton safari shirt and red hemp tie-belt—super fresh! By Calvin Klein. Shorts (Crantex cotton broadcloth), about $40. Shirt (J. P. Stevens cotton percale), about $34. Bonwit Teller; May D & F; Joseph Magnin.

To grab when you see, top right—cotton short shorts in *navy*. Just add a white cotton T-shirt—and don't miss the navy-and-white checked cotton jacket; you'll live in it this summer. By Dana Cote D'Azur. Shorts, about $30; T-shirt, about $52; checked jacket, about $75. All, at Dana Cote D'Azur; Claire Pearone; Lou Lattimore.

The jumpsuit, above right—this season's pants-look to watch!—extra charming in cotton-shirting stripes of pinks, reds, white. John Kloss for the Kreisler Group, about $118. Late December, Bergdorf Goodman; Lillie Rubin-South and West; The Denver; I. Magnin.

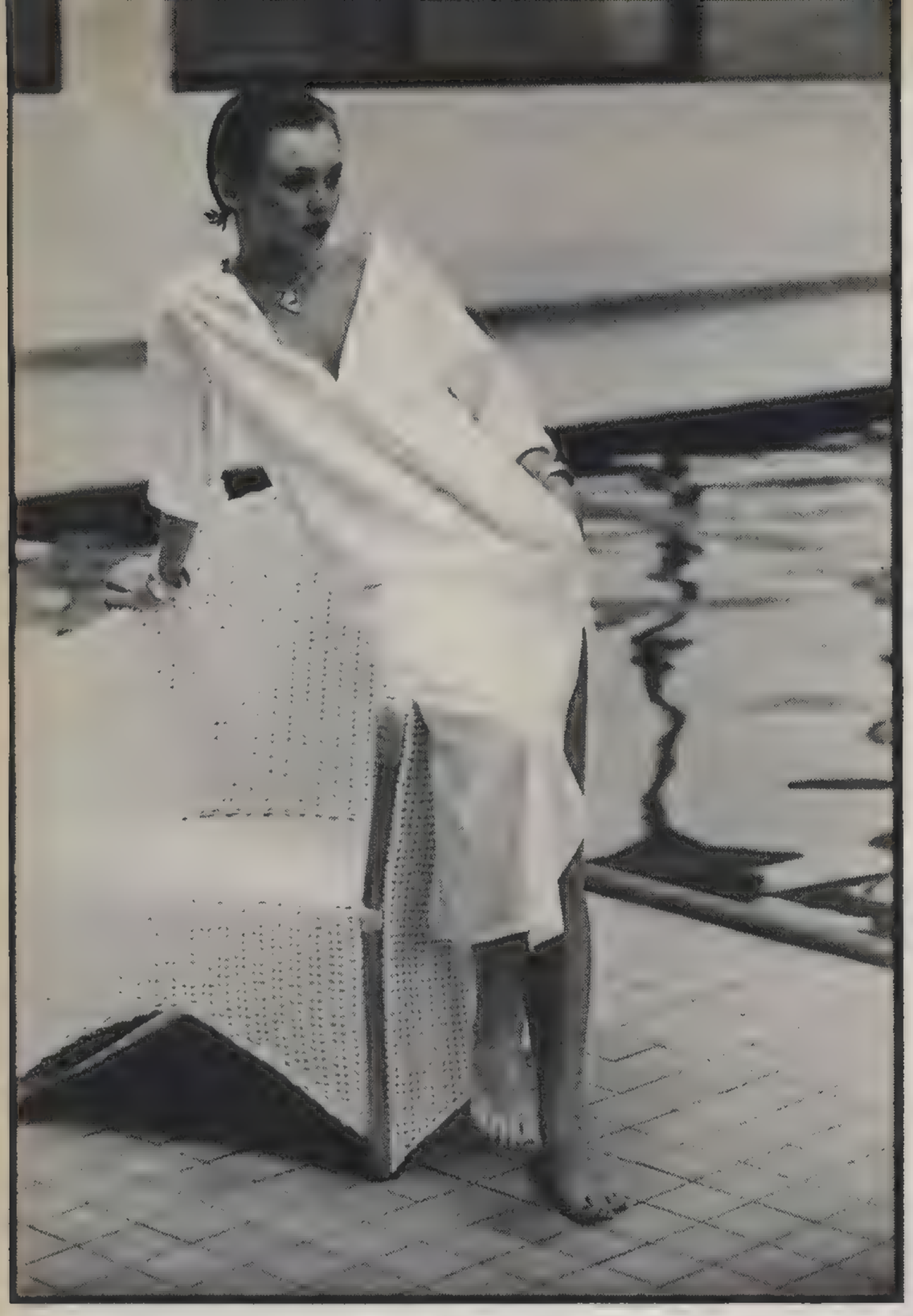
The jumpsuit for easy evenings, right—new summer-weather turn on a pyjama, in a thin stretch jersey herringbone of brown and white . . . zipped, tied, super-comfortable. By Robert-David Morton; Jupiter jersey of Antron lycra. About $178. Bonwit Teller; Lillie Rubin-South and West; Stanley Korshak; Miss Jackson's. Hair, these six pages: Christiaan. Everything photographed at the Waterside Swim & Health Club in New York. Accessories, next to last page.



Whether you need them now or you're planning ahead, you're going to be needing the clothes on these pages—new versions of everyone's favorite things to live in when it's warm ...starting with PANTS

THEO

...the hot-weather clothes you can never find in summer











SKIRTS with tops...skirts as part of a dress, skirts every way! They're what everyone loves most in summer—cool, easy. And super-pretty with bare tanned legs, a bare little strip of a sandal.





The coolest!—*far left above*—a breeze of a caftan in thin white cotton with a hood and shoestring-tied neckline—the best sun cover anywhere. Mic Mac. About $68. Henri Bendel; Country Club Fashions.

Pretty new look of a top, *far left below*—for skirts and pants: Saint Laurent's white ribbed cotton knit top with multicolor ribbon edging and a bare back held by two small ties. Yves Saint Laurent Tricots; about $42. Mid-January, Bloomingdale's; I. Magnin.

The dress that goes, *left*—the silky navy-and-white print that comes with its own thin little navy blazer. Nat Kaplan. Dress, of Qiana nylon; blazer, of wool and polyester. About $198. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Montaldo's; Jacobson's; Sakowitz.



The perfect summer knit, *top left*—a boat-necked T-shirt of a dress in beige pinstriped in navy and red. By Goldworm, of polyester and linen. About $110. Lord & Taylor.

Sundressing, *top right*—the dress with the cool and charm of an English country garden—blue-and-white "Staffordshire" print cotton with a bare cross-strap back. By Malia Honolulu. About $40. Jordan Marsh, Florida; Jacobson's; Neiman-Marcus.

Two-piece dressing at its most appealing, *above*—natural crinkle cotton top with small cap sleeves, scallop edges rimmed in coral, and a matching skirt with coral embroidery on the pockets and hem. Gil Aimbez for Genre. Top, about $34; skirt, about $52. Early January, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Hudson's; Neiman-Marcus.

Delicious to slip into, *above*—the dress that's like a long peasant smock: royal-blue embroidered cotton gauze with drawstring top, and elasticized cuffs to push up. Carol Horn's Habitat. About $68. Henri Bendel; Bullock's; Meier & Frank.

The thing of wrapping, of showing a pretty back, *left*—a charming little back-wrap handkerchief top in navy-and-white cotton print, to wear with a natural cotton wrap dirndl. Gil Aimbez for Genre. Top, about $36; skirt, about $40. Bloomingdale's; Rich's; Kaufmann's; Hudson's. Accessories, next to last page this issue.

THEO





After-beach dressing, *left:* pieces of thin white terry cloth—a boat-neck bodysuit and an ankle-length skirt to pull on over it . . . when you've been in the sun all day and you want to be just a little bit dressed after, this is a nifty, one-two-three way to do it! By Estevez Resort Sport, in cotton. Bodysuit, about $30. Skirt, about $34. Early Jan., Jacobson's; Neiman-Marcus; Bullock's Wilshire.

Breeze-dressing, *above*—the wrap-and-tie yellow terry tank top and matching pull-on skirt that gets you together in no time flat—if you need to add just one new around-the-beach dress, don't miss this one! By Giovanni de Moura, of cotton and polyester. Skirt, about $25. Top, about $21. Jax, N.Y.; Roslyn Sailor, Palm Beach.

The perfect beach jacket, *above right:* long enough, warm enough, super-easy—Geoffrey Beene's thick white terry velours with sleeves to roll and practical pockets. By Geoffrey Beene Tennis of cotton velours, about $76. Bonwit Teller; Neusteters; Bullock's.

For bikini collectors, *below right*—the stretch terry bikini in a pale, pretty blue with its own matching drawstring skirt. By Anne Klein, of cotton and nylon, about $80. Saks Fifth Avenue; Marie Leavell; I. Magnin.

Everybody's favorite wrapper-upper, *opposite:* the cozy pretty kimono robe to just fall into after swimming, after showering—anywhere! Blue-and-white printed cotton lined in white cotton terry. By Anne Klein, about $160. Saks Fifth Avenue; Kaufmann's; Hudson's; L.S. Ayres; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. All accessories, next to last page.





TERRY!—the all-around hot-weather fabric. To wear everywhere—on the beach, off the beach. For skirts, tops, robes—everything!

...the
hot-weather
clothes
you can
never find
in summer





CHRISTMAS FEASTING
NEW add pleasure, not pounds

BY ARTHUR GOLD AND ROBERT FIZDALE

Santa Claus is a fatty—and small wonder! Overeating at Christmastime is as traditional as the heavily laden Christmas tree and the bulging stockings hanging from the mantelpiece. Recently we discussed this weighty problem with Michel Guérard, the superb young French chef who has made dieting glamorous. Guérard is one of the brightest new stars in the culinary firmament and certainly the most widely interviewed.

As almost everyone must know by now, when Michel Guérard married slender Christine Barthélémy, he was overweight. When pills and diets didn't work, he devised a new cuisine that is as tempting as the rich traditional *haute cuisine* he was famous for—without using any butter, oil, flour, or sugar, except the natural sugar found in fruit. Michel lost fifteen pounds in a month (eating two delicious meals every day); and Christine, following his new diet right along with him, looked more ravishingly slender than ever. They live in a state of marital and culinary bliss at their wonderful country inn and spa at Eugénie-les-Bains in Southwest France.

Of holiday hazards to the figure, Guérard said: "To maintain *la ligne* as the holidays approach, *voilà le problème*. Christmas, when everyone is giving parties, is a dangerous, dangerous time." Suddenly, the dynamic Michel looked pensive for a moment. "*Hélas,* we can't eat the way we did as children," he said. "When I was a child—and I wanted to be a chef even then—the French idea of a *fête* was to eat as much rich food as possible. At Christmas feasts in the country, people would sit down at noon to an enormous dinner that somehow merged imperceptibly into an equally enormous supper and did not leave the table for twelve hours.

"From time to time everyone would have *le trou normand,* a shot of Calvados or Marc de Bourgogne, which makes a 'hole' in the stomach large enough to accommodate the next few courses. They would eat *le Bon Jésus,* a sausage studded with truffles and served with buttery pureed potatoes. Even the turkeys were stuffed with fresh *foie gras. C'était le paradis* but oh! so fattening!

"And how the children loved the *brioches pralinées* and the *bûches de Noël,* those Christmas logs so rich with chocolate butter cream they didn't know if it was the *bûche* or the sip of Château d'Yquem that came with it that made them feel so drunk. Many country people still overindulge in that way. But we must put all that behind us. Anyone over twenty-five should not eat like a greedy child.

"Besides, I feel it is better for the liver *and* the figure, more considerate to one's guests, and far more fun to get up from the table feeling light and full of energy. With a Gallic twinkle and we-shall-overcome look in his eye, Michel described to us how he and Christine planned to celebrate the holidays with gala, festive fare and not gain a pound. At right, the Guérard stay-slim Christmas Menu; pictures of all four dishes are on the following two pages. Guérard's New Year menu and recipes for both meals begin on page 42.

This year, cook smart: MICHEL GUÉRARD'S cuisine-minceur (stay-slim cooking) menus, recipes for Christmas and the New Year—plus his dream-don't-eat tree of petits fours

Christmas Menu

Consommé Clairet aux Griottes
(clear consommé with cherries)

Homard en Navarin
(lobster stew with vegetables)

Gigot de Poulette
(stuffed chicken legs)

Soufflé aux Poires
(pear soufflé)

Sugar-fantasy Tree

French chef Michel Guérard dreams "visions of sugarplums" without leaving his low-calorie cuisine: a Parisian Christmas tree of sweetmeats and petits fours. This eye-feast of sugary riches lets his devotees bask in butterfat, swim in sucrose—vicariously. Luckily for waistlines, cakes and candies are fixed in place, delight without really tempting. Who would dare to spoil his gorgeous ornament—and risk picking up extra poundage in the steal?

KAREN RADKAI

Consommé Clairet aux Griottes

(CLEAR CONSOMMÉ WITH CHERRIES)

Homard en Navarin

(LOBSTER STEW WITH VEGETABLES)

Soufflé aux Poires

(PEAR SOUFFLÉ)

Gigot de Poulette

(STUFFED CHICKEN LEGS)

By Sandra McElwaine

Our Washington eye vacations in Jordan, goes sky-hopping with the King



Wearing his "Arafat hat," a red-and-white checked kaffiyeh, Andrew McElwaine with his mother, Sandra, similarly sun-shaded.

My trip to Jordan—the most enthralling holiday of my life and the one I'd most like to repeat—began early one morning at Orly Sud in Paris. A scowling airport security guard, after rummaging excitedly through my suitcase, extricated my Carmen curlers, shook them violently, decided they were not as dangerous as they appeared, and moved on to confiscate my fourteen-year-old son's Swiss army knife. It had fifteen blades, and I could see he had a point there!

Twenty minutes later the same guard ended up across the aisle from us on the airplane, grinning from ear to ear as we began our five-and-a-half-hour flight to Amman. To while away the time, we tried desperately to communicate, discussing—through a series of grunts, groans, and complicated hand gestures—the exact nature of his dangerous work.

There was no way. My knowledge of Arabic consisted of three carefully rehearsed words, *shukran,* thank you; *sabah el khair,* good morning; and *khudni al otel,* take me to the hotel! Seeing my utter desperation, a marvelous-looking gentleman in the seat ahead, with a flowing white beard and dressed in long black robes, jumped into the fray. With his Italian, my French, my son's Spanish, a great camaraderie arose and soon we were all nodding with delight and a modicum of comprehension; and I did translate the fact that the Biblical-looking gentleman was the Patriarch of Armenia, head of the Armenian Apostolic Church, on his way to Jordan for a state visit and surrounded by an entourage of archbishops. The whole group were bejeweled with the most dazzling amount of sparkling ecclesiastical rings and crosses I had ever seen.

Arriving in Amman, we exited on the heels of the Patriarch, swore eternal friendship, and were whisked away through the chilly desert night air to the Inter-Continental Hotel.

In Amman, practically anything of any social note takes place within the Inter-Continental's walls. It is where the Jordanians, truly among the friendliest people in the world (their first words are always, "welcome, welcome"), indulge in what they call "passing-by." They do not believe in the telephone. They simply appear on the threshold at any hour of the day or night, and state in person what they have to say. During my visit, my not-too-neat bedroom seemed the social center of the city. As many as three or four people at a time would pass by to check on my welfare. When I was out or asleep or in the bathtub, they would wait in the lobby until I appeared, collecting other chums who were also passing-by. The trip became an instant ten-day party.

Besides socializing, one of the most important preoccupations of Jordanian life is a deep interest in the country's antiquities. The treasures of Jordan are little-known in the outside world, a situation that King Hussein is anxious to remedy. "We are an open museum," he said, "every civilization has left its imprint. What we have here belongs to the world as a whole, not just to us. We want to keep on excavating new sites, but first we must preserve what we have."

And what they have is mind-boggling! The two most famous historical sites are Jerash and Petra. Jerash, often called the Pompeii of the Middle East, is a Greco-Roman city that flourished in the first and second centuries, standing in the middle of the desert, much of it still covered by sand, incredibly preserved and restored. It has fabulous temples, columns, and fountains, and miles and miles of streets with stone paving blocks that still bear the ruts from the ancient Roman chariot wheels.

Petra, "the rose-red city half as old as time," is truly a jewel in Jordan's crown. Lost to the world for centuries, this elaborate rock-carved tomb city was the stronghold of the Nabataean tribe until conquered by Rome. Completely hidden in the mountains of southern Jordan, Petra is penetrable only on foot or horseback through the *Siq,* a narrow opening in its two-hundred-foot cliffs. Led by cigarette-puffing young Arab boys, our horses clopped along and the Roman ruins and elaborate Nabataean tombs and caves floated by. We felt as if time had never touched a thing and fervently prayed it never would.

There are many other wonders in Jordan: Kerak, a vast crusader castle where Saladin finally defeated the invaders; Madaba, which contains a sixth-century mosaic map of Palestine; Ajlun, the only remaining Arabic fort built to repel the crusaders; and various exotic Omayyad desert pleasure castles. Many of these are best seen by helicopter, and Jordan's King is apt at a moment's notice to take off in his French Alouette for any of these spots, as I learned when I was invited to call on him.

I arrived at the palace at the appointed hour, 5 P.M., in the cream-colored Mercedes that was sent to collect me. My only immediate problem was that I had a soaking wet head. Believe me, things can be organized quickly, even by royalty, and my appointment with His Majesty was determined as I was about to go under the hair dryer. "Never mind," I thought, "I cannot keep the King waiting," so I forgot the dryer, threw on a dress, and went.

My greeting could not have been more hospitable. The King and I had met once briefly in Washington; and, as he entered the room, King Hussein strode toward me and said, "Sandra, how could you have been in Jordan for a week and not let me know?" Flattered and flabbergasted, I mumbled something about his being rather busy and having other things to do.

Over glorious mint tea (the Arabs do not drink alcohol), we chatted about the King's pride in his country, his interest in archaeology, and his hopes for the women of Jordan. At this point we were joined by Queen Alia, who was educated in New York, and animatedly discussed the Women's Movement.

After little more than an hour, I decided it was time to go. As His Majesty saw me to the car, he asked me if I liked to fly. Not really understanding the question, I looked puzzled.

"I mean in a helicopter," he said. Never having been in one, I said I didn't know.

"Would you like to go now?" he asked. And, as I nodded in stupefied agreement, we were spirited several hundred feet by car to his private landing pad and took off, with the King at the controls. We settled on the Dead Sea as our destination.

Flying over this enormous body of water, really a lake, about thirteen hundred feet below sea level, terribly hot, with nothing in sight, is an eerie feeling to say the least. For an hour or more we soared over cliffs and caves, camels ambling through the desert, sheep and donkeys grazing, and Bedouins rushing from their tents to wave at their sovereign. His Majesty proudly reminded me that he was descended from the oldest Bedouin tribe of all, the Hashemites.

When at last we glided over the twinkling lights of Amman, I kept pinching myself to make sure this was all really happening; and, when I arrived breathlessly back at the hotel several hours late for dinner, my son and a friend were totally unperturbed. "We heard the helicopter flying over the city, and we knew it was the King, so we figured you were with him," they said—and went on playing their board game.

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By Margaret Croyden

New theater rule: no watching allowed

Grotowski-to-Gregory, an Atlantic-spanning theater idea uses rites, rituals, ceremonies, myths— to close the gap between "doers" and "viewers"

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Margaret Croyden—author of* Lunatics, Lovers and Poets: The Contemporary Experimental Theatre *(McGraw-Hill) and a frequent participant on CBS-TV's* Camera Three—*will host a segment of that show, planned for this month, devoted to director Jerzy Grotowski's Polish Laboratory Theatre, with the group's leading actor, Ryszard Cieslak, and a first showing in the U.S. of a film of Grotowski's training exercises.*

New York's avant-garde director André Gregory, who last summer went to Warsaw and Wroclaw where he participated in Grotowski's enlightening "Special Project," is planning—as a result—new developmental workshops in savage, inspirational environments around the world, including a project he calls "Ship of Fools."

In this article, Ms. Croyden describes her own deep reaction to the Grotowski experience that so influenced André Gregory.

A three-week theater trip brought five hundred people to Poland from all over the world in the summer of 1975. Polish and French students, Danish and American faculty, journalists from Paris, London, Belgrade, and Tehran, and an international group of directors—Peter Brook, Jean-Louis Barrault, André Gregory, Joseph Chaikin, Luca Ronconi—all descended on the small provincial town of Wroclaw, a half-hour plane ride from Warsaw, to participate in a program of theater workshops headed by Jerzy Grotowski, the avant-garde master of them all.

Sponsored by the Théâtre des nations, the event was arranged so that one could view the festival productions in Warsaw, hop a plane to Wroclaw (Grotowski's home base), and participate in experimental workshops—the most controversial of which was a "Special Project" led by members of the Grotowski company.

In the heyday of the counter culture, the American theater community hailed Jerzy Grotowski and his experimental Laboratory Theatre as the single most important avant-garde theater project of the time. Grotowski's productions were based not on new plays but on old myths and classic masterpieces interpreted and rearranged in the light of contemporary experiences, played by a company whose roles depicted archetypes and were not at all recognizable as naturalistic characterizations.

Those who saw the performances will recall the strange sounds and sculptured movements of the actors in *Acropolis;* the brilliant Ryszard Cieslak's tour de force as *The Constant Prince;* the complex piece *Apocalypsis Cum Figuris,* a symbolistic ritual of parables and images, taken from the Bible, Dostoyevsky, and T.S. Eliot. But during the last six years, rumors were afloat that the Company had split up, that Grotowski had lost his magic touch, that Grotowski had no further interest in working in the theater. True, the Company has produced no new piece; but it has been an open secret that they were working on something, although no one knew quite what it was, except that the enterprise was called "Special Project" and that it was based on a concept that Grotowski calls "Holiday." This summer, for those of us who were invited to Poland, "Holiday" was finally unveiled.

The idea of "Holiday" and its offspring "Special Project" began to take shape after the Company's phenomenal worldwide success, when the group were besieged by people who wanted to work with them. As they continued to play their repertory, they were bothered by the "dichotomy between those who were doing and those who were watching," explained Grotowski, and they wondered what they could do about it. "How could we create a concrete situation or events so as to encompass people outside the group as well as those inside?"

"We came to the conclusion that we must abolish tickets and payments, and that those who came to us would come to a special place where they could leave their daily lives behind them for a certain period of time. . . . We call this period of time 'Holiday,' or the day that is holy, when we meet each other, when we meet with our own kind . . . those who breathe the same air, share the same earth, and share the same senses. What is possible then together? A meeting, not a confrontation; a communion, where we can be totally ourselves . . . where we can touch on the experience of meeting man, an experience altogether different from the traditional ones, but very real."

Grotowski reorganized the Company, expanding it with young people and then dividing it in six subgroups, each headed by a member of the original company and each with a special function—all related to "Holiday." One group is involved with language, one experiments with theater as a personal expression, another works with elements of action used in performance, another abandons the play in favor of games, another uses body training to transcend limitations, and the sixth—the "Special Project" headed by Ryszard Cieslak—allows the individual to release himself from his ordinary routine for a time and find another way of existence. This project encompasses all the other five and synthesizes them into the experience that constitutes the "Holiday."

Everyone on the "Holiday" must be a participant; no spectators are allowed. It takes place in the forest, it can last for two weeks (but the "Holiday" I took

part in was twenty-four hours) and one is obliged to follow typewritten instructions distributed the night before: "We will be waiting for you in front of the cathedral punctually at 2:30 P.M. In addition to the clothes you're wearing, you absolutely *MUST* take with you 3 pairs of trousers, 3 shirts or blouses, 3 changes of underwear, tennis shoes or sneakers, bread, cheese, and sausages. Tie your things in a small bundle with a string. NO BAGS, NO SUITCASES, NO WATCHES OR VALUABLES. If you've got a favorite musical instrument, bring it along. (Signed) 'We.' "

Promptly at 2:30, "We"—a group of fifteen people and this writer, all with their bundles—met at the cathedral, mounted two army trucks, and drove away on our mysterious "Holiday."

Throughout a very long twenty-four-hour trek in the forest, "We" went through a series of ritualistically performed ceremonies and events conceived and controlled by the "hero"-leader of the group, Ryszard Cieslak, and his surrogates (members of his Company), who led the initiates like directors or shamans. The events were wordless, sequential, and cyclical; most of them took place deep in the woods; they lasted all night and they were continual, except for a silent meal of bread and cheese and an occasional brief rest around a fire. An amalgam of rites associated with primitive-pagan-Western-Oriental myths adapted to contemporary Western sensibilities, the pageant of events was touched by the beauty of Cieslak, the "hero"-leader.

During the course of the night, it became clear that a metaphysical system, theatrically translated into stunning visual configurations, was at work. Its leading theme was the human drama as lived and described by men and women through the ages and handed down by mythic stories, archetypal figures, and symbols found not only in the world's religions and literature but in our own individual dramas.

Aspects of the "Special Project" recalled Aeneas' descent to Hades, Dante's circles in the *Purgatorio*, the rites and passages of primitive tribes, the festivals and celebrations of Demeter and Dionysus, the worship of the Eleusinian mysteries, the circular dancing of the Sufis, and the Death and Rebirth myths of all cultures. The entire system enacted by the collective in an idyllic yet dark environment containing the Special Project's "Special Tree" recalls the mono myth —the attempt to unite Heaven with Earth, or to regain a lost Paradise.

The series of events was designed like a long poem, with material symbols actually there, not imagined, and divided into canto-like sections. Each involved one or more of the ancient natural elements—water, earth, air, or fire—and a human activity—eating, dancing, playing, planting, bathing. Each was "staged" against a simple but deliberately chosen background—a lagoon, a tree, a windmill, a tilled piece of earth, a sack of grain, a haystack, a stream, a lake, a fire.

Fire was perhaps the most impressive image—fascinating in its flickering self and symbolizing as it does enlightenment, warmth, and life as well as the Christian belief that to reach Paradise one must pass through the fires of purification. Fire was the nocturnal light during this night journey: columns of fire lined the path as the group arched its way through the woods, the torches making undulating designs against the menacing shadows of the forest.

In a clearing, a fire burned against crossed logs all night. When, for a moment, the group sat resting and staring into the flame, the "still point" referred to in T. S. Eliot's poetry descended upon them, transforming their faces into sculpture and producing a communion through which they seemed to become supremely themselves.

At another point, the group slowly walked about blowing on glowing coals that sent shimmering white sparks up to the heavens. The bits of light shooting over the group's heads made some members look half-human-half-primate, half-Oriental-half-Western; and some, like Greek satyrs playing with their fire toys after a night on the mountaintop.

Then there was dancing led by people with flaming torches and accompanied by Cieslak's fierce pounding on drums. The dance consisted of circular formations that were continually breaking off into threes and fours and then combining and fanning out to create a large circle encompassing everyone. At one point, the dancers tried to grab the torches; when one finally did succeed, he was surrounded and guarded by circles of dancers until the victor stood in the center, holding the blaze high while the rest of the group—exhilarated, transfixed—stood, facing the flame.

Water was another element used throughout the night. During the initiation rite, the exhausting march into the forest—reminiscent of the rebirth cycle in which the body is subdued and the ego broken down, thus opening the soul to serenity—water became the chief obstacle: lakes, brooks, shaky bridges over rapid streams, and endless pools of water had to be passed. An almost constant drizzle fell; clothes and shoes were soaked through and the paths became muddy. Water was one of the components of a game-playing sequence and, obviously, in the bathing and swimming rituals as well. Throughout, people were in various unexpected ways immersed in water.

All the activity was simple, sometimes even childlike and primitive. Yet this simplicity with its intensely poetic texture and its evocative powers, combined with the moods and interactions of the group, elicited a deeply personal response in the individual members. Not only was the human life cycle visually enacted and deeply felt, but one's essential Self was somehow miraculously exposed.

For some, the experience was tantamount to participating in a Passion play that culminated in epiphany; for others it was a dramatic poem that awakened one from a sleep-in-life; for still others, a bitter dirge for a paradise lost and never to be regained; and for a few who couldn't bear the whole thing, a "Wagnerian kindergarten."

Whatever it was, some may still wonder, "Was it theater?" One can only answer that rites, rituals, ceremonies, and myths are the basis of all theater and that they go back to the beginning of human culture.

The need to celebrate (or question) man's existence and the mystery of his life is the underlying reason for theater, at least in its original inception. In their "Special Holiday," Grotowski and Cieslak and the members of the Company have brilliantly re-created this function of theater in one grand synthesis. The need for people to express universal desires, hopes, and fears is accentuated, dramatized, and ritually enacted, not through the hand of a playwright but through the participants themselves, albeit guided by the "Special Project." For the participants are compelled to become mythmakers, to search out and confront the universal sensibilities.

Thus the "Holiday" into the woods was very personal and very private and very lasting. Those of us who came out of the woods knew we had experienced pure, ritualistic, sacred theater—as it must have existed ages ago. And may very well exist again. ▽

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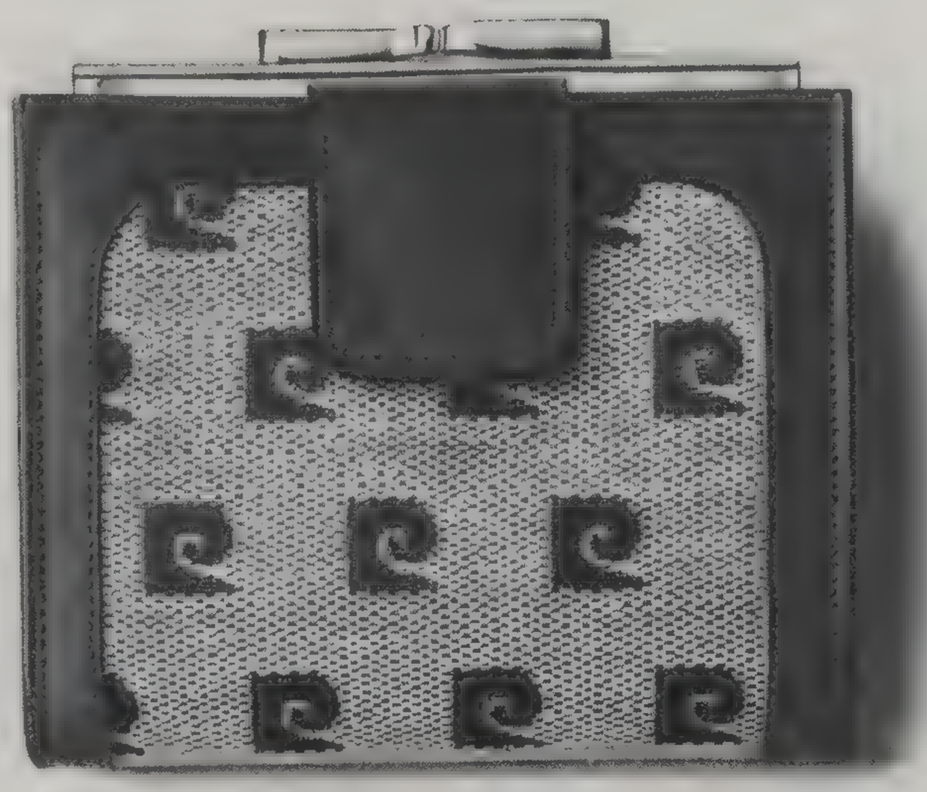
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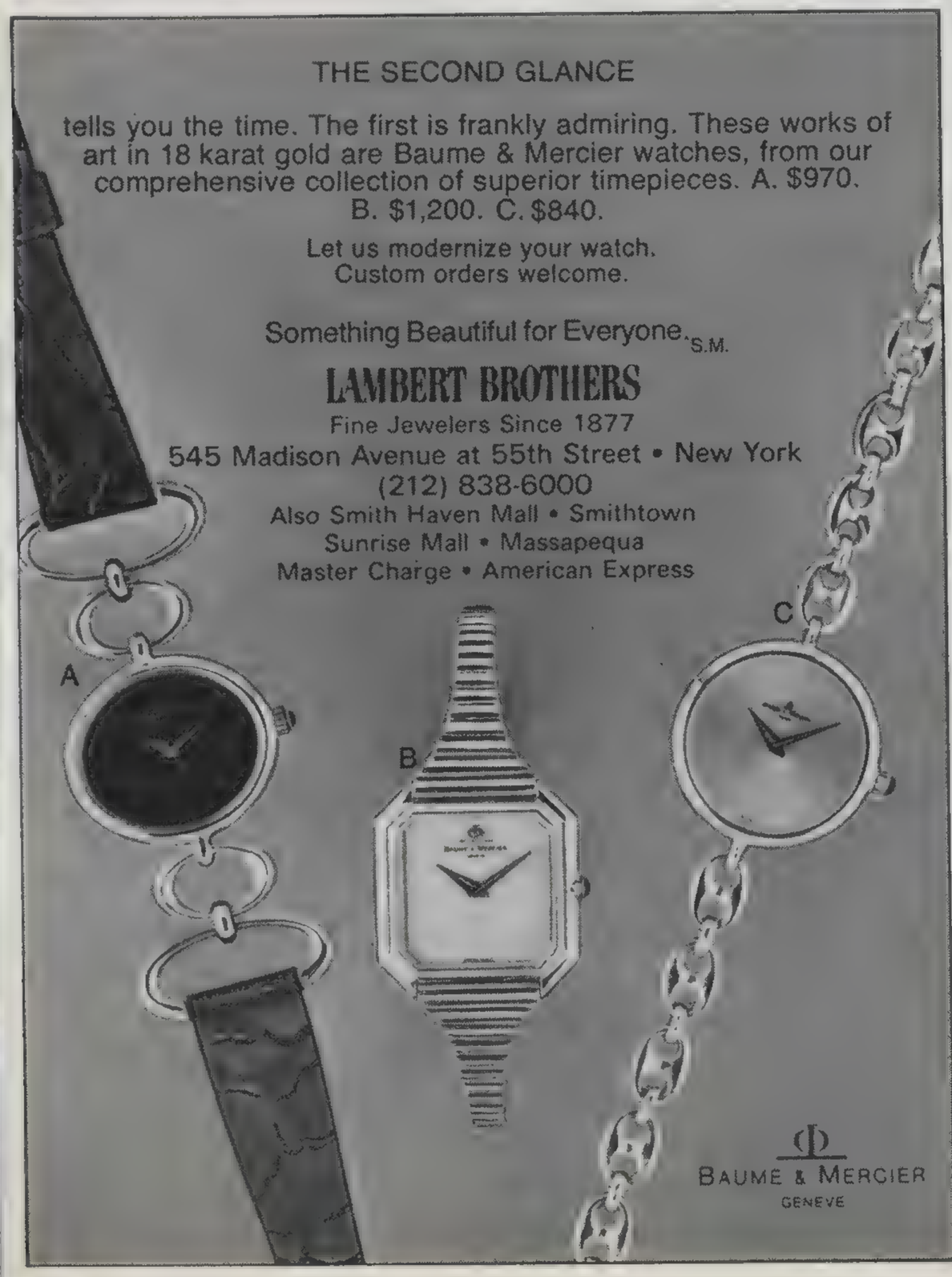
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"Oh well, another day, another twenty-one grand," said Jack Nicholson

BRANDO/NICHOLSON

(Continued from page 165)

a scene between Brando and Kathleen Lloyd was being filmed at the entrance of the Rosell Ranch. The company trucks and trailers were parked at the foot of a cliff where Brando and Lloyd were to meet on horseback. Brando's stand-in, his hair sprayed silver, was darting behind the rocks that overlooked the path. He vanished.

"Hey, what are you doing, Scot?" Penn called out, "knitting?" As we waited for them to start we sat in the sun and drank beer with the actors. Jack Nicholson appeared. He was shorter and stockier than I had imagined, with a straggly beard and long greasy hair for the part. He wore sandals, baggy jeans, and an open-necked shirt.

"How is it going, Jack?" asked Russell Chatham, a painter who arrived with us and who was doing oil portraits of the actors in their Western costumes.

"Oh, you know how it is on the road," Nicholson replied, "Those late-night calls from your motel. Gee, honey, howrya doin'? Wotcha got on?" He grinned. He talks in the same, slow New Jersey drawl he uses in the movies. He has a dry, zany sense of humor that I never saw him lose, even when he was exhausted. He was just as I'd imagined (and hoped) him to be.

Someone commented on a girl on the set (one of the few, the ratio of men to women was about fifteen to one; it was more like an Army barracks than a movie set). "Yeah, she's spunky," Nicholson replied, "the only trouble is she doesn't make men feel spunky."

Brando came out of his trailer, which in true Hollywood tradition was slightly larger than Nicholson's. The title "The Executive" was spelled out in silver lettering on the side (the model, presumably) and a peppermint-striped awning shaded the side facing the sun. Brando was very fat, at least 250 pounds it seemed, and wore a floppy white shirt, breeches, and a battered brown hat with puffballs sticking out of it. He slowly clambered up the hillside to his horse. When he reached the top, his dresser sprayed the puffballs with hairspray to keep them from flying away and disappeared into the prairie for more.

Was one allowed to go up to watch? One was, it seemed; and I had my introduction to Marlon Brando at work. Kathleen Lloyd, a pretty, dark-haired Basque, seemed unusually composed for someone not only making her first film but starting out with Brando. He put his arm around her and they walked down the path, discussing the scene.

"OK, settle down please. Rolling!" shouts the assistant director.

Lloyd canters down the path. Brando refuses to let her by, but after a brief argument she forces her way through. Brando blows a raspberry after her. They go through the scene again. This time, as she rides off Brando calls after her, "Your bloomers are showing," leaning forward first to cover his horse's ears so that it could not hear the improper remark.

Brando was not present for the first two weeks of shooting which were completed in Virginia City but came to the location for five out of the nine weeks outside Billings. Extras were hired through a notice that read, "To reflect the hardships of the West of the 1880's, we would especially welcome the physically eccentric—those with permanent physical injuries such as scars, missing teeth, broken limbs. . . ."

No one mutilated himself for a part, however. The unfortunate extras were hired at $25 a day; but, in a curious fit of cheapness (on a production where even stand-ins received as much as $400 a week), $5 was knocked off their pay because they were being given lunch on the set. A large midday meal would hardly seem worth one-fifth of one's salary, especially if, like one old man, you had no teeth.

Crew and actors were openly in awe of Brando. He gives producers and publicity men anxiety attacks. He doesn't like them and it shows. As with Garbo or Nureyev, something about him both excites and disturbs people. Without even turning around, you are aware when Brando has come on the set. One is struck by the magnificence of his head, the leanness of his gestures—in spite of his weight he moves like a dancer—and the power of his voice, which carries without being raised above the familiar mumble. He seemed totally in command.

A genuine eccentric, Brando spent his spare time collecting grasshoppers on the prairie and stones from the Yellowstone River (he stayed on after he finished shooting to add to his collection), studying solar energy, playing his congo drums, and fixing up his trailer with shelves and other pieces of equipment. In the attempt to lose weight (his dresser

said he lost three inches around his waist in the first two weeks), he lived on a diet of raw vegetables, breaking it occasionally for an excursion into Billings with members of the company.

Brando has made his character rich, baroque, effeminate, and eccentric. He not only changed dialogue all the time but he also decided to change accents. He chose his costume (fighting with the wardrobe mistress over the layering required by the epoch, because he was too hot); and, in one scene, he even insisted on wearing a dress. The camera crew swore that one morning he ate a live frog out of the river and then threw the remains back, turned to Penn and suggested that the scene be re-shot in the dark.

Originally, because of his desire to help the Indian cause, Brando wanted Nicholson to play his role as an Indian. When this failed, Brando simply sat back and announced that he was going to walk through his part and collect the money. But, as Dorothy Parker once said about writing, "You always do it as well as you can." Brando, no matter what he may feel about the profession and the part, can't seem to avoid performing brilliantly.

Brando needed the money for a film on Wounded Knee, which so far no Hollywood producer will back, and to pay for sea farming projects financed for his South Pacific island.

Considering the way they have treated him over the years, it's natural that Brando is wary of the press. He refused to allow candid photographs but held up shooting for an entire morning because a young photographer friend, Stefani Kong, had not been allowed to take pictures on the set. Brando called the production people "a bunch of barracudas" when they delayed a documentary on the making of the movie.

Brando was wholeheartedly liked by the crew. Apparently thanks to him, a grueling 5:30 A.M. to 10 P.M. schedule was dropped on his arrival. The first day on the set, he shook hands with everyone; and, two days later, he left the crew hors d'oeuvres and a couple of cases of liquor at the end of the day. Before he left Billings he gave a cast party for over two hundred.

The actors found it exhilarating to work with Brando. "What you notice most is his complete freedom in front of the camera," said Randy Quaid. "He couldn't care less what anyone thinks and that is what makes him so great."

But, being on the receiving end of Brando's imagination is not always entirely comfortable. In a campside scene with Quaid, the two are sleeping by the river. It is dawn. The cacophony of grasshoppers gives Brando an idea.

The prop man disappears into the brush. Without warning, as the scene is being filmed, Brando leans over and drops a live grasshopper into the snoring Quaid's open mouth. By the time they have finished all the takes, Quaid's mouth is red and sore and he has a bitten tongue.

"I had no idea what was coming," Quaid said later. "It was awful. Suddenly I felt this thing in my mouth. When I sat up and spat the thing out, it was for real. Then we did it over and over."

Before filming a scene with John McLiam, Brando asks if the latter would mind if he placed his lines on a piece of paper over McLiam's face.

"But I'd like to see you, Marlon," protests McLiam. Brando is agreeable.

"OK. Then we'll put two holes in it."

Instead, the cue cards are placed on the wall behind McLiam. A plate of raw vegetables and slices of ham (three hams were roasted in the armory kitchen for the scene) are set before Brando at the dining-room table. To the prop man's horror, Brando picks up a plate of raw vegetables and sets it down on top of the ham. He starts nibbling at a carrot stick.

"Don't take any pictures of me with my mouth open," he warns the still photographer.

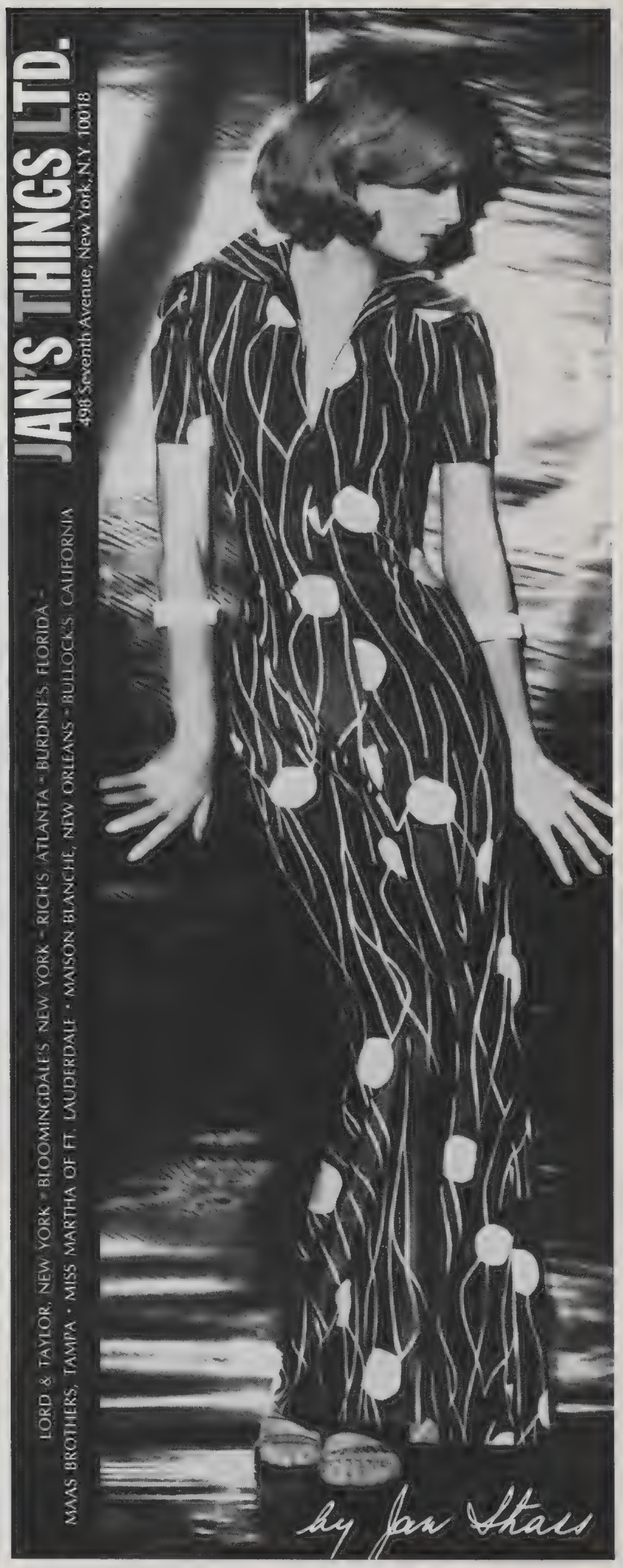
The atmosphere is electric. The prop man looks anxiously at his ham. "Will you get me some big, whole carrots?" Brando asks. The ham is dismissed and distributed to the crew. Brando doesn't want to eat it, because he is trying to lose weight.

But, judging from the rushes (quick viewings of the day's film), there is more to be done with a carrot than a slice of ham. Each take is different. Brando splutters chewed carrot all over the table, throws a carrot half-eaten into a plate of blueberries, combs his hair with a carrot. At one moment, he switches out of his role; halfway through a sentence, he looks up and pauses, ". . . and an airplane came into the shot and I forgot what I was saying."

At the rushes a few days later (attended by all except Brando who never goes to dailies) the screening room was in a minor uproar over Brando's performance; the audience of actors and crew was cheering him. The next day Nicholson walked on the set and said, "Well, we might as well plug in an electric cord and stick it in a bucket of water because our careers are over!"

Although Brando and Nicholson are friends and have been

(Continued on page 200)



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BRANDO/NICHOLSON

(Continued from page 199)

neighbors in Beverly Hills for the past five years, they didn't see much of each other on the set. Brando spent most of his time alone in his trailer out on the prairie, seeing few people other than his secretary Alice Marchak and her niece Mims (who wore a T-shirt with "Marlon's Go-fer" written on it) and his dresser. A loner in the movie, he seemed to be living his part.

Brando says that his favorite directors are Buñuel, Bertolucci (who directed *Last Tango in Paris),* and Kazan. He seemed, however, to get along well with Arthur Penn. The latter works with unflagging energy and good humor. With his round glasses, cowboy hat, and small, wiry body, Penn flits around the set like a grasshopper, his arms loose and floppy by his sides, concealing the tension visible in the tautness of his back. As a director, he is meticulous, conservative, and composed, with the ability to keep calm when those around him are panicking. With a top-notch crew, under the photographic direction of Michael Butler, Penn covered himself by shooting an enormous amount of footage on every scene so that there would be plenty to choose from.

Everyone on the set was anxious to glean bits of information from Brando. He was the main topic of conversation, and the actors in particular were interested. Here they were with one of the greatest ever, and they wanted to know his opinions.

For three days Randy Quaid filmed the campside scene with him and the two sat alone by the fire on the other side of the river. No one could hear what they were saying and we were all consumed with curiosity.

"Here we all are wondering what incredible information Brando is giving to Randy about acting," said one of the actors as we stood watching, "and in fact he's probably just saying, 'Hey, Randy, do you know any girls around here?' "

As we waited for the shot, which wasn't set up until midnight, the mosquitoes grew thicker and the doctor sprayed everyone. Security guards provided bourbon for our coffee. Finally they were ready to shoot.

Brando, in a raincoat and coolie hat, is slouched against a log, in front of a fire over which a rabbit is roasting, strumming a mandolin.

"You're too low, Marlon," Penn calls out. Brando moves on top of the log.

"Uh . . . can you get somewhere between high and low?" asks Penn, "you look like you're at the obstetrician." Brando moves down and starts to strum fiercely.

"Are you supposed to strum like that?" Penn shouts.

"I'm doing it vibrato," Brando replies sarcastically and starts to ham it up.

They go over the scene a couple of times. It is now 1:30 A.M.; we have been on the prairie since 10:00 A.M. the previous morning. We decide to go back to the hotel so that we can get some margaritas before the bar closes and hear Harry Dean play "La Paloma" on the guitar.

Penn has his hands full with the gang. After a long lunch where plenty of beer and other things have been consumed, Quaid, Forrest, Dean, and Ryan assemble at the ranch. They are a gruesome lot. Quaid and Forrest discover that they share outlaw ancestors in the Dalton Brothers and the James Gang. They look it, with their unkempt beards and filthy clothes. Dean's hair is cut very short around the sides, and he wears a Groucho Marx moustache. Ryan is the least offensive, but he would look grim even on the Bowery.

The makeup man puts spirit gum over their teeth, covers them with tanning lotion, sprays their armpits and backs with water, and brushes down their clothes with a brownish-black powder. When they look awful enough, they go on the set. They launch into their parts with vigor.

"Hey, keep it down, fellas, not everything is verbal," Penn calls out. He turns to someone standing by, "I'm going to have to straighten this gang out."

Dean and Nicholson are in the foreground. "Harry, say a word."

"Word," replies Dean gloomily, staring into the bushes.

The remaining three carry things noisily in and out of the cabin with the patience of New York furniture movers.

Later, Forrest's stand-in is on top of his horse, fixing the cabin roof. Nicholson comes around the side of the house carrying a board and whacks the horse hard across the rump. It takes off and the stunt man falls to the ground. After the third take, the horse has had it, in spite of the tranquilizers it has been given, and takes off into the prairie. A cowboy goes after it.

Forrest replaces his stand-in on the ground and the horse, now in a very bad temper, returns. Forrest is afraid it is going to kick him. "Hey," he yells to Nicholson, in a fury, "in my hometown I was known as a dangerous man."

"In your hometown a man could get a bad reputation for smoking cornsilk," replies Nicholson lazily, walking off camera.

"You gave that horse quite a whack," remarks a bystander.

"Yeah," replies Nicholson with his inimitable leer, "I'm a good whacker." He turns to a girl nearby, "And I'm going right over here to get me a piece of pussy."

Nicholson clowns constantly on the set, almost as though he needs to counteract the tension of performing. Whenever he sees an attractive woman, he reacts.

"But," he says, "in this movie I keep forgetting that my teeth have all this stuff on them and I start to smile and suddenly realize that it's not working and . . . ," he miserably closes his mouth.

After years of B-movies, Nicholson is now one of the most successful actors in Hollywood. He is now being seen in three movies, Antonioni's *The Passenger,* the rock musical *Tommy,* and *The Fortune.* Milos Forman's *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* is soon to be released. "I can tell you one thing," he said (he now gets a million a picture), "I sure am a profit-making concern."

Nicholson improvises with the same daring as Brando. Although the latter says he doesn't enjoy acting, Nicholson clearly loves it. The two share a total lack of concern about established authority and the opinions of others. This is what makes them so great in front of the camera.

Nicholson goes deep into himself to find the character he is portraying. Tom Logan in *The Missouri Breaks* is a cocky, swaggering outlaw who is really in search of a peaceful life but hounded by Lee Clayton, played by Brando. It is a credit to his talent that it is hard to tell where the character of Nicholson leaves off and the one he is creating begins. Nicholson is extremely generous to his fellow actors both on camera and off. He was constantly entertaining at his house, which he and his girlfriend Anjelica Huston had rented for the summer.

The rest of the company put up at The War Bonnet Inn or the Ramada Inn, which was a couple of miles outside Billings. The War Bonnet, which was situated just off the main highway in an area that smelled of gas and dead cows, hung out a sign that read "Welcome Missouri Breaks." The welcome was short-lived, however, when company members brought in wives, girlfriends, boyfriends, children, and pets for the summer. Not long after a party around the pool, they were surprised when they got back from the set to find eviction notices on their doors giving them two days to get out. Some crew members climbed up and added

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"Competition among mothers is the raw edge of the fear of inadequacy"

WANTING BABIES

(Continued from page 153)

unimportant. The details of the struggle were hushed up. While I was pregnant, I found no less than twenty-four books on the subject of giving birth and the physical experience and biology of the event. I found nothing to explain or help me with my emotional reactions to the needs of the baby in the postnatal period. I was totally unprepared by anything in my college education for the onslaught of real life in the form of a crying baby who needed comforting.

Women novelists may feel that they do not want their characters to be concerned with non-male subjects, and this inferno or purgatory of raising children has unfortunately been considered non-male. Doris Lessing's daughter in *The Golden Notebook* is only a prop that brings the mother home to her study where she writes on politics and sex, and that is the more typical position of children in the new feminist writing. There are, of course, exceptions. Margaret Drabble of *The Needle's Eye* is one, and Jean Rhys. She writes in her two most famous books, *After Leaving Mr. Mackenzie* and *Good Morning, Midnight*, of a semi-alcoholic woman, broke, isolated, an aging loser, living in cheap boardinghouses, attempting to get through the day without breaking down in tears of loneliness and hopelessness. In both books this almost caricature of the female—passive, helpless, destroyed—has had a baby who died soon after birth. If the baby had lived, there is a clear implication, the heroine would have had a very different life. The loss of the baby (who would have forced her to find money, friends, connections into the everyday world) pushed her beyond help. This is also true of Maria in *Play It As It Lays*, Joan Didion's West-Coast version of female pain.

Of course a woman should not depend on her child to give meaning and reason to her life; and if the Jean Rhys or Joan Didion heroines had been brain surgeons or lawyers instead of middle-class working girls with only ambitions of luxury, then the tragedies would not have occurred. But the need to be needed, to tend the child, to make a life for the two of them would have brought emotional furniture into those heroines' empty rooms. Jean Rhys saw the death of the baby as the final cut of the thread that held her character on the side of the living.

I suspect that as women writers turn more and more to examining the female experience they will uncover the same kind of literary fascination with their mothers and their children that men have long had with their fathers and sons. These are relationships that are experienced both ways—both passively and actively. That is to say, the son becomes the father; and his fathering is in part a result of his experiences as a son. Mothers and daughters provide a gold mine of material for writers to excavate when the time is right, and they will appear more and more as literary subjects when women can be still more honest and open with themselves.

Now it comes to discussing this highly charged word *instinct*. It seems very clear that many women have no desire for children and no need to take care of them. Many others who do wish for and care for children may in fact have learned that role, adopted it as their own, and made a life-style that includes motherhood; but, if a different program had been given them as children, they would have used their breast tissue only for sexual pleasures and become truck drivers or acrobats or Latin professors and left mothering out of their life plans. But the anatomical facts remain. The child is conceived in the woman's womb and nurtured at her breast, in which there are milk tubes made for just that purpose. We can transcend biology, but we cannot ignore it.

If a woman or a man remains celibate, we may respect this decision and this sacrifice if it is on religious grounds, or deplore it if it is on psychological grounds. If it is fear or impotence or ignorance that keeps people celibate, we pity them not so much because of their repressed sexual instincts but because they have missed one of the major ways in which human beings connect to one another, reveal themselves, and discover one another.

We know that being human is only partially the pleasures of mind, esthetics, travel, music, etc. It is also in the touching of bodies, the primitive smells, the catching of the force of sex as it surges in the physical self. Maternity may not be an instinct such as aggression or sex, but it is intimately connected, twined onto the process of life. The other side of dying is the creation of life, and one can hardly say this is merely a learned social role.

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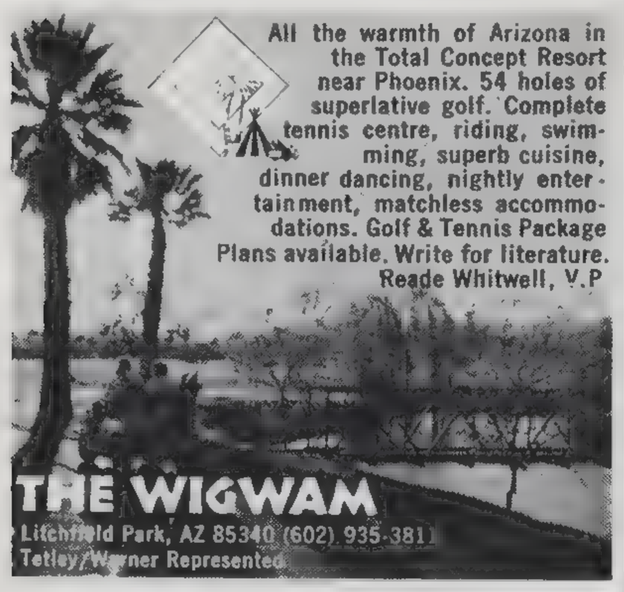




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WANTING BABIES

(Continued from page 201)

Procreation, while not essential to the sex act, is still a part of love between man and woman. Together these two happenings constitute the life-force in mankind—the good of creation versus the bad of decay.

The social distortion has been in the assumption that beyond the first nine months of gestation and the several months—seven or eight—of nursing, maternity need be the preserve of the natural mother. The time of one's life that is required in taking care of small children is so limited that, of course, women who have made child care their sole function may be left emptied and used up at an early age, rattling like ghosts through their uninhabited houses, nursing memories of times when they served a more useful function. But if one thinks of the maternal instinct as the urge to nurture, tend, feed, measure, care for, teach, lead, clean, watch, empathize with, identify with, fill one's empty rooms with (and who doesn't have empty space inside), then the maternal instinct easily can be shared, indulged in by men. In sharing with men or with other women, one can avoid such obvious traps of motherhood as possessiveness, slavery to one's child, loss of self to another, diminuation of identity—being Michael's mother, rather than a person in one's own right, piling on Michael all the frustrations and ambitions of his housebound mother.

If we imagine Germaine Greer's child in the commune on a distant foreign shore, we know that if the child is not to become a psychotic (a mind demolished by the not-so-secret weapons of the new army of female revolutionaries) that someone, a substitute for Germaine herself, must be doing the loving, tending, and maternal work. We don't know yet what the exact repercussions of commune, kibbutz living are; certainly they are not as drastic as some of those who wanted women kept in the home would have had us believe. Day-care centers are viable if not perfect, but always someone must have motherly feelings if the next generation is to survive. In fact, the more we liberate women and offer them nondomestic chores the more we must depend on the mothering feelings of others in the society if the world is to be no more of a madhouse than it is.

The debate over the existence of maternal instinct is irrelevant from the child's point of view. The child absolutely needs a love object with some constancy to reach for and respond to. The image of the brave new world with nineteenth-century orphanages returning and multiplying like rabbits is horrific.

The image of schools and play groups administered by people without maternal feelings is appalling. The very idea of removing by social surgery a woman's or man's connected love for a child is part of a coming ice age of relationships—the dehumanizing of mankind. We may find that intellectual activity is not enough, that achievement in the industrial technological world, while important, is not sufficient and that we also, man and woman alike, need the roots into biology, the touch of one another that child raising brings.

I am not reviving that old call to "feminine" duty: "anatomy is destiny." Of course civilization can, within limits, transcend the particularity of anatomical difference. One day babies may grow in laboratories and be nurtured by milk tubes implanted in male armpits. And in no sense do I feel that a woman is less of a success or less of a woman if she does not feel maternal or does not have an interest in spending time with children. But neither do I feel this nonmaternal freedom is a wonderful ideal all women should strive for.

Society seems to swing to extremes, and usually the extremes at either end are disturbing. It is nice to have beautiful feet, it may be desirable to have small feet, but it is painful and abusive to bind feet. It is also a good thing for women to have independence, freedom of choice, movement, and opportunity; but I'm not so sure that the current push against mothering will not be another kind of binding of the soul resulting just as certainly in deformities and difficulty in walking. As women we have thought so little of ourselves that when the troops came to liberate us we rushed into the streets leaving our most valuable attributes behind as if they belonged to the enemy.

If my brain were opened up one could see mementos, pictures of my children, some realistic, some distorted, some of things yet to come. "Why," the surgeon might gasp, "so many images of children and so few of the seventeenth-century poetry she once studied? So few of her own books or of other people's? What kind of a mind is this?" he might say. "Close it up. Get me a better one. Look at that," he might point out to his assistants. "She must have spent months wondering how you could make a six-year-old mature into a biochemist. This brain," he might say, "cannot remember elementary algebra so thick has the overgrowth been." "But, surgeon," I would say if I could, "that brain has a nice patina. It has many textures and the convolutions are intricate and the thickenings just make it a well-lived-in brain. That's what brains are for—to live in." Let him sneer, I think. He doesn't really understand. ▽

BRANDO/NICHOLSON

(Continued from page 200)

"UN" to the "welcome" sign.

The assistant governor was called in, and a compromise was reached—half the company would have to go. But finding lodging wasn't easy. A United Parcel Workers' convention had overrun the two remaining large motels. Plus the word was out and no one wanted to take in the company. "I've done seventy-five movies on location," said the sound man, "and I've never seen anything like this."

Billings is an ugly, sprawling oil town with a history of heavy drinking, stabbings, and saloon fights between local cowboys and Indians from the nearby Crow reservation. Trailer camps, oil cylinders, and motels form a depressing sprawl outside the town. "Invest in a Police Vest," read the sign on the back of a truck. "I'd rather be a roper than a doper," on another.

In the 1880's, as in *The Missouri Breaks,* men were hanged for stealing horses or cattle. It was ironic that just before the movie company arrived, a girl was shot for stealing a car. *The Billings Gazette* ran a long feature one Sunday on "the law of the gun," a debate sparked off by the incident, which occurred in mid-July. A young hitchhiker, stranded by her boyfriend at midnight on the highway, had driven off in a Jeep she found in a parking lot, leaving a note for the driver that he would find it safe in nearby Gardiner. When the owner was wakened by the sound of the engine, he grabbed his gun and shot at the Jeep, killing the girl instantly. Charges of criminal negligence were dismissed after jury deliberation of two hours.

Brando is riding up the hillside. He spots a stunt man on horseback and rides over to him.

"If you could come back in another life as a horse or a cow, which would you choose?" he asks.

The stunt man looks surprised. "Uh . . . a horse," he mumbles. Brando rides off. A few minutes later he is back.

"I'd come back as a unit director," he said. ▽

No matter how black-tied people are when they arrive at the Bernsteins', they wind up singing, playing games, seeing movies

BEING BERNSTEINS

(Continued from page 176)

old wood, its enormous windows looking out into the trees of Central Park. There were drawbacks —no kitchen to speak of, that long, sad, Victorian corridor that went half a block to what was supposed to be the kitchen. . . . "

Ultimately, the Bernsteins moved from their modern Park Avenue duplex to the atmospheric vastness on Central Park West; but not before Felicia planned the new home as carefully as a military mastermind plans his most strategic campaign. Her goals: comfort, ease, a romantic sense of the late nineteenth century—"That's when I should have lived." She did not want to re-create: she wanted to interpret—looking back through her modern-advantaged eyes. She got herself two lieutenants—architect Paul Chen, leg-woman-abettor Gail Jacobs—and a bible, connoisseur-historian Mario Praz's book *Illustrated History of Furnishings*—rich in pictures of nineteenth-century interiors. Then she went to work relentlessly. "The fact is," says Felicia, "I am so compulsive that, if it can be done, I think I can do it."

And she does. She, herself, dyes yards of fabric (the fourteen-foot-long lustrous dining-room curtains); Pentels or Magic Markers chair coverings and wallpapers to achieve the soft, rest-persuasive colors she adores —pale apricots, peach, grey, blues, dim greens, and rose-reds. She spent a whole summer meticulously Magic Markering an enormous carpet. "I did a square a day. Then I brought it in. I'd never seen anything so hideous!" She gave it away. "But," she says, "it can be done."

All of this industry and imagination results in a style of magical, deeply satisfying decoration and a way of living known to a hoard of international Bernstein friends and relations as "Just Felicia." You know that at the Bernsteins you will feel wonderful-looking and wanted. You also know that the food will be delicious and unexpected. "I like to have everything cooked in the house. When that's out of the question, it's no fun." The party fare is mainly Chilean: *pastel de choclo*, a chicken-and-corn dish; very hot seafood; *empanadas;* a *charlotte* made with persimmons. Born in Costa Rica, Felicia grew up in Chile.

"Just Felicia" also means eating wherever it's easiest. Of course, you can eat in the dining room—a shimmery, exquisitely faded room where twenty can sit comfortably about a circular table. "But I like ten," says Felicia. "It always has to be a celebration. The food must be not only good to eat but pretty . . . never grand. No matter how black-tied people are when they arrive here, they wind up singing, playing games, seeing movies."

And you can eat in the library, a room crannied with mirrors, more for reflecting light than for self-appraisal—a Chekhovian room centered on an all-purpose, elegant, roomy Empire table under a silkily fringed lamp—very bourgeois 'twenties. "Everyone thought it was a folly," Felicia says. "But I wanted an overhead light and fringe, and I knew it would look terrific." It looks—terrific.

You can eat in the enormous, conservatory-like living room, artfully divided for listening to music from the brace of baby grands or for lazing before the perfect late-Victorian fireplace. Here is much of the old wicker furniture that Felicia loves. A special pet is a peacock-fan chair, which looks as if it came out of a 'twenties Hollywood vamp movie.

You can eat in Felicia's all-brass-and-bamboo, ivory-greenish, flower-pink bedroom, coiled up before her fireplace: she, her family frequently take tea there. Felicia's bed is one of the family's prides. "It's Russian," she gloats. "I found it in Westport [Bernstein treasures come from everywhere—junk shops, *antiquaires* here and abroad, friends] and I gave it to Jamie for her sixteenth birthday. And I coveted it incessantly. And by and by she needed money. I said, 'I know where you can get it—quite a lot of money. Sell me your bed.' "

The link connecting Felicia's and Lenny's rooms is a mysterious Russian-Gothic looking door. "I found it here in the apartment, standing in the dining room. It was black. I took it to a stripper and found that it was this gorgeous oak door—just the kind I wanted: a kind of spirit; a small, intimate, secret door, an absolutely crazy door."

"How long has it taken to finish this apartment?" we asked Felicia.

"Finish! Of course not. It's never done and never will be. I remember Alexander's saying of our place on Park Avenue, 'Mummy, don't you ever finish?' "

—LEO LERMAN



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Grand-scale plants, lavish blooms—to grow nonstop delphiniums, you need one trick: the "eye" cutting technique

DELPHINIUMS

(Continued from page 172)

The development of the modern hybrids started in the middle of the nineteenth century; and the first recorded work was done by James Kelway, a well-known English nurseryman. He used the best available varieties of *D. elatum* (some of them from France), a tall-growing species with flowers that bear little resemblance to those we know today. Victor Lemoine, the great French hybridist, showed his hybrids in Nancy in the latter part of the 1890's. They caused a sensation in the plant world. But Kelway's flowers were "more double" and larger. His also had a very broad color range.

By 1890, Kelway had developed 137 varieties; and, by 1900, colors included a galaxy of blues, lovely mauves, some nearly black, cream, and white—and a yellow called "Primrose," now lost. It was obviously one of those novelties that pop up from time to time that are very reluctant growers.

The popularity of these delphinium hybrids was so great in England and on the Continent that scores of other nurserymen and fanciers produced so many varieties that the market became a shambles, "new varieties" appearing that were not new, many inferior. It reminds one of today's work, if it can be called that, in the hybridizing of day lilies and tall bearded iris—thousands of names are registered every year in each genus, most to no more purpose than the individual's satisfaction in having a variety he can call his own.

Until 1900, all delphinium hybrids were developed from seed; none were propagated vegetatively (from cuttings) until Charles F. Langdon, co-founder of the famous English nursery Blackmore & Langdon, which had been founded to develop tuberous begonias, started to work with the genus and grew on his hybrids from cuttings.

It may seem strange to many readers that no insect pollinates delphiniums. For this reason, strains come fairly true from seed—after, of course, the hybridizer gets a plant to his liking from hand crosses. One can breed this way for tallness, color, and form; but getting plants that are also resistant to mildew and which have great vigor and long life at the same time, although not impossible, is probably beyond what one man can achieve in a lifetime.

The most successful strain produced from seed today is our own Pacific Coast Round Table Strain, hybrids developed by Frank Reinelt of Capitola, California, just after World War I. They are giants, some up to ten feet tall; colors are excellent and have a wide range, florets are large—but as they were not bred to have a long life, most gardeners find the Pacifics have to be treated like annuals; it's just luck if one out of five lives through the winter in most U.S. climates.

A new strain called Melissa Hope hybrids is being developed in the Midwest. My firsthand knowledge of them is scant. It is another strain based on seed; from pictures, plants seem shorter, the inflorescence breaking from above a foot of green leaves. They seem to be an improvement in terms of size; but, although the originator mentions resistance to disease, there is no claim made for longevity. The Pacific and Hope strains are based on the breeding conducted by the Langdons over the past seventy-five years. This can also be said of Barber, Wrexham, and Bishop strains, also developed after World War I.

Frank Bishop succeeded in marrying B&L's with Pacifics, culminating in what Bishop called the Commonwealth Strain, which had the sharp, luminous, true blues and the huge florets of the Pacifics. None of these great originators is active, all but one are dead; but the breeding at Blackmore & Langdon survives, under the direction of Brian Langdon, now head of the firm and grandson of the founder. Although there are some fine amateur delphinium breeders working in England and a few commercial growers, Blackmore & Langdon is now the only major source of the hybrids of this important garden plant.

There are two ways to produce cultivars (the scientist's word for "named varieties"). Plant one hundred thousand or more seedlings, and choose only the exceptional, à la Luther Burbank. The scientific way is to take the best of the known varieties and crossbreed selectively, then reproduce the exceptional seedlings from cuttings.

Charles Langdon pioneered this route with delphiniums. By 1905, using the best of the Kelway and Lemoine strains, he had developed a series superior to any on the market. He would see little resemblance today to his varieties, for there has been a change in the kinds of delphiniums gardeners want as help becomes scarcer and gardens smaller.

The giants (up to ten feet tall) are no longer in demand. Since World War II, Blackmore & Langdon has developed what are now called "standard varieties" that range between four and six feet tall. More than half of each stalk consists of flowers. It is not unusual to see florets from three to four inches across, wonderfully double, and the florets, widely spaced on the stalk, stay fully petaled on the bottom until the top ones come into flower. Many varieties also have petals that wither on the stalks instead of dropping. The "eyes" or "bees" of the delphinium florets, a Frank Reinelt development, are prominent and are in various pleasing, complementary shades.

Stems have become slim and elegant. There is more whip in them, which makes the plant more resistant to wind and rain. Langdon now has a race of dwarfs, few as tall as four feet in England; but our hot sun puts another six inches on them. Unless a garden is well protected from wind, staking is necessary (use three-finger bamboo stakes, cut off at the top of the foliage, the ties made only on the bamboo to allow the stalk to move without breaking). Judicious use of the new varieties now provides a blooming period of from three to five weeks.

The culture of delphiniums isn't the least difficult, for had it been, I, a rank beginner, would never have grown eighteen seedlings into magnificent plants. They require a deeply cultivated bed, heavily enriched with humus—specifically, homemade compost or aged cow manure.

A meticulous English gardener measured several well-grown clumps of delphiniums and found that the average leaf surface was a bit more than six square yards and that main branches and stems had an average length of fifty-five feet. That's practically a sizable shrub—no other garden perennial has such dimensions. The crowns of such plants are large and their roots must be so strong the crown can't tilt and topple the whole plant.

The same meticulous Englishman also measured the root system and discovered that main roots were almost an inch thick at the crown and went down to hardpan, even when it was three to four feet below the soil surface.

Delphiniums require lots of moisture; wetness kills them as it does all plants. As these svelte

beauties have a hollow leg, feed them. An enriched bed is not enough; when the stalk shows buds, dampen the bed, work two level tablespoons of a low- or no-nitrogen fertilizer (0-10-10 or 5-10-10) lightly into the surface, then irrigate again to keep the leaves close to the ground from burning.

My first perennial border was double dug (topsoil enriched with manure placed in the bottom; the lower soil, also enriched, on top). As a beginning gardener, I figured—as all beginners do—that, if a little fertilizer was good, more would be better. Other perennials grown in this over-enriched environment produced great quantities of leaves, few flowers; but the soil was perfect for delphiniums.

In the second year new plants were added in the spring to take care of those that died out their first winter. They were good, but not equal to the first planting. Afterward, they acted listless. It took me about five years to realize that my bed was no longer rich enough for delphiniums, for in that time I had learned how to fertilize sensibly.

Sand and humus in quantity must be added to clayey soils. Also, delphiniums like a little lime, the pH just under 7.0. If you don't get your soil tested, dust on the lime (make the ground look as if you had powdered its face a bit too much).

Delphiniums bloom heavily, too much so, probably, for their own good. We get two crops in Litchfield, Connecticut, the second blooming gloriously on short stalks well before frost; but the inevitable Indian Summer days that follow are both warm and wet enough to keep the spikes appearing until heavy frost freezes the ground tight in late November.

Many growers feel that the plant, exhausted by blooming, is like a drunk freezing to death while experiencing only a pleasant glow. A way to slow down that mad third try for bloom is to cut a few spikes, deflower the remainder—except for a few which are left to produce seed. There is no proof that this works in the U.S., but English growers are sure it does.

Another practice, probably the most essential one in delphinium culture, is to "thin" both the first and the second crop of stalks. The crown, loaded with eyes, pushes up a mat, literally, of new growth in the spring, particularly the crowns of old plants. When these shoots get to be five inches tall, only the two or three strongest should be left to develop—pinch others out, or cut them at ground level with a sharp knife.

All right. You can't bring yourself to do it? If not, your plant will be dense, it will attract mildew and black spot because there is little air circulation, and the stalks will be so weak most will topple. The root system can't support that jungle of stalks. Benomyl, a newish du Pont product, will help hold down the mildew, but it is not the answer to the problem. Pinch. And use Benomyl.

It is hard to believe your eyes when you first see the delphinium hybrids in bloom in England. A garden I saw in Wales had at least two hundred plants, most in flower. The difficulty was that this garden was famous and it was hard to see the delphiniums—they were sharply outnumbered by people. It was not possible to take a picture.

I sought out the owner; explained that I was an American (an unnecessary bit of information I should add); and, although I knew it was the last day the garden was open to the public, asked if we could come back the next morning for pictures. The delightful man (the English are without doubt the world's most gracious people) agreed and said he would go around the planting with me and "explain" the garden as best he could. Thus began my campaign to import these improbable plants, one that frustrated the hell out of me from 1948, the first try, to when we were first successful just three years ago, twenty-four years later.

Importation in 1948 was a total failure. The two dozen year-old crowns had plenty of roots and were packed well, but upon opening the crate there was an acid odor of gas. This was methyl bromide, compliments of the U.S. Department of Agriculture Plant Quarantine. I later learned to wash off imported plants quickly to rid them, as much as possible, of this gas, which is used indiscriminately, but with care, by Quarantine to kill off any insect pests that might be aboard.

The roots were planted, a few struggled valiantly, then collapsed. So went the first hundred dollars. Later on, I installed a small greenhouse, started the plants in it, then took cuttings. They rooted, but died on the first hot day in April or May. We tried it the next year, and the next. I gave up after toting up the bill, which had edged a little over $1,000 by 1953.

In 1955, a fine young English plantsman, David Smith, joined me. As he was from a nursery renowned for its delphiniums, I suggested that we try growing English hybrids, an assignment

(Continued on page 207)



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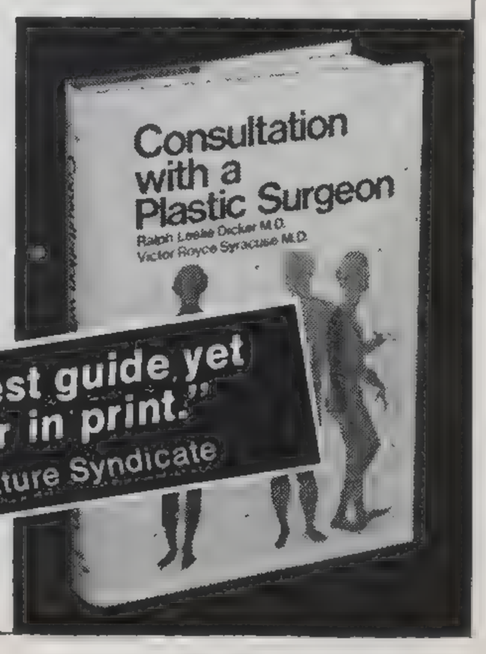
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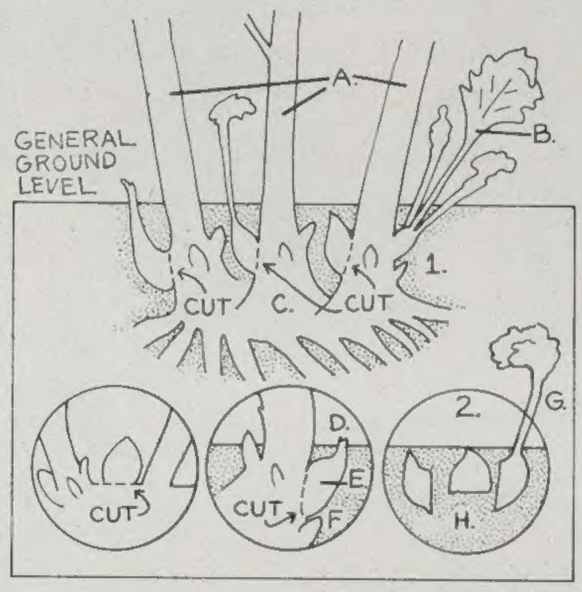
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he accepted eagerly, for he had worked with the nursery's hybridizer whose strain was respected in Britain and on the Continent. He was more successful in rooting them, but our erratic spring weather defeated every attempt to keep the cuttings alive. As the cost of importing hybrids, before we had learned to root cuttings successfully, was becoming ridiculous, we stopped that foolishness but continued to experiment with Pacific Coast hybrid, year-old roots of which we had a good supply.

Nothing we tried worked, so we beat as orderly a retreat as possible. In 1970, a greenhouse for holding plants at 35 degrees to 40 degrees during the winter was built. It duplicated the long, cold springs that plants so much like in England—we could root the cuttings in heat, grow them on in the cold house so well that they fully established themselves before those killing days of early heat that had been their *bête noire* in America.

These cuttings are planted out after frost (about May 20 in Litchfield) and by late July or early August they throw excellent spikes. It is, however, just as necessary to thin these young plants as the older clumps and to keep them from starting a third crop of bloom.

Even the most enthusiastic admirers of delphiniums in this country lack the facilities necessary to duplicate an English spring; but they can use a technique developed by John Cowan, a fine British amateur breeder of delphiniums, which needs only a lowly cold frame to be successful. It is called "eye" cutting and is done by taking cuttings from plants growing in the border in July. Follow the diagram below.



A. Flowering stems. B. Mini-minor that has grown too large. C. Crown. D. Green tip. E. Mature mini-minor. F. Immature mini-minor. G. Mini-minor. H. Rooting medium.

The soil is carefully scraped back from the crown of the plant (1) to expose what are called "mini-minors," small eyes that are in very early stages of growth. Those that are developing will produce stalks later on in the fall, the other little white nubs or bumps are eyes that will grow next year. These developing minis, less than one-half inch at the base, are the cuttings. Use a very narrow, thin, sharp knife to make the cuts shown. We use inexpensive throwaway surgical knives which can be purchased at any surgical supply house (call a hospital). If what you think is a "mini-minor" turns out to have a hole in the base, throw it away, for it is too mature and will not strike roots.

The rooting mixture should be composed of equal parts of peat and sharp sand (builder's sand), well mixed and dampened. Place the cuttings as indicated in Figure 2. Put the flat in a large box and after watering, cover with a piece of glass or plastic, but allow for a little air circulation on one edge. Keep the mixture damp, not wet. When several leaves show and roots are about two inches long, transplant to three-inch clay pots. The transplant medium should be equal parts of coarse peat and vermiculite. Plunge in a cold frame and protect from direct sunlight until growth begins. Then feed every two weeks with fish emulsion, half strength. If the cuttings grow rapidly, move up to six-inch clay pots and plunge back in the cold frame. Set out in spring after frost.

What happens to the crown that has been robbed of mini-minors? If you've remembered to replace the soil carefully, it will just keep growin' along, both of us hope. ▽

FASHION AND ACCESSORY DETAILS

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Page 155: Judith Leiber bag. Bangles, Peter & Peggy for P.C. Designs.

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Page 171: Mary McFadden jewelry, at Henri Bendel. Peter Ascher scarf, at Bloomingdale's.

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Page 189: Reed and Barton cuff. Haircomb, at Medusa. Sunwear bathing cap. Fieldcrest towel.

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PEACE THROUGH ART

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The Hermitage loan exhibition is surely something to get excited about and to see at all costs. Cultural exchanges of this sort are one of the happiest consequences of the newborn spirit of political détente, affecting not only diplomacy but world economics and world art as well. Government interest in art affairs is relatively recent in America, even though the idea that a nation's art is a symbol of its prestige is as ancient as civilization itself. The American government started becoming actively involved with culture during the Johnson Administration. Now Federal funds support museums and exhibitions, and patronage is gradually shifting its base from the private to the public sector. The result is that State Department policy is now actively affecting cultural life in America.

Cultural exchange has always been a form of international public relations. But now, more and more, such headline-making exchange is a two-way street: Western democracies are beginning to appreciate Third World Arab, African, and American Indian cultures on their own terms. This may mean exciting developments in art, for we know that in the past when artists from one culture came into contact with the art of another culture (as, for example, when the Cubists were influenced by the arrival of pieces of African sculpture in Paris), art itself radically changed.

As the peoples of the world are working toward an inevitable interdependence, countries are aiding other countries in restoring and preserving monuments. For example, American funds saved many of the priceless art treasures of Venice and Florence, and American money helped to restore the glory of Versailles.

The future promises more cooperative ventures between museums. For example, The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York is sending the Soviet Union its first pre-Columbian gold show and the Russians are reciprocating with a U.S.-bound exhibit of religious icons and historical Russian costumes.

For the Bicentennial year of 1976, the United States has sent a number of touring exhibitions to Europe, including the "World of Franklin and Jefferson," which opened at the Petit Palais in Paris and will travel in the United States in the coming year. A major 1976 exhibition in London will be the British Arts Council's show of North American Indian art.

As wealth is changing hands, such a country as America—in the past an importer of art—has suddenly become an art exporter: the prized works of the New York School set world records, now, finding their places in museums in Tokyo, Canberra, and Düsseldorf. Thus do new alliances make friends of former enemies, redistributing not only the world's power but its art as well.

In 1976, one may safely predict that cultural internationalism will reach a new peak, as more artists and more works of art than ever before begin circling the globe in emulation of orbiting communications satellites, with perhaps the yet greater power of art to transmit not only information but also symbolic messages of peace and joy. ▽

What's new, what's coming

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